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ROUND ABOUT BOMBAY.

BY

JAMES DOUGLAS, Esq.

The great community of Bombay, whose industry, enterprise, and sagacity have created a city vying in its prosperity and wealth with any capital that has been called into existence by Caliph or Mogul.

Lord Dufferin's Speech, 8th December, 1884.

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upbringing, and the distance is so abridged that the evils of divided families are reduced to a minimum.

The family relation can, indeed, never be broken without weakening the ties which God and Nature have established for wise purposes; but the cheaper and more expeditious transit out and home have surely done something to modify all this as compared with the days of the Newcomes. The interchange of affection or interest which now finds expression each week, was formerly represented by a dreary and indefinite expanse which generally extinguished the bonds of friendship, and reduced those of relationship to an empty name. Blood is, however, thicker than water, and it was almost a marvel how a cycle of estrangement should sometimes be followed by a burst of affection from the fountains of the great deep.

The changes which have taken place and are still in progress in Western India have been so gradual, have come upon us so silently, and the benefits resulting therefrom are so familiar to us that they are apt to be lost sight of and, like the air we breathe, cease to be matter of observation. We have made immense strides. I need not dwell on the rise of hill stations, the growth of

Municipal institutions, the introduction of pure water, the drainage and conservancy of our large towns, the creation of docks, and the great industrial development of recent times. The mere mention of them is sufficient to suggest the large additions which have been made to the comfort and happiness alike of the Native and European. They have added some years to the term of human life. Small chance for longevity when anarchy prevailed and murder stalked red-handed through the land. The roads which now replace the old jungle paths render famines well-nigh impossible. At all events the abundance of one district is now available for supplying the wants of another.

The natives ought to be the last to complain of that which is not for them merely a change of *règime*, but one literally of existence, and had it not been for the European element we are safe in saying that these great alterations would never have taken place. But the fiat has gone forth: they shall not build and another inhabit, they shall not plant and another eat, for as the days of a tree are the days of my people. The truth of all this is apparent to any one. Go to any railway station in Guzerat, and there on an early morning watch the villager or day labourer on

the way to his appointed task. Not downcast or down trodden is he, but well slept and well fed, with a sleek and a blythe countenance, he trudges merrily along, and if you are out at daybreak in Bombay, you may see the cooly or hammal proceeding to his work with elastic step, lilting some refrain he has picked up in his childhood in the far off plains of the Dekhan or the old hills of Kutnagherry, a condition of things you will search for in vain in the annals of Sivaji or the Peishwas. The Englishman in India has in this century what he had not in the last, a strong and a stable Government of his own, which can protect his life and property, and free him from sudden and wild alarms by day and by night. He can move about voluntarily whenever and wherever he pleases. He cannot, indeed, defy the laws of nature or eliminate heat from the tropics, but he can by means of ice assuage its baneful effects, and by change of residence from one place to another can so temper the conditions of climate as to make life here, not merely endurable, but as good in many cases as if he had been in England. To the native there is now all the difference in the world, for be he rich or poor the bondman is now the freeman, he to all intents and purposes being formerly the goods and chattels of his master, by whatever name

that master might be called. This much has the native, but he has more. He has been put in the path of progress, for the operation of law and good government which have spread themselves over the country, has been not merely to punish the criminal, but to prevent his manufacture. And thus we see in India the deterring effect made manifest by a great reduction in the number of outrages on life and property, compared with former times either under their own administrations or under ours.

Indeed, the dangers are all the other way, for it depends on the intelligence of ransomed peoples whether such great institutions as trial by jury, liberty of the press, municipal institutions, freedom of worship, and right of association become a blessing or a curse. They are either good or bad as the people who possess them are intelligent or otherwise. And here we may remark that it is a common mistake to suppose that Bombay, having a crowd of desperadoes within its walls, was founded by them. This is not the case. It was in no sense founded by the dregs of England, nor by the scum of Scotland. The men who colonised Bombay, at least those of them who have left their mark on its history, were gentlemen, some

of them by birth and almost all by education. Child was a member of one of the most influential families in England. Oxenden, as we may still read on his mausoleum, was *vir sanguinis splendore*. James Forbes was the grandfather of Count Montalembert. Charles Forbes was the friend of the Duke of Wellington. But from Gerald Aungier, who was a brother of Lord Aungier who died in 1678, to Mountstuart Elphinstone, who could trace back his lineage to a time ere the names of Magellan or Da Gama had been heard of in the eastern seas, you will find that many of the prominent men on this side of India were of good family, and that not a few unconsciously took their stand as promoters of that civilisation of which we now reap the benefits. But what does it matter?* Fraser and Bouchier were no doubt very quiet men in Surat and unknown to fame, but they sent those manuscripts to Europe, an inspection of which was the first thing to stimulate the zeal of Anquetil Du Perron in his Zoroastrian researches. Boone may have been second-rate, but he was the first to send drawings of Elephanta to England. Boden, a Bombay Colonel, founded the Sanskrit Profes-

* Many could say with Cowper:—

My boast is not that I deduce my birth
From scepter'd kings or princes of the earth.

sorship which bears his name, and it requires no great knowledge of the language to see in the Latin inscriptions of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries which remain to us in Surat and elsewhere that our early colonists carried with them the scholarship of Europe to the far off plains of India. And here we may be permitted a word for the Nabob on his return home. He always got less than he expected, and sometimes more than he deserved, for did not Meg Dods at St. Ronan's well hurl at his head that he had been instrumental in raising the price of poultry for miles around? He was the fossil man of the eighteenth century, and people stared at him as they would have done at one of the seven sleepers of Asia with an antique coin in his pocket trying to purchase his dinner in the streets of Ephesus.

But you must remember his condition during the years of his exile, and remembering this you will cease to wonder at it. The state of loneliness from his fellow-countrymen in which he was placed exposed him to vices in a way the average modern Anglo-Indian has little conception of, and when we hear from a Bombay pulpit a moral drawn to his discredit, as if we were the men and wisdom would die with us, we little think of our

own safeguards from vice, in the law and police which now surround us, the foundations of which were not even laid in those dismal times, when the mighty factors of our civilisation, the educationist and the minister of religion, were awanting. Nor need we claim for the early settler in Western India more than we would for his brother at home, for the English gentleman of the eighteenth century, even on his own soil, was by no means a pattern of virtue and sobriety.

But though the family and domestic life of England, as we understand them, which prevail in India at the present day had a very feeble existence in the eighteenth century; though the men of that period, for the most part, lived *en garcon*; and though no benign ray of female influence shone in their bungalows, it is well to remember that they did not for these reasons fall into the supreme evil of the Portuguese, and perpetuate that drama which is being acted out in our own times, where the sins of the fathers have been visited on the children to the third and fourth, yea even to the tenth generation. No more melancholy offshoot exists in the physical history of man. But the English had little to do with it. In fact, fewer *mesalliances* were made by them in Western India than in any of

the Presidencies of this great peninsula. By their fruits ye shall know them. The English are an exclusive race, and this exclusiveness has been and is yet the cause of great evils; but it is a question whether these evils are not counterbalanced by the fact that it has saved us from a great, a sad, and an everlasting reproach—a reproach of which it may be said in the words of the poet :—

> Time but the impression deeper makes,
> As streams their channels deeper wear.

Foremost in the great work of colonization and regeneration was the merchant, for the merchant in India came before the soldier. The merchant first built his factory; the soldier then came and protected it. Let us consider what the English merchant gave up in coming to India, for India meant a very different thing then than it does now. It was the giving up of home, family, and friends, and everything comprehended in the words; it was the giving up of religious privileges, which to many men and some of the best of men are the be-all and the end-all of existence; it was the giving up of political life, for what influence could the units sparsely scattered over the coasts of Western India have on the governing body in England or the political life of any European State? In

more senses than one did he exchange for the drugs of India the sterling money of Europe.*

If a man belonged to any of the learned professions, he had to content himself with the knowledge he had acquired at college, or with such stale driblets of science as came from Europe, twelve months old, by way of addition to his stock in trade. But in many cases there was no such addition, and the knowledge, or such of it as survived, became stereotyped on the plains of India, as on the day he left his father's house or emerged from the portals of his *alma mater*.

Without wife, without children, without society worthy of the name, without libraries, without a daily press to keep him alive as to the on goings of the world, what wonder if the English merchant in India sometimes drifted into bad morals or ended his days in that Golgotha of the dead which ensepulchres so many of the finest minds in the early churchyards of India. If he were a merchant of the Company, he was bound to go forward. For him there was no rest. He had to open up new markets, even though his goods were plundered by dacoits or his agents murdered by thugs. By land or sea it was all the same, for the sea was scoured by pirates and every

* Sir James Mackintosh.

creek sent forth its cruisers of the bloody red flag; and thus it was by a hardihood and endurance which sometimes amounted to heroism that the foundations of the East India Company were laid.

If he were a merchant outside the Company, an interloper he was called, he was hunted down and his life made a burden to him, for no royal burgh of the middle ages, with its guilds and corporations, was hedged in with so impenetrable a barrier as the East India Company until the trade was thrown open to the public.* The story of the interloper's career in all its phases of fine and imprisonment lies before us in the pages of Alexander Hamilton.

It was in vain that overland routes were projected to render England more accessible than by the Cape of Storms. Sir Eyre Coote when in Bombay in 1771 busied himself with preparations for that journey across the Babylonian Deserts of which he gave Dr. Johnson the account at Fort Augustus, a journey where his camels subsisted for five days without water.† He was more fortunate than M. St. Germain, of whom Volney tells us that in 1779—(these were the days of the Mamelukes)—ac-

* 1814.
† Johnson's Tour to the Hebrides.

companied by some English officers, he had the temerity to take his silks and diamonds by way of Egypt. The party were one after another all destroyed but himself. In the middle of the desert of Suez he was set upon by the Bedouins, and escaped to Cairo, naked and wounded. That was the end of one abortive attempt to open up the overland route, but it is well to remember that one hundred years ago, and fifty years before the time of Waghorn, English ships waited at Suez for cargoes which never came. Sailing ships. Think of this, ye masters of modern craft, when you are passing the Daedalus Light or Mocha Shoal with all the appliances of Steam Navigation.

How did the merchant succeed? For us *circumspice*, for *him* it was somewhat different. The Spaniards had a saying in the eighteenth century that he who would bring home the wealth of the Indies must carry the wealth of the Indies with him. They were right in the eighteenth and not altogether wrong in the nineteenth century, for who will say that outside capital is awanting or not wanted in our days in India?

The truth is that the wealth of India in these days was altogether fabulous, and a close investi-

gation by one who was competent to do so* results in showing that her merchants were far from being successful, even judged by the standard of the present day. There was but one alternative—make money or—die. And most of them died. The arrival of a limited number of Nabobs in England, whom you could count on your fingers, gave a false and exaggerated impression of India, and the money to be made there which is not justified by the facts. In the twenty years between 1755 and 1777 two persons only returned to England from the Bombay Presidency with fortunes acquired in the service.

Richard Bouchier, who served twenty-three years and was Governor of Bombay nine years, died insolvent. So did John Spencer, the rival of Clive, after enjoying the most lucrative posts in Bombay and holding for a time the Government of Bengal. And Charles Crommelin, Governor of Bombay for seven years, was content in his old age to accept a subordinate office at Goa, after forty years' service.

Sooth to say, the merchant of these days had some advantages for which he ought to have been thankful, but I daresay he never looked upon them in the light of mercies. He had the week

* John Jardine, Judicial Commissioner in Burmah, Government Minute on Civil Fund.

which followed the despatch of his mail in which to dispose of himself holidaywise. He had a virgin soil to work upon, and little competition, as no native had as yet opened up direct communication with Europe, or dared to cross the Kala Pani. When he was a remitter he could command 2s. 6d., and was not the least surprised when he received 2s. 9d. for his rupee. Though the usance was long, and the return on his goods equally so, he had generally few ventures, often only one, to engage his attention, instead of the thousand and one interests which rack the modern brain. He was not disturbed by telegraphy or the Suez Canal, those giant progenitors of competition which have made all the world your next door neighbours, and which still mock at the projects of modern enterprise. The even tenour of his way was not invaded—shall we say—by an army of brokers, for down through the eighteenth century, and long afterwards, there was no sub-division of mercantile labour, and he was his own banker, broker, and even his own law-adviser.

When a ship was about to sail for England, Forbes or Rimington, who held their position *seniores priores* and in virtue of the success which had crowned their exertions, sent round to their neighbours to see what was wanted in exchange,

fix the rate and the difference to be established between the buying and the selling rate, which never amounted to less than a penny per rupee, instead of the sixteenths and thirty-seconds which now exhaust the patience and profits of the trader in exchange.

The whole matter may be summed up in the Guzerati proverb of the times we are now writing of, if you only substitute India for Java :—

> "Who goes to Java never returns.
> If by chance he returns,
> Then for two generations to live upon
> Money enough he brings back."

To hunt the tiger from his lair in Salsette ; to course the hare on Malabar Hill ; to play cards and drink sack or arrack punch in a buggalow on the Tanna Creek until all was blue ; to send your sick daughter to Old Woman's Island, and go yourself to the hot spring of Bankote ; to sit and moon over some speculation to Bantam or Amboyna, on which the comfort and happiness of your family depended, and then, sick of delay, in sheer desperation deliver yourself body and soul into the hands of an astrologer ; to weary your life out for an hour under a hairdresser, so that you may appear the cynosure of neighbouring eyes in curl and bagwig at Parell or the Royal Bastion at the witching hour of sundown,

or peradventure on a Sunday at Church with meek and placid countenance, as you sat with your feet on that old cow-dung floor, gazing listlessly on, but not through the oyster panes, to hear from the pulpit the sentence which debars you from the communion; to read Shakespeare by moonlight on the roof of the Custom House because you could not afford the wherewithal to purchase a candle; to drive with Bellasis of old from Breach to ball-room in a bullock garry and return—royal—with lighted flambeaux; and if you survived the ten or twenty years conflict to see *Hic Jacet* written over almost every friend you knew or cared about; such were some of the environments of the Bombay merchant about 1784.

It is preposterous to ask if these gentlemen were happier than those of our own days. No two names, for example, bulk bigger in the annals of Western India than those of Child and Oxenden. They were the demigods of Bombay and Surat towards the end of the seventeenth century. And yet Child was convicted of fraud and died an outlaw of the Government he had insulted and affected to despise, and Oxenden was impeached in the House of Lords. Of what avail were Child's influential connections in England? They could not save the splendid reputation which

he had built up for himself from being dashed to pieces, could not even raise a block of rude stone to mark the place where lay the President and General of the Indies. And the Oxendens? To be worried for ten years in the House of Lords, and have your agents in Surat and China branded with fraud and conspiracy,* does not

* 1673, Oct. 30. Love *v.* Oxenden.

Petition and appeal of William Love, John Buckworth, and William Rawsterne, Executors of Edward Browne, deceased; Thomas Breton, Edward Pearce, Thomas Pearle, Simoo Debboe, James Citherow, Judith Sayon, widow, and Nathaniel Setton, Executors of Abraham Sayon, deceased; George Robinson and Thomas Noell, Executors of Sir Martin Noell, deceased; Thomas Noell and Martha, his wife, administratrix of Nathaniel Spemes, deceased; John White and Abigall Bush, executrix of Abraham Bush, deceased.

Appeal from a decree in Chancery of Nov. 3, 1663, founded on a report of referees touching the accounts of a trading voyage undertaken for petitioners as a joint stock to China and Surat. Petitioners allege fraud and conspiracy among their agents abroad, and pray that Sir Henry and Sir James Oxenden, Thomas Atkins and Sir George Blundell may be ordered to answer.—L. J. XII. 591 annexed.

(*a*) 19th Jan., 1673-4. Petition of appellants, praying that service of the order to answer on the wife of Thomas Atkins, in lieu of her husband, may be good service, and that Sir Henry and Sir James Oxenden may be required peremtorily to answer.—L. J. XII., 611.

(*b*) 22nd Jan., 1673-4.—Answer of Sir George Blundell. Knows nothing of the matter, not having been a party to the previous actions. Is only administrator *de bonis non* of Sir Christopher Oxenden, in consequence of a debt assigned to him. Has not yet discovered any assets. Prays to be dismissed with costs. [Brought in this day M. S. Min. of date. *See* L. J. XII., 615.]

(*c*) Jan. 23, 1673-4.—Answer of Sir Henry Oxenden and Sir James Oxenden. Sir Henry denies that he is executor of Sir George Oxenden, but Sir James, as such executor and alone, is interested in the estate. The decree was fair and equitable, and was made on merchants' accounts, and according to the customs of merchants in reference to proceedings between them and their agents. The reference was by consent, nor can the petitioners allege fraud. The referees were heard in Court, to give the reasons for their certificate, which cannot now be done, as some of them are dead, and their reasons not expressed on the certificate. Pray to have the benefit of their decree. L. J. XII., 615. (For proceedings on the hearing, see M. S. Min. Toby 5, 9, 11, and 16.)

Ninth Report of the Royal Commission on Historical Manuscripts Part II. presented to both Houses of Parliament by command of Her Majesty, 1884.

conduce to happiness. There is nothing wanting in the shape of tombstone to the Oxendens to record their virtues—gigantic mausoleum, boast of heraldry, pomp of power, vaunting epitaph, and all that sort of thing. There appear to have been four brothers of them, baronets or knights of the shire. But if you read between the lines or illuminate them with the light of history, you will soon discover that the Oxendens did not sleep on a bed of roses or enjoy one tithe of the security which is now possessed by the Indian merchant of 1884.

We have spoken of the Nabobs and their time. There was no middle class in India in their day to share the loaves and fishes with them, for the Nabobs swallowed up everything.

Matters are now more fairly adjusted. The three or four millions per annum which their greed and oppression wrested from suffering populations or from the princes who had made them suffer, now finds its way in the shape of profits, pensions, or wages honestly earned, and goes to the support of an industrious community, whether it be the agents who assist in carrying on the Government, or the great army outside of it, who are engaged in its commercial or industrial development. The benefits resulting from our

connection with India are two-fold, for the bargain is not a one-sided one, and may be thus stated. They are first those which concern ourselves, and of which we are the recipients; and secondly, those which have been either created or multiplied by us (and the natives themselves who are now working with us) for behoof of the people of India. India gains more than England. She gets more than she gives, for England did not require to go to India for a good Government, we had it of ourselves, what we had we gave, and it has done more good to the people of India than has ever been done before by any of her administrators. It has raised them in the scale of living and sentient beings, and added a new term to existence. Of all things that a nation can have, the most priceless possession is a good Government. The gold of Ophir or the diamonds of Golconda are not to be compared to it, nor need we go, like John Stuart Mill, as far as Asia Minor to see what a bad Government can do in converting a garden into a howling wilderness.

The people of India, no doubt, pay for good government, but they do not pay too much. I have read somewhere, for example, that the revenue of Aurungzebe was one hundred millions

sterling a year. I have read also that in his days the Dekhan was little else than a howling wilderness.* Is anybody so foolish as to imagine that if the English had not made good their footing in Western India, no other Power would have done so, and all things would have continued as they were? If England had folded her hands as an idle spectator of events in India, many things might have occurred; but of this you may rest assured, that in no event would there have been now a Peishwa in Poona, or probably a single native potentate in Western India. Indeed, the chances were that if the Portuguese had been allowed to extend their conquests in Western India beyond the limits of Goa in the seventeenth century, the Peishwas would never have come into existence, and another Goa would by this time have darkened with its gloomy ruins the Island of Bombay. That was your chance of a Portuguese dominion in the seventeenth century.

And when Napoleon came to Suez in the end of the eighteenth century with eagle eye and an outstretched arm that threatened to embrace the world, that was your chance of another dominion

* It did not want personal administration, as Aurungzebe was never absent from the Deccan during the last twenty years of his life.

founded by Napoleon, a chance neither remote nor unlikely; but it was the will of God it should not be so, and so it came to pass that an empire was built up as we see it to-day not without the exhibition of passions and failings which are incidental to human nature, and which have left some ugly marks behind to remind us that we are fallible. But this much may be averred with truth in regard to the settlement of Western India, that whoever were the agents by whom that settlement was effected, or by whatever means it was accomplished, in no single instance has the Government of England assailed liberty of worship, or that principle of free inquiry and private judgment which is the palladium of British liberty, endorsed by legislative enactment a systematic course of violence or oppression, committed the carrying on of its work to bad men or men of bad repute, or either knowingly or wilfully acted with injustice to the people of India.

THE CAVE TEMPLES

OF

WESTERN INDIA.

CHAPTER II.

THE CAVE TEMPLES OF WESTERN INDIA.

In A.D. 1306, when Abu Suba, of Guzerat, halting to refresh his army two days among the mountains, some of his troops without leave, to the number of three hundred, went from the camp to see a famous mountain in the neighbourhood of Deogire, from which city he was then not far distant.—*Ferishta, quoted by Dow*, 1795.

The number of strangers from Europe and America who have visited the most famous of the caves of Western India this season is, we believe,

beyond all precedent. And this influx is likely to continue. Something of this may be attributed to the spirit of travel and adventurous research, which is now so common, and something to the interest which has been aroused by the labours of such men as Drs. Fergusson and Burgess. Those who come, however, are not all smitten with Cave Literature, and most of them, like ourselves, are content with a cursory survey of these interesting monuments of antiquity. These *savans* have made the subject all their own, and the most that we can do, is to grope among the rubbish they have left behind them. Our capital stock in rock-cut temples is very large, for we are told that the geographical distribution of the caves is somewhat singular, more than nine-tenths of those now known being found within the limits of the Bombay Presidency. The interest manifested in the caves is not new, but is one of the earliest facts of their history. Great is their attraction. Mr. Gill, the father of Captain Gill, lately murdered in Arabia, could not be dragged out of Ajunta, for he lived thirty years there, and died in the neighbourhood ; and, we believe, the father of Dr. Bhau Daji became an eremite at Elephanta. Fah Hian, a Chinese Buddhist, as early as A.D. 420, visited some of them (which

of them, it does not matter much), and has left us his account; and a great number of Parsees from Iran, under dates A.D. 1009 and 1021, inscribed their names on one of the Kanheri Caves in Pahlavi—an earlier date this, we think, than is generally attributed to the appearance of our Zoroastrian friends in this part of Guzerat. It is curious to note the reasons why each pilgrim came, and what impressed him most on his visiting the caves of Western India.

What each sees is as diverse as the one man is from the other, and depends very much on the spectacles he puts on. Old Pike, for example, complains, in 1712, that he could make no money at Elephanta. But people do not go to Elephanta to make money. Grose, who had been reading his Bible, found, in 1750, the Judgment of Solomon depicted on its walls. Dr. Claudius Buchanan, in 1808, discovered in the triform god a representation of the Trinity, and for this reason considered Elephanta as great a wonder as the pyramids of Egypt. And Jacquemont, poor Jacquemont! whose bones we saw sifted out of the sands of Sonapore, the other day, for the French nation, pronounced in 1832, that Ellora, in its glory, was a den of fools,

cheats, and knaves who battened on the credulity of the peoples of Central Asia, and probably he was not very far wrong. But the most remarkable statement we have seen is the confession of a Thug to Sleeman that Ellora contains all the mysteries of his profession, and that there is depicted on its walls every particular of the bloody work of Thuggee, from the first moment the intended victim is marked down, throughout the murderous track, until he is buried out of sight. Speculations, also, as to who made the caves,—this, also, is a subject of much confusion. After reading the memoirs, you may as well ask—Who made the Aden Tanks or the Circle of Stonehenge? The general opinion of the common people is that they "growed." Some say the giants made them; some, the Chinese; and some, the Pandies. Then, again, they are the work of magicians or of the Devil, of Solomon or Alexander the Great. Some attribute their construction to the Deity. Take Nikitin, the Russian, in 1470, on Joneer—"No human hand made it. God made the town"—which is also the theory of the Thugs, but that isn't much, as

"Devils they adored for Deities."

It only adds to our perplexity to be told that

they were made by the Cheras or the Cholas; for not to make light of the labours of Dr. Fergusson and Dr. Burgess, life is too short for this sort of thing. Better to allow these extinct dynasties to rest in their graves till the Resurrection. They only serve to increase our confusion, like rotten sticks shining in the dark, until we are forced to exclaim—Asoka we know, Porus we know, but who are ye? To the English sailor on the night of the Mohurrum, the venerated names of Hassan and Hoosein become Hobson and Jobson! There is a moral here, and it is this, that writers on the past ought to recollect that there is a limit to the human memory. Short accounts make long friends. You say that the Buddhist monks made most of them. Agreed. This is certain, that the monks of the East and the West always affected the best localities. Show me an old abbey or monastery in Europe, and I will show you a favourite place. As a rule, the land was fertile, the ground healthy, and there was a good supply of pure water. We will not speak of salmon, for we are in India. To sum up, monks' land was fat land. It was so in India. Take, for example, the Temple of Karli, one of the most ancient and perfect abodes of the East-

ern monks which exist. I cannot, indeed, show you here the garden of the world, but I can show you a plain which has great natural resources, as old as the hills, or the monsoon which bursts yearly upon them. Here is a great plain—you know where we are—beyond Lanowli, rich in alluvial deposits brought down by the upper streams of the Krishna from the watershed of the Western Ghauts. This plain during the monsoon is a sheet of water for miles, which remains for months and soaks into the earth like a sponge, storing up the elements of production and fertility. It stretches all the way to Poona, though with diminished powers and a lighter soil. But here it seems to possess a never-failing supply of moisture, with two crops in the year, and requiring very little labour on the part of the husbandman; this valley must have been in all ages, and could yet be made productive enough to feed thousands of people. It is, we may add, miles in width. On either side rise holy places. On the one side Karli, boasting of an antiquity old as the Christian era, and, on the other side, of a date far beyond the Christian era, are the Cave Temples of Bagha, scooped out of one of the spurs of Eesaghur; which being interpreted means "Hill of God." A favourite dwelling-

place, this, of men, for many generations. Or for beauty of situation, take Kanheri; where will you find a more lovely coign of vantage for the spectator, or a richer or more diversified view of wood and water, of which he will never tire? No wonder men became Buddhists when they had such a place to go to, and "no bills to pay." Or Elephanta, with its sea and sky? Or Ajunta with its bubbling streams, perhaps the finest of them all? Or Ellora? I do not wonder that Aurungzebe, Lord of the World, though he died at Nagar, sixty miles away, chose this as his last resting-place, for the brow of the hill, out of which Ellora has been excavated, near the Rosa where he sleeps, overlooks a vast plain, strewn with the memorials of an older world—Deogire before the Moghul had set foot in India, Tagara of the days and map of Ptolemy, and Aurungabad fragrant with the roses of Damascus, and some fruits and flowers that Damascus never knew. We can vouch for this, that a visit to any of the caves means warm work in 1883, and that the mere mention of their names is sufficient to produce perspiration. Take any of the groups you like, it is all the same, and begin at daylight and go over them *seriatim*, and you will soon get quit of your superfluous

energy. The chances are ten to one that ere midday the pilgrim—

> "A silly man in simple weeds forworn
> And soil'd with dust of the long-dried way"

—will be found, say in the last unfinished cave of Lena at Nassick, where the workman had hastily thrown down his tools at the first blast of the Mohamedan invasion. A recumbent body, a stone pillow, a pilgrim's staff, an empty scallop shell, a pipe with the ashes knocked out of it, lying beside him,—here rests one of the Seven Sleepers of Asia, oblivious of the march of time or the progress of civilization.

What was the manner of life of the Buddhist monks at Kanheri? Mr. Campbell answers this question in the fourteenth volume of the "Bombay Gazetteer" lately issued. The reader will find there, in "Life at Kanheri," a splendid monograph, around which the author throws the halo of romance, while his narration at the same time bears the stamp of truth and authenticity. Here we find how the monks "put in the time," as we should say, from morn to dewy eve. It seems to our energetic and matter-of-fact age a dull and drowsy existence. Most devoted men, no doubt, but with all their devotion,

these monks must have been a sad set—"the lazy loons and masterful beggars" of a Scots Act of Parliament. They have left us nothing but the caves, if they actually executed them. But we have our doubts about it. Query, did the Buddhist monk, like the hermit crab of marine zoology, merely walk in and take possession when the original owner and maker of the shell was out of his domicile, and defy all comers afterwards? They seem to have had nuns among them, so in this they differed from the monks of Mount Athos. Some of their abodes were most difficult of access, as, for example, those near Joneer, which must have required a basket such as is used by the inmates of the convents of Marsaba or Mount Sinai, when they wish to communicate with the outer world. If they clambered up and down on their "shanks," they must have had more agility than we give them credit for.

Sir Walter Scott tells his readers, in beautiful poetry, that if they wish to see Melrose Abbey, they ought to see it by moonlight. If you wish to see the Kylas of Ellora in perfection, go and do likewise, and you will see something to dream about. Kylas means heaven, and you will then

see a heaven under heaven, and give it and its architect, whoever he was, all the importance to which they are entitled. This monolithic temple of Ellora is unquestionably a world's wonder, a stone literally cut out of a mountain. It is a world's wonder in this respect, that it is unique, for the one or two monolithic temples in the Madras Presidency are only half finished. A native of St. Kilda, one of the outermost islands of the Hebrides, once paid a visit to Britain. They had no stone dwellings in St. Kilda in those days, whatever they may have now. He was shown a cathedral, and as soon as he saw it, he exclaimed—"And cut out of one stone!" His crude imaginings become realities in Kylas. No painting or photograph can do it justice. The only means would be a model, such as that of Paris seen many years ago in the Great Diorama in London; and in this way you might get an idea of the exterior. Kylas is 164 feet long, 109 feet wide, and 96 feet high. There is a building in Bombay about this size—a few feet either way does not matter much; we mean the Convocation Hall; and we are safe in saying that Kylas has six times the amount of exterior ornamentation. Dr. Fergusson allows thirty-five to fifty years as the probable time occupied in the exe-

cution of Kylas. The Bombay Hall took five years in building, and yet Fergusson tells us, and it is in reference to Kylas that he speaks, that "in reality, however, it is considerably easier, and less expensive, to excavate a temple than to build one."* It may be that we "speak leasing," but we cannot see Kylas thrown overboard in this way. *Is* it easier or less expensive, we ask notwithstanding Dr. Fergusson's affirmation? Had Fergusson spoken of the Madras temples, where there are no finished *interiors*, we might have been inclined to yield to his dictum. We will not ask such feeble questions as—Is it easier to sculpture a statue than to mould one; is it easier to carve a drawing room table, say of Bombay blackwood, with an ornamented pedestal and deep fringe, out of one solid block, than to

* Had the Kylas been an edifice of masonry situated on the plain, it would scarcely have attracted the attention of European travellers. In reality, however, it is considerably easier, and less expensive, to excavate a temple than to build one. Take, for instance, the Kylas, the most wonderful of all this class. To excavate the area on which it stands would require the removal of about one hundred thousand cubic yards of rock, but as the base of the temple is solid and the superstructure massive, it occupies in round numbers about one-half of the excavated area; so that the question is simply this—whether it is easier to chop away fifty thousand yards of rock and shoot it to spoil (to borrow a railway term) down a hillside, or to quarry fifty thousand yards of stone, removing it, probably, a mile at least to the place where the temple is to be built, and then to raise and set it. The excavating process would probably cost about one-tenth of the other. The sculpture and ornament would be the same in both instances, more especially in India, where buildings are always set up in block and the carving executed in *situ*."—"History of Indian and Eastern Architecture," by James Fergusson, D.C.L., 1876, p. 338.

put together piecemeal a table of the same size and configuration? Though these questions bear on the subject, they are not exactly on the some line. Well, then. Given a section of Nowrojee Hill, or any softer stone, if you think we are too hard on you, would it have been easier, and less expensive, to cut your Convocation Hall out of Nowrojee Hill, exterior *and* interior, than to have built it of hewn stones and mason work, as it now is? In building, if you spoil one stone, you can substitute another. But in excavating you cannot do it either in the sculpture or carving of a rockhewn temple, without, to that extent, destroying the integrity of the whole. In selecting a block without flaws, to begin with, great care and skill are necessary, and great care and skill in cutting and carving afterwards. Care means time, and what you get done in five years you shall take fifty to complete your work in; and Fergusson admits that it must have probably taken fifty years to make the Kylas.

The decline and fall of Buddhism in Western India meant the clearing out of the inmates of these temple caves. Then came the work of demolition, but also, strange to say, of preservation. As soon as the caves were left to them-

selves, to speak childishly, Nature began to assert her supremacy. The rain fell at first with gentle patter, and then with the full burst of the monsoon. Silently it soaked into the superincumbent earth and carried down the mud and *débris* with which it was charged, until it choked up the entrance of some of the greatest caves. The wind came, howled, and blew the dust, gravel, and decayed vegetation into them. Year after year and century after century the tide of earth rose. You can still see the limit of the tide mark where the *débris* has been cleared away on the legs of the colossi, stamped indelibly. Where the earth was deep enough, trees grew. But, unlike the works of masoncraft, the sides of the temple caves and the monolithic structure defied the power of vegetation to destroy, for no pepul tree, as in Bassein, can twist its roots or find a matrix in the crannies of Kylas. In some of the courts the earth stood fifteen feet thick. Bagha was enveloped in an earthy curtain and had disappeared until its beautiful capitals and sculpture, as clear and perfect as the day they left the workman's chisel, were laid bare by the hand of man. The cutting of some of the masses of accumulated *débris* looks like the geological sections in a picture-

book. No relic, coin, or tool, if we except a rude chisel and hammer, has been found in the clearing away of this detritus. Nor could such be expected, for the masses which had to be excavated consisted not of the chips and fragments of the work when it was being hewed out, but of the *débris* which had accumulated after the caves were deserted. In this respect they were unlike the kitchen middens of the North, which have yielded such valuable finds of flint and bone to reward the labours of the archœologist. They contained the implements of the time when these middens were in course of formation, and which had been either worn out and thrown away as useless, or lost among the rubbish and offal. We need scarcely add that the Sopara relics were found, not in a cave, but in a Buddhist tope.

> On Tintock top there is a mist,
> And in the mist there is a kist,
> And in the kist there is caup,
> And in the caup there is a drap.

Thanks to Mr. Campbell and his coadjutors, they have dissipated the mist and laid bare the contents of the kist to the eyes of the world.

Some people imagine that the scribling of their names by travellers on ancient monuments is a

modern vice. But it is not confined to any age or nation. Here on the leg of one of the colossal figures of Buddha, twenty-five feet high, which stand sentinel at the gate of the so-called Cathedral Cave of Kanheri, are deeply indented the names of one English lady and three Englishmen —Ann Butfer, K. Bates, John Butfer, and John Shaw—and the date 1678, all unknown to fame. But these names tell us how soon—we had only arrived in Bombay about a dozen years before—we began to look about us, and give ourselves time to loiter among the curious in art and in nature. Not all work and no play in the Bombay of 1678. The country was quiet when an English lady was able to come here, and the Portuguese could not have been our very stark enemies. It is not to these kinds of inscriptions that we object. They are suggestive, teach us something, and are not of the "Bill Sykes his mark" or "Warren's Blacking" pattern which stare us in the face at the base of Pompey's Pillar. The name of Volney on Baalbek and the sign manual of Belzoni on the Pyramids are interesting mementoes. So, in like manner, when we meet with the great name of Hadrian deeply engraven on those high walls of rock called the Iron Gates, which overlook the Danube where it cleaves the

Carpathian Mountains, and find it again "writ large" by the same hand on the gigantic Memnon of Thebes, our attention is forthwith called to the fact that this man's influence extended from

> farthest South,
> Syene, and where the shadow both way falls,
> Meroe, Nilotick isle,

to the far North, yea even to the utmost limits of Pannonia.

Two maxims were once current in the East. Work not, said Guatama. Work while it is called to-day, said

> He whose converse thrilling
> Honoured Emmaüs that old even tide.

But what is to be done with the votary of idleness and beggary? Leave him alone; he will work out, at all events, his own destruction. A stronger then he shall come upon him. The doom of Kanheri was accomplished on that night in 1532 which has been sung by Camoens, when Da Cunha entered the city of Bassein. Henceforth the idlers and beggars of Kanheri became hewers of wood and drawers of water to the Portuguese. Their candle was literally put out. The Buddhists had a long

tenure of it, and it seemed as if their reign was never to end. But retributive justice came at last. From the most ancient times known among men, the natives of Salsette had beheld with awe those sombre precipices towering overhead, honeycombed with the habitations of the living and the sepulchres of the dead. From the most ancient times their eyes had feasted on daily scenes of brilliant display, streamers flying and gay festoons of jasmine suspended from one architrave to another, with groups of yellow-robed priests ascending amid clouds of incense those flights of stairs which led to the temples of the gods. But mark the change. A way-worn traveller comes to Kanheri. There, on the stone floor, couches a miserable *yogi*, with downcast eyes, in sackcloth and ashes, muttering his *mumbo jumbo*. His stick with its iron ring lies beside him; his alms bowl also, the emblem of his religion, and, like it, turned upside down. Some people seem to talk of the religions of the East as if they were immutable, and from their very antiquity possessed a prescriptive right to dominate over the intellect of men to the remotest times. But we must not be led away in this manner. Doubtless the same ideas passed current when Ellora and Elephanta were in all their

glory, and their high-priests were, in their own estimation, the invincible and the unshakeable. All things continue as they were. Do they? The gates of Baalbek, Karnak, Karli, and Ajunta are open night and day, and who enter in? Some stray Europeans or Americans. Not one worshipper treads their silent courts, not one devotee of the mighty religions which one swayed over Asia; and of all the millions who bowed the knee to those chosen shrines of antiquity, not one representative could now be found within a radius of a hundred miles who would give a day's wages for the splendid rituals for the living or the dead, or for all the pomp or circumstance of Kylas or Heliopolis. A few painters, such as Alma Tadema or Griffiths, cull from their imagination, or from the relics that have come down to them, and paint, beautiful pictures which delight the eye and the mind of the spectator; a few archæologists, such as Fergusson and Burgess, reap renown by illustrating their architecture, or deciphering or collating inscriptions in strange languages which have been forgotten time out of mind among men. The monuments remain, but their worship has passed into oblivion. There was a time, however, and it is well to remember this, when the religion of the cave

temples, venerable as it seems in our eyes, was new. History enables us to travel backwards to a period ere the first stroke of the chisel had been delivered, or the mallet had resounded through the solitudes of Karli or Elephanta. And in these older times, when the world was young, if we are to believe the voice of History, there was no caste, and there was no suttee, for the remarriage of the widow was not prohibited, and we believe that infant marriages were unknown. The vermilion stain of infanticide had not then been pourtrayed on her chambers of imagery, and the countless forms of self-immolation—Joar, Traja, Samadh, Dherna, and so forth—were unknown. "Practices morally wrong cannot be theologically right; when practices which sap the very foundation of morality, and which involve a violation of the eternal and immutable laws of Right, are established in the name and under the sanction of Religion, they ought, for the common welfare of society and in the interests of humanity itself, to be publicly denounced and exposed."* Is it nothing, do you think, that the British Government, not alone by counsel, but by the strong arm of authority, has cleared away these cruel and bloody rites from

* Sir Joseph Arnould, 1852.

the social platform, and paved the way for the labours of the philanthropist? And, in doing so, has she not given back to us and her children something of the India of the days of old?

BOMBAY CASTLE.

CHAPTER III.

BOMBAY CASTLE.

THOUGH we have already written on the Arsenal, a second visit, this time under the guidance of Major Spring, Chief of the Ordnance Department, to whom we are indebted for much information, furnishes us with some fresh material which may be of interest to our readers. The area of the Castle proper is about 20,903 square yards, while that which is outside near the Town Hall is about 28,319 square yards.

Among the interesting memorials within the Castle walls, there is still preserved, in what was formerly the Governor's House, a book rejoicing in the name of the "Grand Arsenal Weighing Book," in which the names of a great many Bombay men, long dead and gone, flit before us, and many of them attest their weights by their signatures. This weighing custom is an old one in India. It was a favourite diversion with the

Moghul Emperors and Rajahs of Hindustan. Both Jehangheer and Sivaji weighed themselves against gold, and distributed the proceeds among the poor, a most pious and praiseworthy example to all people similarly situated. The custom obtains also at our clubs and other places of resort.

The weighing machine at the Arsenal seems to have been the first of its kind in Bombay, and the records commence in 1808, or seventy-five years ago. The weight is given in stones and pounds avoirdupois. In these days they appear to have managed matters somehow as we do ourselves. Our tiffin, however, was their dinner, and they seem to have done little work after dinner. At sunset our citizens, with their wives and daughters, strolled on the Flag Staff Bastion to eat the air and talk over the events of the day, and on coming away the weighing machine turned up as a pleasant surprise and agreeable diversion for them.

The first notable man who makes his appearance is Jonathan Duncan, Governor; and I confess to a feeling of shame in not having the ghost of an idea whether he was either big or little. On the 13th January, 1811, he weighed exactly 8-10, good riding weight. Poor man, he was not to last long after this; *obit* 11th August,

1811. Here he is, however, after a protracted sojourn of thirty-nine years in the country; and a wee, wizened body he is, this destroyer of infanticide. As five names are here clustered together, it would seem as if a party on this January evening had sauntered out with the Governor from his house in Apollo-street, as immediately below his name come our Ambassador from Persia, His Excellency Sir Gore Ouseley, and his brother Sir William, the Orientalist.

Then follows Dr. Inverarity, closely associated with the Governor, his friend and medical attendant. He is now 11-10, at his best probably, for men after the meridian of life often take a slide downward in weight, so we find him on 13th September, 1817, covering only 11-3, adding, that there may be no mistake, "With coat and boots."

Charles Forbes is an inveterate weigher of himself. You will not prevent a man after a strong fever getting weighed. He is sure to want to know how much has been burned out of him. But in hot weather, weighing machines, thermometers, and even looking-glasses are better out of sight of sickly man. "Where ignorance is bliss," &c.

Forbes comes in evidently alone on the 3rd

April, 1810, and quietly registers his name and weight, 11-12, adding below the figures, "After sickness." But *resurgam*. So on 23rd January, 1811, this time under better auspices, and no doubt with a feeling of self-satisfaction he takes his seat and awaits the soldier's call of 13-2, which he forthwith writes down in a bold, steady hand, with that fine signature of his, so familiar to us, and to which this and many of his letters testify.

On January 16, 1812, two men come in, after a long talk, it may be, on Persia or History. General Malcolm, great in everything, need not try to squeeze himself into anything inconsiderable. He turns the beam at 15-10. Not ungainly by any means, for he has six feet and a half of height, and a jovial presence, and forty-three years of age, which all help him to carry with grace this ponderous weight, a buirdly representative of Eskdale, and knight (to be) of Burnfoot.

The Honourable Mr. Elphinstone, his bosom friend, is with him, and he gets weighed also. Elphinstone preserves an equilibrium in this, as he does in everything else. He is 10-10—neither greater nor less than we expected. But stop! we have made a mistake in giving Mal-

colm the priority, which we have been led into by his bulk and right of primogeniture. But the disciple is not above his master, and Malcolm and the Book of Precedence (an unwritten code in these days) say, "Elphinstone, you go in first."

They are both, however, "men of weicht," a substantive phrase well known to these Caledonians. They have been also weighed in another balance (by Wellington first and the public afterwards), and not found wanting.

But time fails us, and we must hurry on. Suffice it to say that there are in this book Wedderburns, Mallets, Kerrs, Ashburners, Abercrombies, Grants, Kemballs, Hornbys, Leckies, Ponsonbys, Honners; so that if any man wants to know the weight of his grandfather let him come here. Men of sixteen stone are as thick as blackberries; there are even some "whoppers" of eighteen, which make us almost believe that the breed is degenerating. But what about the ladies? Yes, there are ladies here also. Sir Evan Nepean, the Governor, brings in Lady Nightingale, and Miss Vaupell follows, *une petite demoiselle* of 2-10.

Master Thomas Briggs, son of Dr. Briggs, is

also thrown into the scale, and a very fine walloping child he is, of 29 lbs. 4 oz., fresh from the hands of his ayah, whom it requires not the vision of a seer to picture in white *sarree* and nutbrown visage, leaning over and singing *Tala bajao* to the squalling Baba Tommy, who is never more to be weighed while she has a *Mam Syeb* to bless herself with.

Several small jokers record their observations. For example, somebody writes, by way of satirical parenthesis, and in a scratchy hand, as if he had noted down the words and immediately run away, "A mere shadow." N.B.—This is under an 18-stonewallah. Some make frantic exertions to bring out their net weight, by divesting themselves of sundry articles of clothing. It is no doubt after dinner all this byeplay takes place, when every one is in excellent humour. So one adds to his name, "Without jacket;" and another, not to be outdone, is "in a sleeve waistcoat and without boots;" a third proclaims to the world "without vest and watch;" while a fourth outdoes them all, by relieving himself of his clothes *in toto*, as if about to take a header, adding after his name the unequivocal word "naked." The force of nature can no further go, unless indeed he could realise Sidney Smith's

hot weather aspiration—take off his flesh and sit in his bones.

THE PRISON.

There are dungeons in Bombay Castle, and we are now about to make an inspection of them. On a former occasion we had given a fugitive glance at two big suspicious-looking doors with padlocks on them. We now need a candle, and the hamal who brings it is evidently not in love with this business of exploring. It is the old story—snakes—and no wonder, for if you pass a locked door daily for years you begin to have an uncanny feeling, as if all was not right within. But *bon courage!* We pass into darkness and a close atmosphere, and we find nothing but vacuity and a few bushels of old gun-flints, which have been, no doubt, shovelled in here when newer appliances were resorted to in the art of war. The place is a long vault, high enough for a man to stand in upright. It is a perforation of some twenty feet in length, ending in a dead wall; and there are no airholes, or light admitted except by the door we enter. If this was the dungeon of Bombay Castle, the prisoners must have heard the sea moaning outside as in those dreamy and submarine places under the Doge's palace at Venice,

where you are told to listen for the waves of the Adriatic.

I have a great belief in the innate feeling of mercy in the British bosom, and am loth to resort to any other idea than that this was only used for the most outrageous and hardened criminals. We are a merciful, forgiving, and tender-hearted race. So we are; but a book giving a gentleman's experience of prison life and punishment in Bombay Castle in the year 1748 does something to disturb this idea. Dr. Wills, a surgeon on board the Durington, East Indiaman, Captain Crabb, lay a prisoner in Bombay Castle for some time. In coming out to Bombay, unfortunately as we should say for him, there was a lady of great personal attractions on board, with whom Captain Crabb and the Doctor fell violently in love, which was awkward enough for all three. We do not think the Doctor could be tried for this, for falling in love has never been held to be a crime, unless it lead to ulterior consequences that come within the range of the law; but we observe the crime laid to his charge was "Shift and Mutinous expressions." Tried he was in the house of Captain Lane, Marine Paymaster, by a jury of intelligent sea captains, of which Captain Crabb was one—hear

that ye lovers of the olden times—and sentenced to be "disgraced by the hangman holding a common halter round his neck, and for ever discharged from the Company's service; to be carried alongside every ship in the Harbour, and then remanded to the said prison in Bombay Castle."

There is not much more to be said. Wills was conducted to the Castle gate, where he was met by the hangman, who in these days was a Negro; and offering some feeble resistance, this functionary knocked off his hat and wig, and forcibly adjusting the noose round his neck, dragged him through the principal streets in the Fort, giving the halter an occasional jerk, as you have seen a refractory colt tamed into submission. The Doctor was followed by an unruly crowd of European and native sympathisers, and rowed bare-headed in the blazing sun of November to every ship in the harbour, until he came to the Durington. Here, still with the halter round his neck, Captain Crabb reads to him aloud, with the ship's company in the shrouds, his crime and punishment, which will teach you, William Wills, for the rest of your days, that you are not to fall in love with the same lady that I do.

This is a disgression we have been led into by

the hole in the wall in the Bombay Arsenal, and indicates the existence of harsher features of naval discipline in those so-called "good old times" than we were prepared to find, scattered as they are through a volume of experiences and love letters which are quite as interesting as Sterne's and Eliza's, and not nearly so silly.

THE BELL.

It was on this visit (February, 1883) that we copied an inscription on an old bell which is—we must now write was—lying with its mouth downwards within the gateway. It has now gone to Dabul, gone to its former owners, the Portuguese, and I am not inclined to go to war with Goa, on account of this bell, as the Pisans and Florentines did for the Pandects of Justinian.

We cannot even say peace be with it, for it was too much at peace here, and lay flat on the ground, with its tongue tacked. On the contrary, we join its new owners in wishing it a noisy career, and sweet melodies wherever it may be erected.

> When I ring, God's praises sing;
> When I towle, pray heart and soul.

But to the inscription. Facing you, and high up on the cope of the bell, is a cross, on the

centre of which is the monogram J. H. S., and below is the date 1674. Round the mouth or outside rim of the bell ran the rede—which Bishop Meurin has kindly translated for us—"Quis mihi det ut ego moriar et cognoscant te omnes fines terræ." Where the legend began, and where it ended, was a difficulty, much too great for us to solve, until the Bishop came to the rescue, and we are now enabled to read the holy aspirations of St. Bernard and the Psalmist David in the vulgar tongue. "Who will give to me that I could die for Thee, and that all nations of the earth would recognise Thee?" Ofes Hiram Tavarres Bocarro seems to be the name of the founder of the bell. The first word is perhaps *ofex*, an abbreviation of *opifex*, the "maker" Bocarro is perhaps the frequent Portuguese name Boccarro. Hiram is probably Hiron, an abbreviation of Hieronymo.

For this explanation, also, we are indebted to the Bishop's courtesy.* The bell is thus, it appears, not a Protestant but a Roman Catholic, *i.e.*, Portuguese, one. What its history has been we know not. Probably Dr. Da Cunha, or some one versed in these matters, will be able to

* Boccarro and Hieronymo are often met with on the Bassein inscriptions.

furnish us with it. It is a big bell, say 10 cwt., and may have hung in the great tower of the Cathedral of St. Joseph, now dismantled, at Bassein. You may recollect that when in 1739* the Portuguese were hard pressed by the Mahrattas, they wanted a loan from us, and that we asked them what security they had to offer us. They replied church plate and brass guns; and we gave them Rs. 15,000 on this strange collateral security. Herein we did, I think, rather a cruel thing under the guise of assistance. We ought to have refused the loan, or refrained from touching the vessels of the sanctuary. The duty of the Portuguese was equally plain. They ought to have died in the last ditch rather than alienate one of the sacred utensils. The brass guns, for anything we know, indeed we think it is highly probable, are among those now in the compound of the Arsenal. But the church plate! The idea that it was sold, &c., &c., seems almost sacrilegious. We fear Bassein was not strong enough to take up any loans after this. We have no complete inventory of the articles sent in to the Bombay Government in 1739, but

* Professor Macmillan in his ascent of Bhima Shunker in 1884 found a Christian Bell in the Hindoo Temple there. It had the symbol of the cross on it. The temple is on the direct road from Bassein to Poona, and the bell was doubtless left there as a native offering by the marauders who had carried it off among the plunder from Bassein, probably in the sack of 1739.

we consider it very probable this bell was among them, and if so, we really think the sooner we got rid of it the better. In lieu of non-payment we seem to have taken some work out of this bell, for there are people who recollect when it hung outside the wall of the Cathedral on the right of the main door as you enter, a little way round this corner of the building. Whether it was rickctty, or dangerous from its weight and proximity to the heads of the passers-by, we do not know, but it was taken down from its elevation some twenty years ago, and lay in the Cathedral compound until 1869, when it was handed over to the Bombay Government by the Cathedral trustees, for safe custody, and was placed in the Arsenal, where it has remained ever since until its translation in April, 1883.

When the Cathedral trustees handed the bell to Government, we understand that they mentioned that it had been originally a gift of the Bombay Government to the Protestant community worshipping within the walls of what is now our Cathedral.

Our present Cathedral bell, though a smaller one, has done duty continuously since 1719, Governor Boone's time; so this Portuguese bell, the subject of our remarks, could have been little

else than supernumerary any time since the year 1719.

Having now exhausted bell, book, and candle, we beat a retreat.

We take a glance at the avenue of trees leading down to the wharf gate, where many a Cleopatra received her Antony after the wars; a look and measure of the dividing walls of the Governor's House also,—seven feet and a half thick, under bomb-proof vault, making this place a building of uncommon strength, which it behoved to be, as for a hundred years it was the heart of the Bombay Government. Farewell Bombay Castle—

> Thy pristine vigour age has overthrown,
> But left the glory of the past thine own.

There is one consolation, that whatever fate befalls it, it can never be burned to the ground.

MALABAR HILL.

CHAPTER IV.

MALABAR HILL.

THE Arabs have a saying that all Europeans who come abroad for purposes of travel or research are doomed, by the curse of God, in this way to expiate the crimes they may have committed.

To collect flowers and weeds, and by a painful process to subject them to classification, to chip stones with a hammer, and carry away specimens of every rock duly labelled and packed in boxes; to gather together all the spiders and beetles which crawl over the surface of a countryside, are some of the methods of Divine punishment. But the worst fate of all is reserved for him who, an exile from his father's house, his country, and his gods, is doomed to wander and mope among the tombs, desolated temples, and ruined cities of the children of men, and become, like the Bedouin of Uz, a companion of the dragon and the owl.

Malabar Hill is not a new name. What is now called Cumballa Hill, in the last century was

included in the same name, and is merely an upheaval of the same chain.

The earliest notice we have of Malabar Hill under this name is by Fryer in 1673, *i. e.*, eleven years only after we put in an appearance on the Island of Bombay. But why Malabar? The coast of Malabar does not begin until you proceed as far south as Coorg. We suspect that Fryer himself gives us its derivation in describing the tank at the end of it, when he says that it was to bathe in it "the Malabars visit it most for," a place of pilgrimage in fact, to which came people of the coasts south of Bombay, who were all then lumped together under the generic name of "Malabars." Hence Malabar Hill. Not quite satisfactory, you say? Of all things the most perplexing is the origin of names.

The old lady in our Cathedral had no such perplexity. On seeing the tomb of General Carnac Clive's second-in-command at the Battle of Plassey, and knowing well what a power the name of Carnac had been in Western India, for the last hundred years—"Dear me," she exclaimed, "then that's the origin of the word Carnatic?"

Malabar Hill seems, like Clive and Carnac, born to command. On looking at the map, you will find that it juts out like a beak into the

Indian Ocean, and seems the most conspicuous headland on the sea-coast of Western India for a distance of fifteen hundred miles. It early attracted the attention of geographers, and in a map representing the knowledge of these coasts in 1583 we find it named Cape Bombaim. Its oldest name, however, is Walkeshwur, which means Lord of Sand. A story goes that Rama, an ancient Indian divinity, came here in search of his wife, she being the first grass-widow recorded in these parts—and learning that she had taken her passage on to Ceylon, he sat down, wearied on this then nameless promontory, when a great thirst fell upon him. There was water, water everywhere, but not a drop to drink, so Rama pierced the earth with his spear, and forthwith the water gushed out. Such is the legend of the sacred tank and its holy associations. Here we may observe, however, that Lord of Sand, savours suspiciously of Back Bay, for Malabar Point is rather a rocky place, and conspicuous by its absence of sand. There is a large deposit of sand left by the modern sea in Back Bay, and a still larger one, shall we say, left by the ancient sea on which most of our palatial buildings are erected. But in any place between Chowpatty and the Sailors' Home, if you drive

your spear deep enough down, you will come to drinkable water.

Every man, therefore, may become a Rama, and every spear a divining rod. At all events, Bombay had no other water than what was obtained in this way until the Vehar Lake was opened.

Fryer also mentions that when he was here in 1673, there were on the end of Malabar Point "the remains of a stupendous pagoda." Fryer at times talks big, for which see his remarks on Callian; for you have only to walk across the narrow space, which divides "the two seas," when you will soon recognise the abiding truth that nothing "stupendous" could be constructed thereon. The fact, however, to which we wish to direct attention is clearly stated, that when the English arrived in Bombay, there was nothing but a heap of ruins to mark the place where stood the ancient temple of Walkeshwur. We had, therefore, nothing to do with the destruction of it. The fragments which lay about the place even in Moor's time (Hindoo Pantheon 1810), he tells us, bespoke a building of rather an elegant description. The site of this temple is now occupied by the Governor's Bungalow. The tank whose legendary origin we have given was a small one (its position in the hollow, near

the spot where the big guns are now placed), and it continued to be used by pilgrims, as a bathing place, long after Fryer's time.

Besides these two objects, Malabar Point had another attraction. On the jagged crust of trap which divided this tank from the sea, the stranger looking towards Bandora—for it is often erroneously supposed to have been on the Back Bay side—was shown until recent times a cleft in the rocks called the Yoni or Stone of Regeneration, up which, head foremost, ardent enthusiasts, if not too stout (and if stout all the more meritorious, provided only they got through), forced themselves; and so emerging indicated to the world their title to be "twice born," and among the number of the regenerate of mankind.

This was one of the things that the restless Sivaji was sure to be at. Thin and wiry, no man needed regeneration more than Sivaji, provided it was of the right kind; so one night, in the dark half of the moon as they say in the Mahratta country, when he knew, no doubt, that much Bombay punch was being consumed in the Doongree Killa and Mody Khan, Sivaji, with a small band of armed followers, landed stealthily, and getting under the black spout, he wriggled through, and made a triumphant exit. I have

never learned that it did him any good. If Lady Macbeth had one, he had many a "damned spot" that would not come "out" in the washing. Or did it rouse him to the commission of some new crime? Crime! The word was not in his dictionary, of anything he was act or part. But the stone was put to other uses. People who go to "kissing," "wishing," or "blarney" stones generally do so for their amusement, and we gather from Moor's account, in his time, that the English residents, ladies and gentlemen, at picnics here, had a good deal of amusement out of it, and much fun and merriment as each tried the experiment. It was no joke, you may depend on it, to Sivaji. He was far too serious and grim for this sort of thing, and if any one had ventured to tickle his soles, when he hung like Mahomed's coffin between heaven and earth, woe betide him, for his bones would very soon thereafter have whitened the steep cliffs of some of his Balla Killas in the Dekhan.

There is in the present year of grace, at Walkeshwur, an old man, the last of the dusky regenerates, who in his youth passed through the Yoni, and is even now looked upon as a wonder in the odour of sanctity.

The oldest road on Malabar Hill is without doubt the Siri-road, which now leads from the

Wood Wharf up to the Ladies' Gymkhana. *Siri, ie.*, ladder or staircase. It may date back to primæval times, that is, to times before either the Portugall or the Englisher had set foot in India. It is, no doubt, contemporaneous with the first temple of Walkeshwur, for as soon as it was opened and a place of pilgrimage, the Siri-road would become a well-beaten track.

To create a picture of Malabar Hill in the olden time you must blot out all the bungalows and all the carriage roads from the canvas. The carriage roads are certainly within the century. Mr. W. W. Cargill, when here a few months ago, mentioned that when he lived on Malabar Hill in 1842 there were only four bungalows. The topographical features are as they were in the days of Marco Polo, and we do not forget the fine Victoria-road, which has been claimed or reclaimed from the dominion of the sea. In the pre-Portuguese days the pilgrims, *i.e.*, "the Malabars," would land at Mazagon, or at a small haven near our Castle which the English on their arrival called Sandy Bay, or in the fair season at what is our present Wood Wharf in Back Bay, convenient enough and right opposite the steep ascent.

Here buggalow and patimar would discharge their cargo of "live lumber" or faithful devo-

tees, as you are disposed to view them. Now they proceed to breast the "Siri," halting, no doubt, at the Halfway House, where the Fakir would give them a drink from his holy well. Here they would have time to draw their breath, chew betelnut, or say their prayers. Thence, refreshed, to the summit, and now along a foot-path studded with palmyra palms, sentinels by sea and land on the ridge, and very much on the track of the present carriage road they make their way to those old peepul trees at our "Reversing station," old enough in all conscience to have sheltered Gerald Aungier and the conscript fathers of the city from the heat of the noon-day sun, and how much older we know not.

And now they descend the brow of the hill, pass the site of the present Walkeshwur temple, past the twisted trees in the Government House compound, of the existence of which we have indubitable evidence as far back at least as 1750.

And here we may remark that the Malabar Hill of these days was much more wooded than at present. When land is left to itself, everything grows to wood. It is so in Europe, and it is so here, as we can see with our eyes in that magnificent belt of natural jungle which clothes the slopes down to the water's edge of Back Bay (and

which reminds one of the Trosachs on an exceedingly small scale), where among crags and huge boulders the leafy mango and the feathery palm assert themselves out of a wild luxuriance of thick-set creepers glowing with flowers of many colours. The hare, the jungle fowl, and the monkey were doubtless no strangers to these bosky retreats. At length the temple ornate with many a frieze and statue bursts upon the view amid a mass of greenery. Black it is, for the the Bombay trap becomes by exposure to innumerable monsoons like the Hindoo pagodas among the orange groves of Poona. And now, the journey ended, the yellow-robed pilgrims, and some forsooth sky-clad in the garb of nature, bow their faces to the earth, amid jessamine flowers, in the old temple of Walkeshwur, on its storm-beaten promontory, with no sound on the ear, save the cry of the sea-eagle, or the thud of the waves as they dash eternally on the beach.

The stranger who comes to Malabar Point in 1883 will find that one plinth or pedestal of a pillar is all that remains of this ancient temple. There are a few other stones lying near the site, and there are, we daresay, many built into erections and walls, or lying in odd corners in and about Walkeshwur. A recumbent life-size statue

on your left as you descend near the gate of the present temple, and a stone with Trimarti on it—that figure which you see in colossal proportions at Elephanta—is now in the Indian Museum. This last was forwarded by Dr. Moor, who tells us that when he wrote (in the beginning of the century) many of the stones were being taken away to furnish materials for the new buildings at Walkeshwur.

Dr. Burgess and the Pundit Bhagvanlal Indraji, so distinguished for his antiquarian researches, and a resident at Walkeshwur, were good enough to accompany us on a recent visit, and we are indebted to them both for much valuable information. Of the ancient temple, we have seen that little remains, yet from these fragmentary memorials Dr. Burgess is inclined to reconstruct a temple of the size, style, and, most probably, of the age of Ambernath. Thus Professor Owen from a single bone builds up some inhabitant of the ancient world. Ambernath is 87 ft. long by 50 feet high, and was probably built by one of the Silhara kings of the Konkan, A.D. 810 to 1260, whose immoral proclivities and cloven foot remain graven on its walls with a pen of iron. Built by Silhara or Balhara does not matter much, for it is more to the point to know

and believe that the form of religion embodied in Ambernath has vanished from the Maharatta country—Dr. Wilson is our authority—and if Walkeshwur was like unto it, we think the Moslem and Lusitanian were right in pulling it to pieces.* You have heard of Mahommed Bagada, of Ahmedabad,

whose daily food
Was asp, and basilisk, and toad,

according to Hudibras—a saint compared with the builder of Ambernath, and which, no doubt, accounts for the demolition of its congener.

Sir Evan Nepean (Governor 1812 to 1819)† had a small room at Malabar Point, and Mountstuart Elphinstone, when Governor (1819 to 1827), built a bungalow on the site of the temple, and some of his successors, not so long ago, filled up the tank and broke the Stone of Regeneration in pieces; which looks rather like a desecration of what was once one of the holiest places in Western India. It seem from this, at first sight, that in these times there was less deference paid to the religious susceptibilities of the natives.

No doubt these Governors knew their own

* I contemplated the elaborate sculptured ruins of the ancient Hindoo Temple near the Point which had been brutally demolished by the bigotry of Portuguese zeal 1789.—*Price's Memorials*, 1839.

† Malabar Point "The Governor's (General Medows) occasional retreat, 1789.—*Price's Memorials*, 1839.

powers and asked no questions, and the governed were not so squeamish as to cry out before they were hurt. Besides, old Walkeshwur, as we have said, was an obsolete thing, and the natives well knew that the English could both give and take. I suppose that a burying-ground is a holy place—at least, a place which gathers round it sacred associations. Well, the English had such a place in Bombay, Mendham's burying-ground, and their only one for a hundred years; and yet when the exigencies of the city demanded it, they gave it up without a murmur. This was in 1760, and you could not to-day, without a map, tell where it stood, so utterly has it been swept away. So, on the other hand, the old temple of Mombadavi had to go to the wall and find a new site. Its sacred tank now does duty as a work-a-day washing-place in the Dhobytalao. The answer is the same in all these cases. The sermon in stones is that duty is more than sentiment, and there are times when we must give up our cherished associations for the general good.

Lady Falkland (wife of Viscount Falkland, Governor 1848 to 1853) loved Malabar Point dearly, and, if we mistake not, she spent one or two hot seasons here. She came out here when Europe was in the throes of revolution, and

found this place a little Goshen. She was a clever, witty woman, wrote in a sparkling feminine way, and has left us in "Chow-chow" graphic descriptions of all the phenomena—torrid heat, sand storm, and burst of the monsoon.

She could wander about, or sit sketching Walkeshwur Pagoda and its tank for hours together. She had a great deal of the animal spirits of her mother, Mrs. Jordan, who had been in her day one of the greatest actresses. Her father had been King of England. She it was who, on sitting down to dinner, asked Mrs. Harding, the Bishop's wife, if she had ever been in a hack-buggy; and if hack-buggies were as dirty in '48 as they are now, I do not wonder that she replied in a decided negative. "Well, I have. When I arrived in Bombay nobody expected me; I jumped into a hack-buggy and drove to Parell. The sepoys would not allow me to come in. I soon showed them the way, and arrived at Parell in a hack-buggy."

Malabar Hill is, no doubt, the part *par excellence* of Bombay which Sir John Malcolm had in his eye when he compared our harbour to the Bay of Naples.

Ah! my friends, this soaring vision of Parthênope will not do. Capri, Sorrento, Castellamare,

Vesuvius! And yet though no two faces are 'alike, look at this Malabar Hill as you please from the bandstand, and was there ever such a marvellous likeness? An exact counterpart, it seems to be, of Naples for three miles from the Castle of St. Elmo to Virgil's tomb on the Promontory of Posilipo, and which any man may verify at his leisure from the deck of the steamer when he comes to his voyage end in the Bay of Naples.

You cannot institute any comparison between the work done here and the work done there, for men in Naples have been piling up architecture for a thousand years. It is the ridge we speak of—the right arm of both cities—and though Naples has more bulk, the symmetry is the same in both cases.

The view of the Fort, to which the new buildings on the Esplanade add so much beauty, is exquisite, but it is so familiar to everybody, and has been the subject of so many descriptions, paintings, yea even poems, that we merely allude to it. Across the harbour you can see in dim perspective those lands from Nagotna to Thul—highland and island—and which Mr. Campbell, in the new Volume (XI.) of the *Bombay Gazetteer*,* which is just issued, tells us belonged

* *Bombay Gazetteer.* Kolaba and Jingira, 1883.

to the Angria family till 1840. Yes, so late as 1840, so that it does not require a very old man to remember these times: and you may see the territory from your own doors. We sometimes hear of the advantages of the old Governments of India—Peishwas, for example—to the working man, from Mr. W. W. Hunter and others. Well, here was a native Government which survived to our own times, and had all the advantages of proximity to a great city full of life and activity. Was it bad or good? You know Khenry light-house. Well, if the day is clear, if you look to the left of it, you may descry something like a floating island on the horizon. This is Henery Island, a dim point at night, on which Khenry glimmers a weird and uncertain light. When we came into possession of this country in 1840, we searched this island, like Jerusalem, with lighted candles. And on it we found a low, dark dungeon 12 feet in diameter by 7 feet high. A flight of steps hid by a trap-door led underground to a strong door at its entrance, out of which we took two prisoners loaded with chains. They were covered with vermin—a loathsome spectacle—and one of them had become blind of an eye for want of light. There were originally fifteen of them, but thirteen of them had gone raving

mad for want of light and water, given up the ghost before our arrival, thus giving a chance of existence to the other two, for Death and the Sirkar were running a hard race which should get them first. Their condemnation had been various—five, ten, fifteen, and twenty years' imprisonment; and for what? Gang robbery and dacoity, and they would never have been there, but they were poor, and had not the means of bribing their jailors. Mr. Campbell adds, "As their sufferings were disproportionate to the vague and unrecorded charges against them, the Political Superintendent set them free."

We were concluding without a word on the modern temple of Walkeshwur. All we know about it is, that it was built by a wealthy Hindoo, Rama Kamat, about the year 1724, and this man was the only influential native who was present at the laying of the corner-stone of St. Thomas' Cathedral.* It is curious to note,

* Dr. da Cunha.

NOTE.—I may note, as connected with this subject, that in a retired, shady vale, on that beautiful part of the beautiful island of Bombay, called by the English Malabar Hill—I know not by what name by natives—is a fine tank, surrounded by temples and terraces, and trees and buildings, constituting a village; if I ever knew its name, I have forgotten it. There resided, in my earlier day, Brahmans and contemplative Hindoos, many of whom had never in their lives been in the city or fort of Bombay, though only three or four miles distant. And many more of the English living there had never, I daresay, visited or heard of this cool, quiet happy "Brahman village"—its usual designation when spoken of. It was a favourite resort of mine: and I became tolerably well known to some of its sober philosophers—and I

on Malabar Hill, that what has become the latest and, in some respects, the most favourite abode of our citizens, appears to have been the very first site chosen by man on our island. And it is still equal for the accommodation of any amount of progressive population, and that without Back Bay or other Reclamation. "I will engage," said the elder Ormiston, "to house a million of inhabitants on Malabar Hill alone." Something ought, however, to be done to repress the temptation that every man is led into to build according to his own caprice. The space

have sometimes, when tired of the heat and turmoil, and vexations and excesses of business and society, been more than half-disposed to envy the peaceful inhabitants of "that shady blest retreat," the life they there led, and seemed to love.

Since the time of which I speak, this village, then unapproachable except on foot, is probably no longer secluded, or inhabited by the same description of people. The Hill has become studded with villas—the Point, a bold seachafed promontory, where the fine temple once stood, from the blasted and ruined foundations of which I dug out and brought to England, the ponderous triune bust represented in the cubic pedestal of my mystical Frontispiece—the Point has become the marine residence of the Governor—roads for horses and carriages intersect the Hill—and ere as many more years elapse as have passed into the ocean of eternity since I first wandered, and chased the hooded snake over it, steam coaches may, for aught I know, traverse it on iron roads.

I have not had an opportunity of examining Dr. Borlase's Cornwall. I shall expect, if he is circumstantial, to find considerable similarity between the British and Indian superstitions in this particular. Of those of India I will here observe that the lithic Ioni at Malabar Point, Bombay, is used both by women and men—as is at some length described in the HP. The famous Brahman Ragoba, the father of the last of the Mahratta Peishwas, when at Bombay, passed through it frequently—and it is said, that the great Sivaji jeopardised his liberty and life for the advantages of such regeneration. The said Ragoba sent two Brahman ambassadors to England. On their return they required purification from having passed through, and lived in, debasing countries. They were regenerated by a transit through a golden Ioni, made expressly for the purpose—and of course with other presents to an immense amount, given to the Brahmans.—*Moor's Oriental Fragments*, 1834.

that we are so anxious to guard with jealous care is of course the *coup d'œil* or frontispice of Malabar Hill as it is seen from any of the shores of Back Bay. You cannot have your own way in everything, and no Committee of Taste, say in Napies, would allow some recent instances to appear and offend the eye. There is such a thing as beauty and harmony of form; and if every man is to be permitted to erect anything he pleases, then we may bid adieu to the inheritance of beauty that has come down to us in Malabar Hill, blessed with the poetry of Nature, but deficient in the poetry of Art.

There is one gleam of light has come to us. Somebody has proposed to terrace and plant with shrubs and flowers that ugly scar on the face of the Hill—the remains of Back Bay excavation work, and which has been an eyesore for nearly twenty years to not only all dwellers in the Fort and Colaba, but even to "Malabars" themselves, when driving homewards. The man who suggested this deserves a vote of thanks, and when carried out, a testimonial from the citizens of Bombay, even though the terraces should not rival the Hanging Gardens of Babylon.

THE BOMBAY CATHEDRAL.

CHAPTER V.

THE BOMBAY CATHEDRAL.

The English church, now the Cathedral, has been more fortunate than the Roman Catholic one. Bishop Meurin, to whom we are again under obligations, writes us that the Roman Catholic Cathedral was taken down in 1804, when Government formed the Esplanade for protecting the Fort by its guns within a circle of a thousand yards, and that a cross indicated where the Cathedral stood, its site being where the stairs of the Elphinstone High School are now, and that this cross was removed only when that building was erected. He says, "In compensation for the place taken from us in 1804, we got the ground in Kalbadavie where our Cathedral is now standing, and a grant of money for building a new church."

The English church being within the walls of the Fort was a mere accident, and not owing to any forethought, we presume, on the part of our Protestant ancestors. Be that as it may, it is a great matter that we are able in 1883 to look

upon a building the foundations of which, at least, are coeval with the earliest events of our Bombay history; for had the English church been built outside the walls of the Fort, the same fate would have inevitably befallen it.

The design of this church was not the work of Aislabie (Govr. 1708 to 1715), nor of Boone (1716 to 1720), nor of Cobbe the Chaplain, who has the merit of raising the subscriptions in 1715, and seeing to the completion of the edifice. That outline—for the walls were perfectly good as far as they were built—upon which the present superstructure is raised was the design of Sir George Oxenden:

VIR
Sanguinis splendore, rerum usu
Fortitudine, prudentiâ, probitate,
Pereminentissmus
Insulae Bombayensis Gubernator.*

This was the man whose wisdom and prescience grasped the religious requirements of the future of his Church in Bombay, for it may be said with truth that the conception of the seventeenth century does no disgrace whatever to the architectural ideas or exigencies of the nineteenth. He either did it consciously or unconsciously—if conscious, he was the wisest man of his generation; if not, it was a most happy accident. For

* From his tomb in Surat.

who in 1669, let us ask, could tell what Englishmen or the English Church might come to require, or what kind of a city, if any at all, would ultimately grow out of the handful of Englishmen who had come here, and the ten thousand of the riff-raff of Asia?

Had a prophetic roll of the History of Bombay been unfolded before his eyes, Oxenden could not have designed a building better suited to the wants of the English then, and as these wants have developed themselves from age to age. But Rome was not built in a day; neither was the Bombay Cathedral. Oxenden died in 1669. Then came Aungier, a man of a kindred spirit, and no doubt he did his duty to it. At his death in 1677 began the great interregnum, during part of which Child held office (1681 to 1690); and Child is the *bête noir* of the Cathedral. It was then, the historian sayeth, "piety grew sick,"—very sick;* nearly unto death.

For thirty years, in the scriptural phraseology,

*. The charge of the misappropriation by Sir John Child of the Cathedral funds, £5,000, it is only fair to add, rests on the unsupported evidence alone of Alexander Hamilton. But, as far as we know, it has never been denied. Hamilton was a man of violent likes and dislikes, a good hater in fact; and the man he hated most of all was Child, and he had, no doubt, a personal grievance; but living as he did in, or on, the shores of India for forty years after 1688, he had every opportunity of becoming acquainted with the circumstances, and he would not have dared to publish in Britain what could so easily have been contradicted by so powerful a family as the Childs. Cobbe is of a later date, and, as we might naturally expect, in his sermon in 1715 frames no specific

of the times, Zion was a wilderness, Jerusalem a desolation, a widow in her weeds before she was even espoused, as if the cup of the Lord had been poured in fury upon her. For thirty years the walls, five feet high, stared everybody in the face, a ruin and a reproach, at which the passer by wagged his head, cursed Child, and doomed this remnant of his church to the dogs, bandicoots, and budmashes of all sorts and sexes who prowled about this corner of the Bombay Green.

By day men looked askance at it, and by night as the solitary citizen was wending his way homeward from the rattle of the dicebox and the orgy of Bombay punch, the shriek of the jackal from this gloomy enclosure would startle his drowsy intelligence. It had come even to this of it, that it was considered to have a baneful influence on the lives and fortunes of men, one of those huge evil eyes of the East that blast all human intents and purposes ; and at last it

charge against any individual by name. What he states is this, that the original sum destined for the building of the church had disappeared by the fraud and collusion of the persons entrusted with its administration. It must be borne in mind that a part of the intervening period had been one of great trouble and confusion In the ambitious projects of Sir Josiah Child, Chairman of the East India Company, of which his brother was the tool, and worker out of that which ultimately became his ruin, the Sidi was brought to our doors with 20,000 men. This event to the men of Cobbe's day was what the Indian Mutiny is to us, and people in 1715 talked about it as the antediluvians are beginning to do now—the men who have lived before that great flood of popular commotion and disturbance. It is in such periods—we mean of invasion or mutiny—that the characters as well as the lives of men are so often dashed to pieces.

began to be believed that it was really of very little use trying to make money in Bombay as long as this work remained unfinished, for the curse of God on this score verily rested on the whole place.

Thus I think that it was a masterful stroke in Cobbe's sermon announcing his project of rebuilding the edifice, when he asked, "Hath there any one yet returned home from this place in peace to enjoy the blessing of his native land, and the fruits of his labours, since the time that the House of God hath lain waste?" It was too true; the cardamoms had turned out bad, the pepper tasteless, and the diamonds had become dim—more particularly since the death of Charles the Second—and there was nothing to remember but a weary tale of commercial woe and disaster, and cleanness of teeth from one year's end to another in all our borders. You may depend upon it that in that upper room in the Castle some of the thirty-year-wallahs shook in their shoes as these words were uttered.

There is no denying it—Cobbe's expostulations gained the day; and the rest is easily foreseen. When his hearers got home, there was a creaking of the hinges of ancient almirahs, a fumbling among old stockings, the improvised

banks of our bewigged and queued ancestors, and a withdrawal of gold-mohurs old as the days of Akbar or Shah Jehan, and a mighty jingling of huns and xeraphins into the coffers of the joint treasurers. Hoondies were quickly manufactured at Calicut, and old George Bowcher of Surat,* who had contributed thirty years before to the fund which had been so grievously misappropriated, and put his money into a bag of holes, sends two hundred new Surat rupees, with the mint sauce still fresh upon them, accompanied by these wary words of counsel and reminder, gathered from past experience:—"I wish you better success than your predecessor, who built little, raised and destroyed abundance of money to no purpose. He had finished a stately organ, which I saw in the Fort. What has become of it God knows."†

It was a great day for Bombay, the Christmas of 1718. The church was going to be opened. Not the church as we see it to-day, black and comely, but spick and span like our grand Rája Bai tower of 1883, its façade decked with palms

* This was the man who sent to England the Zoroastrian manuscripts, a copy of one of which was the first thing to stimulate the zeal of Anquetel du Perron, and lay the foundation of his magnificent acquisitions in Parsee Literature.

† Some of these men saw a clergyman but seldom. In 1717 Mr. Adams in Calicut writes that he had seen no divine since Sir John Gayer's time in 1693.

and plantains, and all festooned inside from pillar to pillar with flowers and evergreens. I can see the Governor and his Council wending their way from the Castle across the Bombay Green, preceded by the halberdiers in scarlet; and as they enter the gateway, the *Gloria Patri* and the Hosannahs of the 24th Psalm burst upon the ear. Then a mite is carried into the church and baptised by the name of Susanna, Mary Crommelin and Mary Parker standing gossips.* The church is crowded, as we may well believe, and every social section is relegated to the exact place destined for it in future ages in this ecclesiastical edifice, for the laws are like those of the Medes and Persians, and can never be abolished.

The Governor sits opposite the pulpit and reading desk, with a bevy of the wives of councillors, or the wives of those who had been councillors, on his right. The Council are on his left. Opposite the council ladies are the senior merchants' wives, the supercargo's wives, the free merchants' wives. Behind them sit trembling the "inferior women" (the name in the original plan of 1718, now before us), clad in the former bravery of their mistresses. Behind

* Crommelin (Governor 1760 to 1767).

the council ladies sits the gunner's wife, the ladies thus forming a band of bright colour between the altar rail and the congregation. There are writers here, and physicians there, and the captains of grabs in their rough jackets. The strangers take their seats with becoming modesty on entering the north door. Every available space outside this is packed by Ramjees and Bapoojees and other proselytes of the gate, relieved by an inside fringe of blue and scarlet, consisting of soldiers, troop guard, corporal and sergeants, gun-room crew, and sea lions of sorts. The font, the vestry, and the library are all in the places you see them to-day, and it is the same bell now, which then awakened the echoes of Churchgate. You may be sure Mr. Cobbe preached his best, with fervour and unction, as he witnessed such an auspicious termination to his labours.*

After service there was an adjournment. The Governor, Council, and the ladies proceeded to

* Coobe was suspended in 1719 for sedition and other weaknesses; went home; and in 1766, fifty-two years after he had been appointed chaplain, published the account of the building of the church, a perusal of which we have been favoured with. His son was Chaplain to Admiral Watson in 1757, and was much esteemed. We believe that a son of this last was long Political Agent at Moorshedabad; and again, in the fourth generation, General Cobbe, who retired from the Bengal Army some half-a-dozen years ago, continued this most interesting genealogical succession.

the vestry and drank a glass of sack* to the success of the new church. And to show that there was to be no bad feeling on such a memorable occasion, the Governor asked every man, woman, and child of Anglo-Saxon blood in Bombay to a great feast in the Castle, where there was as much meat and drink provided as they could set their face to, their ears being meanwhile regaled with most exquisite music,—we mean exquisite for 1718. A salute of 21 guns from the Castle was answered by every ship in the harbour; and so ended the biggest Bombay day of that generation.

What the Presbyterians of Bombay did on this important day I have no manner of knowing. They would doubtless "skirl up the Bangor" somewhere. All Scotsmen in India at this period had a hard time of it. But the more they were afflicted, the more they multiplied and grew. Our Scotch friend, the skipper Hamilton, about 1700 says of Calcutta: "All religions are freely tolerated but the Presbyterian, and that they browbeat." It would be very much the same in Bombay. The Kirk was then a voice crying in the wilderness, a kind of church in the catacombs; and its great triumphs in India had

* Probably Bombay punch, with a mingling of Burgundy.

not even dawned yet, but were still to come, for it was not until 1815 that William Erskine, the son-in-law of Mackintosh, welcomed the first settled Presbyterian minister on the shores of Bombay.

It would be an insult to our readers to attempt any description of the monuments in our Cathedral, for to many of them the inscriptions must be familiar in their mouths as household words. But the sculptured forms in marble awaken many associations, and call up some most memorable scenes in Bombay history. Not all war, nor the piercing asunder of that big Mahratta cloud which hung over Bombay for a century, but conquests as real, as permanent, and as noble over ignorance and vice. The godly life and the heroic death are here pourtrayed and point the way to the regeneration of mankind. Every man, whatever be the sect or creed that claims him, must feel as he enters these walls that he is in presence of the illustrious dead—illustrious so far to us that they have shed a glory round our island.

But we do well also to remember that men have been here, and on this very spot, who have widely extended the margin of history and the bounds of philosophic research. As we tread

these silent aisles we seem to hear voices coming back from the ancient days, for you need not doubt that Clive and Nelson and Wellington have all been here, though history recorded it not.* So, nothing doubting, we in our own way fill up the gap. Yes, here Arthur Wellesley on bended knees with Aungier's silver chalice at his lips may have thanked Almighty God for his great deliverances at Argaum and Assaye from battle, murder, and sudden death. Here Mackintosh may have breathed the words which he afterwards penned at Tarala: "I feel, as in the days of my youth, that hunger and thirst after righteousness which long habits of infirmity and the low concerns of the world have contributed to extinguish."† Or Napier, "the bearded vision," may have stammered out, "I have conquered Sind, but I have not conquered myself."‡

Long ere this some of the noblest and the

* The dates they were in Bombay are: Clive—1756; Nelson—1775; Wellesley—1804. On one occasion when the Duke was in Bombay an officer at dinner impugned the evidences of our religion. The Duke asked quietly if he had ever read Paley's "Evidences." He said he had not. "Then you had better do so," said the Duke. Upon the first publication of his despatches one of his friends said to him on reading the record of his Indian Campaigns, "It seems, Duke, that your first business was to procure rice and bullocks." "And so it was," said Wellington, "for if I had rice and bullocks I had men, and if I had men I knew I could beat the enemy."

† Life of Sir James Mackintosh.

‡ Life of Sir Charles Napier.

fairest in our little colony had been gathered into this granary. One notably so, Eliza Rivett by name, of the days of Clive—she who had been the wife of him, a second only to Clive himself at the great Battle of Plassey.* That she was a celebrated court beauty of England in the days of George III.; that her portrait was painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds; that it is now in the possession of Sir Richard Wallace, and that she died in Bombay in 1780, at the early age of twenty-eight, are facts for which we are indebted to Colonel Rivett-Carnac, a representative of the family. She sleeps in a grave within the pale of the altar, on the right hand as you proceed up to it.

Outside the church lie the representatives of many Bombay families: Warden, Lodwick, Willoughby, Perry, Awdry, Wigram Crawford, Hadow, Pollexfen, Willis, all of this century; and Mrs. Rawson Hart Boddam (R. H. B., Governor 1784 to 1788) and Henry Moore, of the last, two names great in their day, but now nearly unknown. These are exclusively English or Irish names; but Scotland also can claim her dust, now so widely scattered on every region of the earth. Under the green waving branches of

* This was the acceptable version in Bombay, but surely Eyre Coote and Kirkpatrick were Clive's seconds-in-command.

the goldmohur-tree sleep together side by side four young men who all died in their prime—Stewart, two Forbeses, and Kirkman Finlay, the scions of families which were well known in Bombay in a past generation, and not unknown in this, and all hailing from the braes of the far North.* So true it is—

> Man knows where first he ships himself, but he
> Never can tell where shall his landing be.†

But yet another memento more. In Dean-lane, a hundred yards from the Cathedral, there

* Their names are:—Robert Finlay, son of Mr. Kirkman Finlay, Castle Towart, a member, so says the inscription, of the firm of Ritchie Finlay, Esq., died in 1830, aged 28; John Forbes Boyndlie, of Forbes and Company, died 29th December, 1829, aged 31; George Forbes, of Forbes and Company, died 1828, aged 28; Charles Edward Stewart, son of John Stewart, Esq., of Belladrum, died 1840, aged 23. J. Forbes was accidentally killed by falling from a ruined wall at Montpezir. Kirkman Finlay, senior, was a man of note, M. P., and Lord Provost of Glasgow. The firm of James Finlay and Company there, of which he was the head, is now more than a century old. On the Indian trade being thrown open, James Finlay and Company despatched the first ship direct from Scotland to India. This was in 1813. James Taylor, late secretary of the Chamber of Commerce of Bombay, delighted to tell that Kirkman Finlay in his day was the progenitor of five Indian houses:—Finlay, Hodgson and Company, London; Ritchie, Steuart and Company; Finlay, Scott and Company; Finlay, Clark and Company; and Campbell, Mitchell and Company, Bombay. There is a story preserved which is worthy of Dean Ramsay. Mr. K. F. was entertaining a number of electors of an ancient borough while on a canvassing tour. The meeting was a jovial one; some of them were rough and ready fellows, and "the nicht drave on wi sang and clatter," when suddenly the chairman was interrupted by a voice in an expostulatory tone coming from the foot of the table. "*Kirky*, I say, Kirky, they're no drinking fair here." On hearing which Mr. Kirkman Finlay with a genial smile beckoning to the company, entreated them in a kindly but earnest way to take off their glasses. "Na, na, Sir," was the reply from the same quarter, "that's no it. There's a man here taking aff twa glasses for *my* ane."

† Thomas Hodges, Governor 1767 to 1771, was no exception to this. A wizard told him he should die in India, and he believed it. We know for certain that he was buried in this church, but all trace of his resting-place has disappeared.

is lying while we write, in the gutter, a block of whinstone, two feet long, and on which is deeply engraven :—"Erected by order of Admiral Sir Edward Hughes, 1783." Here the inscription ends, for there are evidently awanting a piece or pieces, but you can fancy anything you like—as "in memory of" officers or men drowned or slain on the Indian Ocean. Sir Edward Hughes was the man in a ship of whose squadron Nelson learned the art of war, and gained his Indian experience as a midshipman; who fought a great seafight with Suffrein, and on four several occasions gave a good account of the French fleet. Has this stone crept out of the Cathedral compound? It has evidently been used to grind curry stuffs on, and—more recently—as a door-step!

The reason why we have so few tombs in our Cathedral between 1669 and 1760, we suspect, is the fact that during this period Mendham's constituted the sole burying-ground of the English. We had not been long here, we are told, before the tombs in Mendham's made "a goodly show" from the harbour. But they were all swept away in 1760, for fear that they should afford cover to the enemy; and we fancy that those nameless mausolea on the left as you enter Sonapore cover a mighty heap of bones gathered from the

earlier charnel-house.* But from Commodore Watson, who was killed at the siege of Tanna (1774), to General Ballard, who laid himself down to sleep in 1880 on the plains of Thermopylæ, be it tomb or cenotaph† our readers will see how limited is the period upon which we are now called to expatiate.

The original steeple ended in a kind of lantern, as we see in Grose's print. The upper portion of the present clock-tower dates only from about 1838. The bell of St. Thomas's, half way up the steeple, was the gift of Governor Boone, and is a most interesting memorial. It was cast in Bombay, and a very fine bell it is, considering that it has been in constant use for 164 years. The inscription on it is now almost undecipher-

* Some workmen digging foundations about the Sailors' Home, we learn, came upon human remains.

† To the Glory of God, and in Memory of General John Archibald Ballard, C.B., LL.D. Royal (late Bombay) Engineers. He distinguished himself greatly in the Russian War of 1854-6. In the defence of Silistria, at the Battle of Giurgevo, and in the advance to Bucharest; also at the Battle of Eupatoria, at the siege of Sabastopol, at the occupation of Kertch, and in Omar Pacha's campaign in Mingrelia, including the Battle of the Inkour, where he commanded a Turkish brigade. When only a Subaltern of Engineers he received the honorary rank of Lieutenant-Colonel in the Turkish Army. The military Companionship of the Order of the Bath, and the third class of the Order of the Medjidie. In 1856-7 he served as Assistant Quartermaster-General with the Persian Expeditionary Force, and in 1857-8 during the Indian Mutiny he held the same post with the Rajputana Field Force, and Malwa Division of the Indian Army. In 1861 he was appointed Mint Master at Bombay, and subsequently in addition, Chairman of the Bombay Port Trust. The former post he held until his retirement from the service in 1879. He was born on the 20th June, 1829, and died suddenly at Molos, near the Battlefield of Thermopylæ, in Greece, on the 2nd April, 1880, and is buried at Athens. This brass is inserted by his brother-officers of the Corps of Royal Engineers.

able, and cannot be read without a considerable craning of the neck. "Laus Deo. In usum Eccles. Angliie, Bomb. An. Domi 1719. Sine charitate facti sumus velut Aes sonans."

There is a silver chalice in the vestry, on which these words are legibly inscribed :—"The gift of the Greenland merchants of the Cittie of Yorke. 1632." We do not know how this vessel found its way to Bombay. We know that York was an early seat of the whale-fishing industry, and can merely guess that some sea-captain who had been the original recipient of it, gifted it away to the Protestant community here, a great many years afterwards. It was not uncommon about this time for men who had been in the North Seas to come away out to India, and two of our most illustrious Arctic navigators, Baffin and Davis, ended their careers in Eastern waters.

The church of Arthur Wellesley's time, some of our readers will be surprised to learn, was floored with cow-dung, and lighted with panes of the pearl oyster shell instead of glass. We give in a note a curious piece of fossil conservatism.*

* Bombay: change of fashions (1810). "This pleasant and salutary article (cow-dung) is falling into disuse with the English, who in their habitations and habits, are departing more and more from the sober dictates of nature, and the obedient usages of the natives. We now, for instance, build lofty rooms admitting insufferable glare and heat through long glazed windows fronting the sun, reflected by marble or polished floors; domestic comfort is sacrificed to exterior decoration. No man of taste

The trellised windows of the Taj or Ibrahim Rosa are specially adapted for tempering the rays of the Indian sun, but oyster-shells, who ever could imagine that they would have defenders? No further record is left of discussions on these mighty themes, and perhaps it is as well. The addition to the chancel, begun in 1865, necessitated the temporary removal of some monuments and marble tablets. Those of the Carnacs, which, if we understand Mackintosh correctly, were on your right as you faced the altar where Jonathan Duncan was buried, have been moved by the reverential hands of their collateral descendants, Sir Richard Temple and Colonel Rivett-Carnac, to the quite opposite end of the church right and left over the main door. The General died at Mangalore in 1800, aged 84, and Mr. Rivett, his wife's brother and a member of the Bombay Council taking the name of Carnac, inherited the General's property, which was of a very consi-

would now build a low sun-excluding veranda, nor mitigate the intensity of the heat by a cow-dung flooring. In Bombay the delectable light that, twenty or thirty years ago, was so commonly admitted through thin, semi-transparent panes, composed of oyster-shells, is no longer known among the English except in the church; and these, perhaps, will when the present worthy clergyman shall vacate his cure, give way to the superior transparency of glass. The church will then be like our new houses, insufferably hot, and the adaptation of *pankhas*, monstrous fans, ten, twenty, thirty, and more feet long, suspended from the ceiling of sitting rooms, and moved to and fro by men outside by means of ropes and pulleys, will be necessary. These *pankhas*, it must be admitted, are articles of great luxury in warm weather: the idea is taken from the natives."—*Moor's Hindoo Pantheon.*

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derable amount. He died in 1803, and it is on record that his funeral was the largest that had ever taken place in Bombay. He was the father of Sir James Rivett-Carnac (Governor, 1839 to 1841). It has been pointed out to us by a native of Forfar that the words "born at Wardhouse," on Duncan's monument, are a mistake. The register of his birth in Lethnot parish is as follows:— "16th May, 1756, James Duncan and Jean Meiky, tenants of the farm of Blairno, had a son baptised, named Jonathan." His parents removed to Wardhouse afterwards, and the error may have arisen from the fact that, when in Bombay, he purchased this property of Wardhouse, on which he spent his boyhood, and where he hoped, after his retirement from India, to spend the remainder of his days, a hope which we know was not fulfilled. But we have left ourselves no time to speak of the Bishops; so we conclude with Pope, "Even in a bishop I can spy desert." Yes, but our readers may find no desert in us if we write on subjects of which we know nothing, and less if we did not thank the Rev. Mr. Sharpin, the Senior Chaplain, without whose aid this article could not have been written.

AUNGIER'S CONVENTION.

CHAPTER VI.

AUNGIER'S CONVENTION.

THE FACTS OF THE LAND QUESTION

at the date of the cession of the Island of Bombay in 1661 to Charles II. are briefly these: As the Portuguese was an aggressive and military Government, the ancient (that is, as far back as 1532, the date of the conquest) constitution of the Island was feudal, *i. e.*, leases were granted in perpetuity at a quit rent—in this case of one-fourth of the produce, with the reservation, that the landholder should perform military service when called upon. The growth of the land was cocoanut woods and other palm woods, miles in length, of which Mahim wood was the chief, interspersed with jack and mango trees; also, on the low grounds, rice or paddy fields. The rest of the Island was swampy, covered occasionally by the

sea in the lower portions, or barren and uncultivated on the higher ridges, such as Malabar, Worlee, and Chinchpoogly Hills.

The waste lands preponderated in extent greatly over the cultivated lands. The cultivated land was settled by over a hundred proprietors. They were either Portuguese or Indo-Portuguese. They were very poor.* The population was estimated at 10,000. Fryer calls them "fugitives and vagabonds," and another "outcastes;" but there was an industrial element among them. The most of them were fishermen—a race that have perpetuated themselves to our own day—besides (and the same remark applies to) bundaris, columbeens, and coolies who worked the soil and superintended the cultivation of the fields and tree gardens—oarts they called them, from the Latin word *hortus*. The bulk of the population clustered round the Forts of Bombay, Mahim, and Mazagon for protection in view of inroads from the neighbouring predatory Mahrattas and Seedis, and here their cattle were driven in during the night. The country was a governed and a settled country, and the Portuguese had already created an ecclesiastical organization by

* They were so poor in 1674 that when it was proposed to have their lands measured and their boundaries defined, they objected because they could not afford it.

dividing the island into districts, for long ere this churches had been built at Mahim, Mazagon, Parell, Salveson, and Bombay. Some of the estates on the island had been granted by the King of Portugal, through his Viceroy, to military and naval officers who had served their country well in the infant days of the colony.* Bombay Island was an outlying province of Bassein, and was as often called Mahim as Bombay. Our title to it was clear and indefeasible. It was a clearer and much more perfect title to dominion than that of the factory of Surat, or any other on the coast of the Hooghly extorted from Nawab or Great Moghul.

Bombay had been gifted by the King of Portugal to Charles II. (but now we anticipate), who again gifted it in 1668 to the East India Company pure and simple, *tale quale*, as it came to his hands, a crown rent of £10 in gold a year alone excepted. We may add that Cooke's Treaty of surrender and delivery in 1665 has never been

* The manor of Mazagon had been leased in 1571 by Sebastian King of Portugal to Lionel de Souza, a great sea captain who had served him faithfully; and in 1637 Philip King of Portugal granted it by charter and letters patent to his grandson Bernardin de Tavora and to his heirs in perpetuity, subject to a small quit rent. This was the principal private estate on the island, and when Aungier in 1672 came to Bombay, Signor Alvarez Perez de Tavora was lord of the manor of Mazagon.—*Sir Michael Westropp.* In Mazagon at this time we know for certain that there were a manor house described as the largest house on the island, two stone houses, one of which was ruinous and a church.

held of any account whatever, either by the English Government or the East India Company, and is not worth the paper it is written on except as a literary and historical curiosity. The greatest question we had to deal with when we took absolute possession in 1666 of the Island was the land question. "Landed estate is an animal with its mouth always open," and it was not long till we verified this adage to the full. The news from Europe of the gifting away in 1661 of the Island to its new masters was duly noted by the Portuguese inhabitants. Those who held land by any kind of tenure, in the dread of its being taken from them, would try to make it surer, and those who had even a faint shadow of ownership would at once resort to such expedients for establishing their claims to landed estate as men of ready resource are sure to find in times of change. The question we had to deal with was this—what land, at the date of the cession in 1661, belonged to the inhabitants, and what to the King of Portugal, for the land that belonged to him became ours by virtue of the cession? By the Marriage Treaty the Portuguese were allowed to remain, and we did not ask them to go away. Our readers will remember the disastrous effects to us of the refusal of the Portuguese

authorities on the Island, in 1662, to hand over to us that for which we bargained in 1661; for there can be no manner of doubt, we think, that Salsette was included in the arrangement, as it was distinctly traced out in the map submitted to the commissioners as part of the territory to be ceded when the Marriage Treaty was being drawn up. One most disastrous result of this refusal was the creation of an interregnum until 1666, during which period Cooke assumed the Government of Bombay. It was then that our interests were prejudiced, for we have only to turn to Bruce's Annals, a work to be depended on, to discover that a sheaf of fictitious title-deeds and forged documents, the manufacture of which was connived at by Cooke himself, and for which he had taken bribes, were made to do duty with wonderful alacrity, in the interests of this new proprietary who were now so anxious to foist their claims on the English. These were circumstances that added enormously to the difficulties of the situation, for what was apparently plain sailing in 1662 had become full of shoals and sunken rocks. There was found, however, a pilot to take us safely out of this sea of troubles —in other words, grapple with the entire question, and settle it once and for ever; and the

solution of it is to be found in the subject of this sketch.

AUNGIER'S CONVENTION.*

We have already passed in review Gerald Aungier and his career. He was Governor 1669 to 1677, and had come down to Bombay from Surat in 1672, when he was confronted with this great administrative problem. There had been grave dissensions and discontents, and lands had been seized by the English, for the validity of many of the titles of the best estates was disputed. They had the semblance of reality, but were believed to be fictitious. A meeting of landholders was called for the 12th November, 1672, and one hundred and twenty of them obeyed the summons. The Lord of Mazagon was there, but many others who could not show such a sub-

* We cannot enter upon this subject without recording what we believe to be the fact, that the man to whom we are indebted for bringing Aungier's Convention before the public was F. Warden, Chief Secretary to Government, in his report on Landed Tenures, in the year 1814. He observes that this "very important proceeding" was not noticed by Bruce in his "Annals," who otherwise does every justice to the merits of Aungier. He was probably not aware of it. It is stranger still that Dr. Fryer, who was here during the time the Convention was opened and ratified, should be equally silent. Warden's discovery, if we may call it so, was not, however, allowed to pass unnoticed. The two highest legal officers of their day, the Chief Justice Sir Erskine Perry and Sir Michael Westropp, saw what an important bearing it had on the land questions which came within the sphere of law, subject to their decision; and the one by his lucid explanations, so welcome to all who are outside the ken of legal phraseology, and the other by statements equally lucid, but showing a vast deal more of erudition and historical research, have made, we venture to say, the judgments in which these explanations and researches are contained a standard and text book on the land question in Bombay to the legal student for all time coming.

stantial title, from the koonbee squatter on a few wretched beeghas of barren soil to the suppostitious owner of a thousand acres dotted with the eternal palm trees of the East. The meeting was held in Bombay Castle, and I have no doubt that the room in which it was held still exists. The general sense of the assembly was taken, and it resolved itself into this, that rather than that any scrutiny should be made of their title-deeds, they would willingly pay 20,000 xeraphins annually. It was a mere bagatelle, about £1,200 of our money. Who the suggestion came from I know not. Aungier accepted the proposal, and the inhabitants were secured in their possessions; for all who now hold property subject to the payment of what is called pension * possess it by a tenure of which the Government cannot deprive them except for building "cities, towns, or fortifications."† The deed was perpetual and irrevocable—a kind of Domesday Book from which there should be no appeal—and it was ratified by a public assembly on the 16th July, 1674. It is an amusing circumstance

* Foras is derived from the Portuguese word *fora*, a door, signifying outside. It indicates the rent derived from outlying lands. The Foras bore the still older name of *Pensio*, and since the Convention has been known by the name of pension. It was payable in respect of the ancient settled ground only.—*Sir M. W.*

† Warden on Land Tenures, 1844. Railways, &c., have no doubt been introduced into this exception.

that the only section of the community who refused to close with the Convention were a few English proprietors, for at this early stage a sprinkling of our countrymen had been smitten with "earth hunger." But Aungier was inexorable, as every English landholder knows to this day by his tax papers. We cannot make fish of one and flesh of the other. Pay like your neighbours. And it is still more amusing, the reasons he gives to his masters, the Nabobs of the India House, for his insisting upon bringing in the English into the Convention. He reasons thus, good easy man, that the English, one day, might come to hold the fee simple of the entire island, and where would be our feudal superiority then? We all know, now, how much he was astray in this expectation. Strange, doesn't it seem, that Aungier should have made an arrangement like this to barter away lands at a quit rent of £1,200 per annum upon which are now erected buildings of the value of thirty to forty millions sterling? Yes, it looks as if in an evil hour Aungier had thrown away the pearl and kept the oyster-shell—parted with the Diamond of Catherine of Braganza, leaving the hollow and empty socket in his hands. But not for anything that it could produce from the

soil was Bombay of consequence to us, and in no sense could it ever become a plantation like Rhode Island or Massachusetts; that is, a place for men to live, settle, marry, and beget children in from generation to generation as they did in America. From the moment we touched these shores, the design of the Crown, and afterwards of the East India Company, was clear and manifest—to make of

BOMBAY A SEAT OF COMMERCE AND INDUSTRIAL ENTERPRISE,

and Aungier here sounds the keynote from which there was never to be any departure; and yet I marvel not that the Company neither confirmed nor repudiated the charter. That they did not confirm it is evident by their own records, that they did not annul it is proved by the fact that the pension is levied to this day. But the spirit of their acts and of ours (we now speak of the men who begun and continued our Bombay history) was the same throughout. To this end we made every exertion that the inhabitants we found on the island should remain in it, and we did everything we could to attract people to it from other places. We retained the Gentoo soldiers in our service, and assigned lands to them for their maintenance. To the English

soldiers we offered half-pay after seven years' service, and land to settle on if they gave their labour in return for the cultivation of it. We did everything we could to induce wealthy natives to settle on it, and wherever they were to be found in Cutch, nay even on the coasts of the Persian Gulf and the Red Sea, our ships were told to give the immigrants a free passage to the Island of Bombay. And now by the Convention we send the sons of the soil, unfettered by all but the slightest taxation, back to the duties to which they had been accustomed, and who were more fitted for the task? First and foremost, therefore, the land must be drained and cultivated. The truth seems to be that in 1672 Bombay was unfit for habitation.* It was the grave of the Englishman, and decimated the colony; that is, did not take one-tenth—left one-tenth. For these reasons, and this other one, that it was a mighty thing at the outset of our career to spread far and wide a just knowledge of our liberality and good faith, we have come to the conclusion that, instead of being a bad bargain for us, the Convention of Aungier was a great, a wise, and a statesmanlike measure; that

* We arrived in Bombay before the beginning of the rains, and buried of the twenty-four passengers which we brought with us ashore, twenty before the rains here ended, and of our own ship's company above fifteen.—*Ovington*, 1688.

it is not only the basis upon which the lands affected by it rests, but that upon it rests a goodly part of the wealth, population, and commercial greatness of our city. Its immediate effect was that in regard to fiscal arrangements the Portuguese landholders of the Island were in a better position than they had ever been before; that is, the burden of the impost was lighter in the amount, and much less troublesome in the collection of it, both to the giver and the receiver. It may be asked what else could we have done? Yes, there are a number of things that Aungier might have done. He might have put a series of those quasi-proprietors on their trial for falsehood, fraud, and forgery, and evicted some of the smug gentlemen who had put in an appearance with their cooked title-deeds at Bombay Castle. He might have constituted himself into Sidney Smith's Court of Chancery that devoured gentlemen's estates, and digested them at its leisure. He might have made a clean sweep and clearance from the earth of the miserable squatters and their usurped dominion. He might have framed a tenure full of idle, petty, and vexatious rites and ceremonies to keep alive for ever more the might of England and the weakness and subjection of Portugal. Our

late Chief Justice hesitates to say whether the Lord of the Manor of Mazagon, prior to our arrival, could have held a baron court. What he could not do we might possibly have done, for if we had established baronial courts, with powers of pit and gallows and leases full of bondage days and personal servitude we should have been merely applying in one part of the British dominions what was the law of the land in another part.* But no temptation of human passion or ambition could seduce Aungier from his allegiance to the one path of duty on which he had entered, and no accusation can be brought against the English for using their authority unjustly. Had Aungier followed any of these courses Bombay would have become a desert.

OUR FEUDAL SUPERIORITY

remained untouched by Aungier's Convention but our territorial acquisitions, being the crown lands of Portugal, were of trifling value, though of considerable extent. If the whole had been put up to auction they would not have yielded £2,000 a year. A great part of the island was utterly worthless, being totally unproductive. By some it was called a "barren rock," and by

* Heritable Jurisdiction with power of pit and gallows was only abolished in Scotland so late as 1747.

people who had explored it it was described as full of "drowned lands" upon which the sea made inroads, now and again leaving an incrustation of salt. We were left heir of entail to this barren remnant outside of all cultivated land. We got whatever paid no rent; that is to say, we paid nothing and got nothing for what Ricardo calls the use of the original and indestructible powers of the soil. This being the case you may be sure that we got the Flats without difficulty (40,000 acres in these days); and the original and indestructible powers of the soil there were manifest in foul and pestilential exhalations. We got the foreshore, and that wasn't much, as the Convention articles remind us, and those who were deeply interested in the fact at the time, that forty yards above high-water mark was the inalienable patrimony of every crowned head in Europe. But it gave us room to bury our dead and burn our dead, as Sonapore and the Ghats still testify. What was lately bought up by the Government for the Port Trust in all its now magnificent proportions for nearly a million sterling—the rights of the foreshore (with the buildings and works thereon)—was then the most worthless territorial acquisition that came to us by the Convention of Aungier, and in some

respects has turned out the most valuable. We had of course received the Castle long before, and its environs. Of its outer cincture of 28,000 yards, we did not receive everything, for I find we were perpetually buying bit by bit back what originally ought to have belonged to ourselves. From 1760 to 1812 we expended Rs. 7,37,927 in such like purchases.

But we had almost forgotten Colaba*—Colaba with its present population of 17,132. If for nothing else Aungier's Convention deserves to be remembered, as it is by it we hold Colaba. Colaba being an island, we presume, was the reason we had not received it at the cession. Some shanties had been erected on it, and we agreed that the first annual payment of the pension should be devoted to the buying out of the proprietors, so that it might become a cantonment. The English had no right or title in Colaba till 1674. There was then a grove of cocoanut trees on it† of which only five trees

* The tenth article of the Convention reserves to the Company "the little Isle of Colio, reaching from the outer point westwardly of the Isle to the pecary called Polo." On which Sir Michael Westropp remarks Coliois probably derived from Coli or Koli fishermen who had a village or hamlet on the Isle which would appear to be that known as Colaba, or Koolaba, Arabic for a strip of land running out to the sea. Pakhadi. Marathi for a paved path or an alley (literally a wing of a village). Polo a corruption of Palwa, a kind of boat frequenting the locality. In a memorial of a grant of land in 1743 the Pakhadi in question is called Pallo. (High Court Reports 1866-1867.) Hence, we presume, our Apollo Bunder. Malabar Hill was Crown land, but it was not worth Rs. 100 a year at the time of the Convention.

† See James Forbes' picture of Colaba in whose time it could not have altered much.

now remain. The population around the Castle and in Colaba were mostly fishers, and the first thing we had to do was to remove their cadjan huts which clustered around the Castle like so many wigwams, and provide them dwellings elsewhere. The next thing was to build a street, a mile long, from the Castle gates, of lowish houses, now our Bazaar-street, so at first called because the bazaar was at the end of it. This was our town, at all events the only town we had for many years. Most of this town was burned down in the great fire of 1803, and many of the lofty erections date from that and subsequent years.

THE LAND OF BOMBAY

since 1674, the date of Aungier's Convention, has experienced great changes—in its tenure, in its condition, in its proprietary. The ancient constitution of the island, which was feudal, has been entirely changed by the substitution of the so-called "tax" for military service which was established in 1718. The feudal system lasted under the English fifty-seven years. This military service was more than a name, as we will endeavour to show, for in 1676 a hundred of the landowners raised and maintained a body militia, 600 strong. Moreover, up to 1718 man refused military service, his land was

to be forfeited; and ecclesiastics were not exempt, for in 1690 the Jesuits of Parell coquetted with the Sidi, who was thundering at the gates of Bombay Castle, and forthwith Parell was confiscated. We did the same with Sion, and their lands were never restored. One word for the Jesuits by way of parenthesis. Let us reverse the picture. Suppose that Sebastian Cabot had conquered this Western India for England in the sixteenth century and Bombay had been thrown into the dower of one of the young ladies of the House of Stewart to some Alfonso or Roderigo of Portugal, and suppose further that we had settled here for a hundred and thirty years under the shadow of our Thirty-nine Articles and Shorter Catechism—do you think that we would have tamely submitted to the tender mercies of Portugal? I trow not. It is all very well, at this distance of time, to denounce the conduct of the Portuguese, and wonder how people could be so foolish as to dispute and resist our authority.

But, as has been said, there is a good deal of human nature in man, and the Portugall had his share of it. Our course was plain all the same, and having put our hand to the plough we could look backward. Then, again, in 1720 we Rama Kamattee for treason and conspiracy

with Angria to seize the Governor at Parell. He was a man of prodigious influence, had built the modern Temple of Walkeshwur about 1715, and was the only influential native spectator at the opening of our English Church in 1718. But it did not matter. The higher the man the more conspicuous his punishment.* His land in the Fort was confiscated and sold for Rs. 30,000; he was imprisoned for life and died in 1728. This was an unfortunate case, both for him and for us. The man was convicted on what seemed the clearest evidence at the time. One of the witnesses was put to the torture, a method which had been long abolished at home by Act of Parliament† and after Rama's death it was

* Rama Kamut was a Shenvi by caste. The Shenvis also call themselves Gond Brahmins. Rama Kamut's ancestors came originally to Bombay from Goa in the time of the Portuguese, and held high position under the English Government after the Island was ceded to the latter. Rama Kamut was in some way connected with or in command of native troops under the English, and served chiefly in wars in or about the Madras Presidency. He built the temple commonly called Walkeshwar (from "Walloo," meaning sand or god made from sand), but its real name is Luxmon Shivar. Rama Kamut had a son named Chimajee, whose son's name was Narrayan; and the latter had a son named Baboo. After Baboo the male line became extinct, but he had left two daughters and Mr. Gouroba Narrayenjee, who married a decendant of one of these daughters, is still living. He is trustee-manager of a temple built by Rama Kamut in the Fort, at the north end of Parsee Bazaar-street. The Car procession from this temple takes place every year. I have gathered the above information from Mr. Narrayanjee and from a Mahratha book called "Bombay Past and Present," published in 1863.—*The Honourable Sorabjee S. Bengaltee, C.I.E., 23rd July*, 1883.

† "Irons were screwed upon his thumbs, the smart of which brought him to a confession."—*Perry from M. S. Record.* The last case of judicial torture in England was in 1640, though declared illegal in 1628. It was used in Scotland during the reign of Charles II., and abolished in 1709.

discovered that the letters which were put in evidence against him, and which were considered to be written by himself, were forgeries, and that some one had made use of his seal to blacken his reputation!

As much was almost admitted by a succeeding Government, and a sum of money paid over to his son by way of reparation.* It was in 1718 that Government took upon itself the defence of the town, and surrounded it by a wall, which was not very substantial at the first. Down to our own day, though not always, land has been leased by Government in perpetuity, and the gross revenue therefrom is moderate, if we may judge from the statement of 1881.

One is apt to view all the buildings in the Fort as of much greater antiquity than they really are. There were men living in Warden's time, 1814, who recollected the best portions of the Fort overgrown with plantations of cocoa trees, Forbes-street, the site of Sir Charles Forbes's house and what we now call the Old Secretariat in Apollo-street, and other streets besides. In Grose's map, constructed about 1760,

* *Bombay Quarterly Review.*

some of the streets there laid down must have been still unbuilt upon. This was the period (about 1760) that witnessed the creation of private property to a very large extent. Until about this time population had not swelled beyond 100,000. It now went forward by great and successive bounds.* Until 1760 the Portuguese landholder of Aungier's Convention had managed pretty well to hold his own; but idleness, extravagance, native proclivities, and the Marwari had now done their work.

The great bulwark of Salsette, with Tanna and Bassein, had in 1739 been knocked away from under his feet by the Mahratta; and his enemy the Hindoo, the Muslim, and above all the Parsee, came in like a flood, and occupied his shoes, so that among all the Vereadores of Aungier's Convention, it would be difficult now to find one descendant on the lands included in that document and once occupied by his forefathers. And let the truth be told; apathy on the one side and encroachment on the other

* Population of Bombay.—In 1661, 10,000, Fryer; in 1681, 50,000, Fryer; in 1715, 15,000, Cobbe; in 1744, 70,000, Niebuhr; in 1764, 140,000, Niebuhr; 1806, 200,000, Mackintosh; 1812 to 1816, 213,000, Dickinson; in 1872, 644,405, Census; and in 1881, 773,196, Census.

during the eighteenth century lost the English a great part of their proprietary rights in this island.*

We may here remark that until the town was surrounded by a wall in 1718 the name of "The Fort" was only applied to the Castle and the ground within its walls and bastions, and it was only after the above date that the name was given to the more extended enclosure, and which has ever since been applied to it.

It is curious to note how persistent have been the forms of enfeoffment. 1665 was an age barren of solicitors in Bombay, and yet the man who presumed to take possession of Bombay hedged himself round with the customary acts (delivery of seisin, I think they call them) of taking "earth and stones" from the bastions of the Castle in the presence of witnesses: and in 1743 we meet with the time-honoured, but now dispensed with, "earth, straw, and a green branch" in the transference of a tody field to its new occupant.

Again, from the copies which we give of the

* Warden.

first Revenue Statement of the Island in 1668, and the last Revenue Report of the same submitted to the Bombay Goverment for 1882* it will be found that the tree tax is the largest item in the first, as it is in the last. We found this tax in

					Xeraphins.		
* Rs.	6,438	2 13	rent of	Mazagon	=9,300	0	40
,,	3,321	1 69	,,	Mahim	4,797	2	45
,,	1,645	3 54	,,	Parell	2,377	1	56
,,	1,203	1 20	,,	Vadella	1,738	0	40
,,	547	0 40	,,	Sion	790	0	60
,,	395	1 48	,,	Veroly	571	1	34
,,	4,392	1 80	,,	Bombaim	6,344	2	61
,,	6,611	2 16	,,	Tobacco Stank or Frame	9,555	0	0
,,	1,661	2 16	,,	Taverns	2,400	0	0
,,	12,261	2 16	the accts. of	Customs	18,000	0	0
,,	12,261	2 16	,,	of Cocoanuts	18,000	0	0
,,	50,740	0 88		Xeraphins	73,870	1	18
,,	801	3 58	more may be advanced		=1,129	1	62
Rs.	51,542	0 46	Total	Xeraphins	75,000	0	0

which, at thirteen xeraphins for 22*s.* 6*d.* sterling, amounts to £6,490 17*s.* 9*d.*—*Warden's Tenures.*

ISLAND OF BOMBAY AND COLABA.

Fixed Land Revenue.

	Rs.	a.	p.
Toka of Government Villages	206	15	10
Pension and Tax, Bombay	5,144	15	10
Pension and Tax, Mahim	8,040	15	11
Quit and Ground-rent	27,770	4	4
Rent of Land newly assessed under Bombay Act II. of 1876	3,394	2	3
Foras land settled under Act VI. of 1851	3,875	4	11
Leasehold	13,661	9	11
Fish-ponds in the Island of Bombay	40	6	1
Rent of the Clare and Carnac Bandars	.....		
Miscellaneous Land Revenue	1,60,927	13	6

Fixed Abkari Revenue.

Tree Tax	2,76,833	4	0
Distillery License Fee	6,289	0	0
Shop License Fee	.....		
Farm of Drugs	.....		
Miscellaneous Abkari Revenue	2,50,809	8	3
Total	7,56,994	4	10

Bombay, Collector's Office, 21st Dec., 1882.—*Jacomb's Reports.*

existence when we came, and to-day the Mahim woods are still the backbone of the revenue.*

So also in the tax-paper sent out to-day, to each proprietor of land (registered under Aungier's Convention) by the Collector of Bombay you will find printed the words "Pension and Tax."

Tax dates from 1718, and here means commutation of military service, and Pensio is the premium paid for the fee simple on the compromise of a doubtful tenure, and carries the legal reader back to the days of Bracton, the English jurist of the thirteenth century, and far beyond, as Sir Michael Westropp has reminded us, to the age when the soldiers of Italy held fiefs on the frontiers of the Rhine and the Danube, of the Roman Empire. The "pension and tax" in 1882 does not seem a whit larger in amount than the pension which was stipulated for by Aungier's Convention, 215 years ago.

There is no stronger passion than the passion for land once it subjects a man to its influence, and it is no wonder, for land is the source of subsistence and the foundation of all wealth. But

* Norman Macleod's conversation on the Tree Tax, on the morning after his arrival in India, was, as nearly as I can remember, "What sort of a tree is that?" A palm tree. "Yes, I know it's a palm tree but what kind of palm tree?" A toddy palm tree. "Yes, I think I've heard the name before; and what are these letters painted white upon it?" For taxation. "You don't mean to say the trees in India are taxed?" Yes. "O India! the very hairs of your head are numbered." The total number of trees from which toddy is drawn in the island, 1881-82—17,471 cocoanut, 231 brab, 4,392 date.—*Land Revenue Returns.*

even when there is no wealth in it, nor likely to come out of it, how often do we see some wanderer from America or the Isles of the Pacific concentrate all his happiness on the possession of a few worthless acres! If it has anything ancestral about it, he will cross stormy seas and deserts, even as Hastings did, and extend the boundaries of an Empire so that he makes himself master of Daylesford. And it is not necessarily an ignoble passion. The simplicity of the three per cents. has no attraction compared with "my foot is on my native heath, and my name is MacGregor."

I see a man, now, from Australia with shaggy eyebrows whitened by the sun and storm of the bush. When he goes home, what will he do? Buy land, very likely. Some graceless Heire of Lynn will be leaving the old roof-tree, and "John, o' the Scales" will very soon sing out, as sayeth the ballad :—

"The gold is thine, the land is mine,
And I am now the Lord of Lynn."

Sir Walter Scott used to say an hour's walk before breakfast was a good thing, and if practicable—on your own land. The "earth hunger" is developed nowhere so strongly as in England. But in former days Bombay could furnish a goodly show of English proprietors. In 1814 Leckie drew £3,000 a year from house property, and nearly a hundred years ago Henshaw erected his "Buildings" near the new Bank of Bombay at a cost of over two lakhs. They are still in posses-

sion of his heirs, but the circumstance is unique, as the native property in Bombay may now be counted by crores, the English by lakhs. In fact, now-a-days Europeans rarely acquire a permanent interest in land in Bombay. English property is more in vogue in Calcutta, but even there the same process has been going on, and English interest in houses and lands is being rapidly supplanted by a large and extending native proprietary.

The population of the Island of Bombay by the census of 1881 was 773,196; cutting off that of Parell, Sewri, Mahim, and Sion, leaves for the city 717,151. The island is twenty-two square miles in extent. Appropriating ten square miles for the space occupied by the city, gives 71,715 to the square mile.* What would Warden, who wrote in 1814, have said to this?

He estimates 11,250 to the square mile, and then adds, "An almost incredible population; in England the computation falls short of 200 to every square mile."† The present population of Bombay is quite as great as was that of Scotland at the time Aungier's Convention was signed, and now exceeds by two hundred thousand souls the population of London at the same time or during the closing years of the reign of Charles the Second.

* A fact which has, no doubt, something to do with the very heavy mortuary returns of the present sickly season.

† Mr. J. A. Baines estimates there are 777 people to the acre in some quarters of Bombay city, and in 30 per cent. of the whole population the density is double that of the most thickly populated parts of London.—*Imperial Census of* 1881.

BOMBAY—CIRCA 1839.

CHAPTER VII.

BOMBAY—CIRCA 1839.

THE period of this sketch seems to defy our approach. It is a kind of no man's land, that has not come as yet within the domain of history, and you cannot buttonhole anybody about it, for there are few Englishmen alive in Western India in 1883 to speak of the events of 1839.

There is an attraction, nevertheless, to know what lies beyond the threshold of our own existence, though we are repelled by the want of data for there seems neither voice, nor speech, nor oracle, nor scrap, nor newspaper, nor diary of any kind. The period is not far enough away to be venerable, nor near enough to come within the scope of contemporary observation.

We cross and re-cross the country, and it is barren and unfruitful, an earth without form, and void; the oldest among us knows little of it, and history will have nothing to do with it.

Of the island of Bombay we venture to assert that there are a great deal more materials to write

the history in the ten years which followed 1669 than there are in the ten years after 1839.

We begin by giving below* the items of a cabin fare by the overland route and just before the P. and O. Company appears on the scene. It seems expensive enough, even after making every allowance for the new route, the newness of steam navigation itself, the costly construction and working of the ships, and the limited number of passengers who were likely to avail of it. For money was money in those days ere Australia and

* Overland passengers *via* Suez, from 1st June 1839 to 31st May 1840.

To Suez, 1st class or cabin passengers		163
From Suez do do. do.		154
Total to and from Aden.		
1840-41 1st class and saloon		348
1841-42 do.		429
1842-43 do.		531
1843-44 do.		521

Length of passage, 1839.

March 18	Left	Falmouth.
,, 30	,,	Gibraltar.
April 7	,,	Malta.
,, 11	,,	Alexandria, 9 p.m.
,, 12	Arrived at Alfel., 10 p.m.	
,, 13	Left Alfeh,	
,, 16	Arrived at Cairo.	
,, 17	Left Cairo, 5½ a.m.	
,, 18	Arrived at Suez, 8 a.m.	

Cost of Passage, 1st Class.

Steamer London to Falmouth	£	2	2	6
to Gibraltar	,,	18	10	0
to Malta	,,	13	10	0
to Alexandria	,,	12	10	0
to Bombay from Suez	,,	80	0	0
		126	12	6
Gibraltar expenses	£	3	9	9
Malta do.	,,	3	19	0
Alexandria, Cairo, & Suez	,,	12	7	10
		19	16	7
	£	146	9	1

—*Bombay Chamber of Commerce Report.*

Bi-monthly Mail to Bombay has been arranged and comes into operation in January, 1845.—*Id.*

California, with their gold and silver, had lowered the value of it, and £146 in 1839 was capable of purchasing a great deal more of many commodities than the same sum can do in 1883.

An outward passenger arrived at Suez by the mail van from Cairo on the 9th of October, 1839, and sailed on the 11th in the Berenice, an Indian Navy steamer of 664 tons; and from an account of the passage, no man need wish these days back again so far as travelling is concerned. We need not say that there is neither ice nor sodawater on board. When you want tea you must apply to the captain or the surgeon. Food there is in abundance, but mostly uneatable. Permission is given to sleep on the benches, or the table in the cuddy, for an extra payment of Rs. 200, but as the servants are all littered under them during the night, that settles the question, and you retire to your den in disgust, and stretch yourself, if you are a short man, on a mattress laid on two portmanteaux and a box. The door won't fasten, and there are no venetians, so you tie a piece of dirty sail cloth which flaps away not idly in the breeze, for it brings in loads of coal dust in flakes half an inch thick. The dining saloon is dingy, with an old arm-chair at the head of it, on the back of which are the Royal

Arms, from which the gilding has faded; and overhead, as if in solemn mockery, a clock that never keeps time ticks away during the midnight hours, as the Berenice groans, and shakes, and welters through the Red Sea waves. The breakfast bell comes, and the inevitable ham and egg for twenty-six passengers—in one plate—makes its appearance at the door, and simultaneously, for the saloon is also the dressing-room, there is a hurry-scurry, clearing away, combs, wet towels, dirty linen, hair-brushes, and soap-suds. You may fill in between each of the lines—cockroaches. Steward! Steward! You may as well call spirits from the vasty deep, for the name is utterly unknown, and of course there is no reply. If you complain you are told to be thankful, and that the Berenice is a perfect paradise compared with the Zenobia* in the same service, which used to carry pigs from Waterford to Bristol; and it is added, for your consolation, that the coals may get burned out when the ship will be obliged to go under sail. The service has just been extemporised, and the truth seems to be that all the officers are dead against passengers and dead against steam, and so

* The Zenobia's passage Bombay to Kurrachee, Sept. 9 to 14, 1842. So ends the sad story of the cholera on board the Zenobia, where we lost out of 200 soldiers 54 in four days and 61 before the eighth day.—*C. Napier.* *Sir Charles Napier's Memoirs*, 1857.

neglect the one and curse the other to their heart's content. When the pilot reconnoitred the Berenice in the offing of Bombay Harbour, he shouted out that the Atalanta, another of their steamers, had been on fire. You should have seen the grin of secret satisfaction that played upon somebody's features in response to the news, as it gave good cause to hope that the bad prognostications regarding steam navigation were going to be fulfilled. And indeed the voyager, cooped up as he had been for three weeks amid torrid heat and insufferable smells, had come to the same conclusion and wished himself anywhere than on board the Berenice, —rounding the Cape among the albatrosses, or scudding with "a wet sheet and a flowing sea" before the white squall of the Mediterranean.*

This is all the passenger got for his £4 per day all the way from Suez. Bombay had been long noted as a very dear place to live in, and in 1814 it was a hundred per cent. dearer than any place in Hindostan.

At the period we are now attempting to delineate there appear to have been no hotels in

* The monthly Miscellany of Western India, 1850. The passenger, however, from whose account the above is abbreviated, was a lady, but it does not much matter, only it makes the case all the worse for the Company. She was Miss Emma Roberts, an admirable woman, and was while in Bombay the guest of Lord Clare, and had been in India before. She died shortly after, and was buried in Poona, near Miss Jewsbury, a kindred spirit, who was sister of Geraldine Jewsbury, who watched so faithfully over the wife of Thomas Carlyle during her declining years.

Bombay, only tents on the Esplanade for those who wished to hire them. It was no uncommon thing in these days for a gentleman with his wife and children, numerous servants of sorts, and much cattle, to arrive unexpectedly at a friend's house and remain for a month. It was a matter of course, and they were welcome. It had passed into a proverb that no hotel could succeed while people were so hospitable. The charges for house servants were—the youngest table servant Rs. 12, butler Rs. 15, dirzy Rs. 15 per mensem, from which scale there has been little departure down to 1883.

The cooking in Bombay had been execrable until Lord Clare arrived in 1831 with a French cook, who gave lessons to a number of Goanese *cuisinieres* and disseminated the benefits of his pleasing science far and wide to successive generations, and for which we bless Lord Clare. Malcolm, who introduced the potato into Persia, had not neglected it in Mahableshwur. Still in the matter of eatables we were far behind Bengal. In 1840 green-peas were exceedingly scarce, and cauliflower, asparagus, and french-beans, so common on the other side, at this time were here utterly unknown. The dinner hour had been changed to half-past seven, though a number of

the old settlers persisted in dining at midday like Louis XIV., and which up to this time had been the immemorial custom of the English in India, as well as among the groups of settlers on the shores of the Mediterranean and Levant. Beer was the great drink, champagne and other expensive wines being seldom seen except on festive occasions. There was no stint, however, in expenditure when occasion served, for a colonel in Poona in 1842 gave a *burra khana* that cost Rs. 2,000. The way in which some men drank beer in these times seems now utterly fabulous, twelve bottles in a day and two quart-bottles to "a square meal" were not uncommon to some bibulous individuals. Sometimes at a garden house the orgies were prolonged far into the morning, the guests remaining over night and all taking a swim in the neighbouring tank before their final departure next day. But all was decorous, and the age has not left behind it a single story that can be called either vulgar or scandalous.

It was a melancholy thing in the Europe shop to look through the glass which covered the cases. There lay dimly the faded finery which had long ago lived out its little day of fashion in England. The arrival of the Berenice was, how-

ever, a perfect godsend, and next forenoon Muncherjee's shop in Medow-street was besieged by all the ladies who knew of his acquisitions. That afternoon it was reported he had sold Rs. 3,000 worth of millineries, and the disappointed ones required to wait, probably for the arrival of the next ship.

The first months are always the worst to a new-comer, and everything is touched with melancholy. The night that gathered so rapidly in, without anything that could be called a gloamin, and the eerie sough of the wind through the casuarina trees, or when to one lying awake the silence was broken by the bark of the pariah dog or the unearthly yell of a troop of jackals, or even the rustling of the leaves on the top of the brab palm, all conspired in the same direction, and at this time the homilies of Dr. Wilson and the jokes of Archdeacon Jeffreys were all needed to drive dull care way. Besides, rupees were not so plentiful as they had been, for when Elphinstone left he scattered the shining coins among the crowd all the way from Government House to the place of embarkation ; and from his house at the corner of Forbes-street in Rampart-row, Sir Charles, from the moment he edged himself into his palkee until he arrived at Apollo Pier

Head, did the same barbaric munificence when he left India for good. These were days, however, when some very rich men went home from India.

When the sale of Beckford's "Vathek" great house and property of Fonthill Abbey took place in 1823, a rough and weather-beaten man was observed among the crowd, who was eager to bid, and ultimately secured the property at about £290,000. (Murray's Handbook for Wiltshire.) As he was unknown, the auctioneer asked him for security on the lot being knocked down to him. The stranger said his solicitor was out of the way, handing at the same time the auctioneer a piece of paper, which turned out to be a Bank of England note of £100,000. The fortunate, or unfortunate, competitor—for we rather think Fonthill Abbey came down by the run some time afterwards—was Farquhar of the Bombay Artillery, who had made money out of gunpowder in Calcutta.

It seems a wonder to us how people in these days spent their time with an interval of one month between each mail. The answer to this is that the members of the colony all knew each other very well. There were degrees of intimacy of course, but the social compact remained all the same until it gradually weakened and disappeared

before the advancing tide of increasing population and more rapid communication with England. To this may be added that they had no telegrams coming in upon them from hour to hour, and thus had more leisure to cultivate the art of friendship.

Everywhere could be observed a great and growing extension of the town. The Black Town, as it was called, was bulging out on every side beyond the Esplanade, for the great fires of 1803 and 1822 had made men seek dwelling places beyond the narrow and confined limits of the Fort. Colaba had been joined to Bombay by a causeway executed under the administration of Sir Robert Grant. Most of the English merchants of this period lived at Mazagon. One now or shortly after had an elegant residence at Worlee, with a big banian-tree in the garden, on which he had inscribed Milton's famous lines, in which he describes this trophy of Dekhan vegetation. Suburban retreats began to be talked about. As early as 1831 a Scotch missionary, Mr. Mitchell, purchased a native cottage with a plot of ground attached to it, and became the first English householder of Bandora. In 1840 there were four bungalows on Malabar Hill.

In the early days of Bombay, hill stations were

unknown, and there are ladies living in England who had been twenty years in Western India without ever seeing a hill station or knowing what it was. It is true that Mountstuart Elphinstone had his bungalow at Khandalla, and Herbert Compton his "Tusculum on the Ghaut," and that the creation of Mahableshwur by Malcolm paved the way for the new ideas; but it was the project of a railway to Poona that set men athinking of a cool residence on the nearer Ghauts, and when Malet in 1850 with stick in hand threaded the mazes of the Rambaugh and anticipated the wishes of the lieges by pointing the way to Matheran, everybody was ready enough to follow the example.

Long ere this the rude machinery of justice had disappeared, and given place to the high and noble fabric of judicial authority now represented by Her Majesty's Supreme Court.

The fountain of law, which began in Aungior's Punchayet, was a pure stream at first and incorrupt. But it soon became muddy, and on Dr. St. John, the father of English law in Hindostan, being dismissed the service, we lose sight of it altogether. For twelve years, 1690 to 1701, there was not a single Court of Judicature in Bombay; every man did that which was right in

his own eyes. At length there was a Mayor's Court and Aldermen whose scarlet and black silk gowns lasted for half a century. Then a Recorder's Court in 1797 was established, of which Sir James Mackintosh was the most distinguished ornament. In 1824 came the Chief Justice and Judges of the High Court, juries being provided for in 1825 and natives permitted to sit upon them in 1832. At the period we are now writing of in 1839, Sir Herbert Compton held the scales as Chief Justice and had won for himself golden opinions and much gold itself. He had learned his lessons in the hard school of adversity and exile. One day from the bench he told his audience that he had come out to India as a private soldier in the service of the East India Company, and this without any bravado or mock modesty, and the statement was at once accepted by all right-thinking men, as a substantial fact that redounded very much to the man's credit. He had bought himself out of the Army, articled himself in Samuel's office in Madras, went to London, where he studied and passed as a barrister, and was now Chief Justice of Bombay. Thus he exchanged the soldier's garb for the ermine. Much success also attended the barristers. Thriepland in spite of his Scotch

accent, led the way for a generation, and Montriou received £3,000 as a retaining fee in the Opium Wagers case.

For a long time the Police had also the same struggle to emerge out of the state of chaos. From 1775 to 1790 the junior members of Council took it in turns monthly. But what was everybody's business was nobody's business. At length Mr. Tod was appointed High Constable, and afterwards three magistrates, respectively for the Fort, Mazagon, and Mahim, the last of which was abolished in 1834. In this Court Robin Gray stands out in bold relief and Rhadamanthine severity. "I'll mak ye ken law," were words that became a terror to all evil-doers among the butlers, and when any lady had anything against one, she sent him to Robin, whose lash had a most wholesome effect on the brotherhood of domestic servants. Robin was a splendid swimmer, and when in the districts a river came in his way that was unfordable, he would think nothing of stripping his clothes, tying them up, and putting the bundle on his head, and making his way across to the opposite bank, where he dressed at his leisure. The gaol of old used to be where the present Dockyard now is, and was removed about 1802

to its present site, which is said to be that of an old monastery of the Jesuits.

The dull monotony of Eastern life was occasionally varied by some event of startling significance, often of local, but sometimes of Imperial importance. The unearthing of the Bunder Gang, coal conspiracies, opium frauds, and ships set on fire to defraud insurance companies, filled the ears of the Bombay quidnuncs with wild stories of ruin and combustion. One night in the month of July, 1840, during a frightful gale, the East Indiaman Lord William Bentinck, with troops from England, went on shore on the Colaba Prongs. The crowds of spectators could render them little or no assistance owing to the violence of the storm. Everything was done that could be done, but the doomed ship went to pieces during the night; most of the passengers, all the ladies and children, and eighty recruits perished. Occasionally some story would go the rounds and raise a laugh or general diversion. One Governor, Sir George Arthur, from the West Indies, desirous of introducing a colonial custom in the invitations to a select dinner party, caused his Private Secretary, Mr. Bartle Frere, to write out the cards to the purport that the Private Secretary, at the in-

stance of His Excellency the Governor, desired the company of the individual. One of these came to the Chief Justice, Sir Henry Roper, a man of somewhat choleric temper, who had also a Private Secretary of his own, and he, in his turn, instructed him to indite a similarly worded missive declining the intended honour. So nothing more was heard of this custom from the colonies. Sometimes, however, the news was serious and of world-wide interest.

On the 4th of August, 1841, Sir William Macnaghten was appointed Governor of Bombay, and on the Christmas week of the same year, before he had ever time to get out of Kabul and take up his new appointment, he was assassinated by Akbar Khan. Then came the news that one man only, Dr. Brydone, the last survivor of a mighty host, had made his way to Jellalabad. Battle after battle followed one another in quick succession, Miani, Moodki, Feroshah, Aliwal, Sobraon, Chillianwalla, Guzerat. At length Napier leaves the Apollo-bunder (1851) amid a perfect ovation. I can still see him on the deck of a P. and O. steamer on his final return to England. Seated on a deck stool, this *Shitan-ka-Bhaee* with hawk's eye and the hooked nose of a bird of prey—hands holding

a pamphlet, no doubt one of the stinging politicals of the time—elbows on his knees—skull-cap on his head—and falling to his feet—

"Thick shaggy hair his ample beard displayed,
That veiled his bosom in its mighty shade."

His battered body, or as much as was left of it, was covered with the Corunna scars of 1809. He is 69, but the fire of genius is not yet burned out of him, for you may remember what he wrote in and on Egypt for our edification. "Why did we give it up, when we were in possession by right of conquest over conquerors, and it was won also by the lives of Abercrombie and thousands of others?" So asks Sir Charles Napier, G.C.B., to which there is no answer, though the question is now emphasized by the hard knocks and blows of Tel-el-Kebir. I wonder how long the same question will be asked.

To a man fond of amusement Bombay, at this time, had no great or special attractions. It was all very well for William Erskine to shut himself up in Trombay for a fortnight poreing over Brown's "Cause and Effect," and then to write the philosopher what he thought of it. But he was one in ten thousand. The great days of the Bombay Theatre on the Green were from the beginning of the century to 1827, when Mount-

stuart Elphinstone went away. In these days the highest officials of Government did not disdain the sock and buskin. And the characters, from Romeo and Juliet down to those in the Gentle Shepherd (for Scotsmen were always able and willing to mouth the Doric of their native hills), strutted their little time before an appreciative audience. I rather think that Malcolm's coming as Governor threw a wet blanket on these gay doings; and now the histrionic muse mourned in silence. Nor was the Hunt much better. Among the ardent spirits of the chase there were sore and grievous lamentations over the Bobbery Hunt, which disappeared about 1822. People still remembered their gay uniform, and heaved a sigh when they passed their house in ruins at the foot of Malabar Hill. After it came the Bristles of Versova and the Pewter Pot Hunt with bright memories of Burnes, Boyd, and Outram. Elliott, Stalker, Spiller, and Howard upheld the Turf in 1850, but the racecourse at Byculla could boast of no such men or horses as in the days of Morrison, Malcolm, Fawcett, Moore, and Morris, the John Docherie of the *Oriental Sporting Magazine*.

There was, however, much, very much, to attract the stranger. The spirit of improvement was abroad, and the air was rife with new schemes. This was a period of great commercial activity.

The mercantile system seemed all of a sudden to burst the swaddling clothes of the East India Company in which it had been swathed for one hundred and fifty years. Now it scorned all tutelage. It was then that the Oriental Bank came into existence, and, about the same time, the P. and O. Company started: two institutions which have run side by side for the last forty years, the latter exercising a dominion on the sea which the former maintained on the land, over elements still more fickle than the winds and waves of ocean. From Inland exchange, under John Stuart, the old Bank of Bombay gathered a dividend to its shareholders on the capital stock of ten per cent. From foreign exchange the O. B. C., followed by the Agra and the Commercial, did likewise. The Chamber of Commerce, which was established in 1838 under the presidency of Harry George Gordon, threw itself into the van of affairs by discussing all manner of questions, from the "blister-fly," and the deportment of overland travellers in Egypt, up to the laws which guide Governments, and the various methods which are employed for the regulation of commerce between one kingdom and another. Three men offered to reclaim a great portion of land from the sea in 1840. Their names were John Skinner (his portrait is still in the Chamber), Marcus Freeman Brownrigg, and

Thomas Robert Richmond. The cost of the enterprise was to be £100,000, and upon the new land were afterwards erected cotton presses, warehouses, and a range of lofty houses called Grant's Buildings, in memory of the good Governor who died in 1838, for it was thought that this foreshore, with its piers and docks, in future would become the place of rendezvous for all the commerce of the place. Nor must we omit the Railway, the first in India, which now broke ground and was at length opened (under a royal salute) from Bombay to Thana, on the 16th April, 1853. Everything was showing new life, and even the Press became vivacious. It was then requisition was made by the public for a daily paper, and so successful was one paper that its sixteen shares of Rs. 800 each rose in five years to be worth Rs. 6,000 each.

It might be thought that in this age men were greedy of gain, and so wrapped up in their own selfish pursuits that they had no time to look after their neighbours or other things. But it was not so. Already David Sassoon had written his name on some of the greatest foundations of Bombay and Poona; benefactions, comprehensive enough to embrace the crying wants of every caste and creed of our rapidly increasing population. Before 1848 Sir Jamsetjee Jejeebhoy had gifted away £250,000 for the same

noble purposes. There were men, too, who worked not only for themselves, but for mankind and posterity, venturing their lives, doing and daring everything to extend the boundaries of human knowledge. Wood penetrated to the sources of the Oxus, and Sir William Harris, whose bones rest in the Poona Cemetery, had made a name for himself on the Highlands of Ethiopia, ere the oldest among us had emerged from childhood. Nor was the Church behind the world, for there were those, full of self-sacrifice, who scattered to the winds every earthly consideration for what they believed to be principle. Candy sold his commission in the Army and preached at Sonapore. Wilson threw up all State support whatever in 1843; and in 1848 Bowen, casting behind him wealth, ambition, and pleasure, entered the lists as a veritable successor of the apostles, and from that noble resolve he has never swerved either to the right hand or the left.

PASSAGE MONEY IN 1805.—In 1805 I paid Rs. 3,000 = £350 for my passage from Bombay home in the Government steamer Vincent.—PRICE'S *Memorials*, 1839.

LADY CLARE.—Dr. John Carlyle appointed her travelling physician at 300 guineas a year, all travelling expenses included. Something mysterious there is in the condition of this high personage. She was married some years ago, and shortly after that event she parted from her husband (they say by her own determination), the nearest friends know not for what reason; and now she lives in a sort of widowhood (her husband is Governor of Bombay, and said to be "a very good sort of man"), so that being farther in ill-health she is probably unhappy enough, and has need of good counsel every way.—*Thomas Carlyle, August* 26, 1831.

SIR CHARLES JAMES NAPIER, G.C.B.

CHAPTER VIII.

SIR CHARLES JAMES NAPIER, G.C.B.

Draw me not without cause—sheathe me not without honour.—*Inscription on his father's sword, which he wore at the Bombay Banquet*, 1851.*

THERE is no presumption surely in endeavouring to keep alive the spirit and acts of a great man who won distinction in Western India. We claim Sir Charles Napier as a Bombay man. When he came to India he landed at Bombay, and when he took his final departure it was from Bombay he sailed away. Moreover, he commanded a Bombay army in Poona. In Sind he said, "I am a Bombay general commanding Bombay troops;" and again, "I feel fearless of an enemy at the head of Bombay troops;" and again, "With the Bombay soldiers of Miani and Hyderabad I could walk through all lands. They are active, daring, hardy chaps, worthy of Sivaji

* This very day fifty-seven years ago I received my commission as an ensign and girded on this sword, my father's sword, which has for these long years hung at my side.—*Speech at Bombay Banquet in* 1851, *where Sir Erskine Perry and Sir William Yardley presided.*

himself." Nor need we feel embarrassed because of the mighty bickerings which once gathered round the name of Napier in Bombay. All memory of them has died away, and they are nearly a sealed book to the present generation. Time is a great purifier, for we feel as if we had no concern with the actors in these fierce hostilities. It is sufficient for us that Sir Charles Napier has long since emerged from the dross of dismal contentions, in full panoply, the first warrior of his age and the deliverer of Sind. He was born at Whitehall, London, 1782, a grandson by the mother's side of the Duke of Richmond, fought the battle of Miani, 17th February, 1843, and died 1853. His last public appearance was at the funeral of the Duke of Wellington, where he was a pall-bearer. He there caught a cold, from which he never recovered.* He was a small bodied man, in height, girth, and weight, but wiry and so muscular that in early life he could hold out a musket at arm's length by the muzzle. He wore his hair long. He had dark lustrous eyes; was short-sighted, in India used goggles; and was exceedingly afraid of blindness coming upon him, and

* Low voices were heard to say at the funeral, "The next in genius stood by the bier." "That eagle face, that bold strong eye, and felt that there was still a mighty man of battle before them."—"*Times*," 1853.

owing to his weakness of vision found himself, especially in action, at a terrible disadvantage. He describes himself as thin, sharp, and black, which is all true. On leaving India he said, "I hope I may not be among the ghosts of the Red Sea; as I am so like Moses, Pharoah would shout, 'We have him at last,' and fall on me tooth and nail." In his last days he writes, "Tell the lady who wants so much to see me that she must catch a mouse, let it look out of an oakum bag, and she has my portrait.* This is capital caricature. You could scarcely see his face for hair, from which his dark eyes peered out; and he had very few gray hairs even at 70. His powers of endurance were wonderful. Bear in mind that the feats performed by him, selected by us at random, were done when he was over 60, under the burning sun of Sind or the Dekkan, "At Poona I knocked off 54 miles in the heat. . . . I shall make a ride of 42 miles after sundown to-night, which will make 55 miles for my day.

* In this connection the following, told us by an officer of the Royal Engineers, himself an excellent painter and connoisseur of the fine arts, has an amusing interest. This officer had a havildar who was long with Sir Charles Napier, and who almost worshipped him; and on seeing a very fine painting of Sir Charles he naturally thought it would gratify the havildar to have a look at the likeness of his old master. So he sent it to him, without telling him who it was. The havildar, failing to see in it the resemblance to anything human, asked on returning it, "Is that the picture of a cat?" The likeness was a fine one, but the havildar, a most intelligent native, had failed to perceive it! Mouse or Mouser, no one, we may be sure, would have listened to this story with greater relish than Sir Charles Napier himself.

Ætat 62. 'Came here last night very tired after a seventy-mile ride, but wrote my despatch before lying down. I rode from daybreak to daybreak, and falling asleep on my horse, I was awoke by his stopping. *Æt.* 63. I have been on horseback from 4 in the morning till 2 in the afternoon; slept 13 hours without turning a hair . . . Our march of 22 miles ended at midday; I then slept under a tree, waiting baggage, and had breakfast at 2 p.m. Up at four; rode 10 miles; breakfast at 7; *write, write, write* till 5, when horse waits for me to review two regiments. *Æt.* 68. In 1845 I rode a camel 75 miles without a halt, and I was 15 hours a day on horse-back for five days, with a flux upon me, in Kohat." In a wild devil-me-care letter which he writes to his mother, when a young man, he paints himself black enough: "Abusing the army, pulling off my breeches, cursing creditors, and putting out the candle, all in a minute, I jumped into bed and lay there blaspheming, praying, and perspiring for two hours until sleep came." And, again, he says, "Now for a dose of opium," a small one we presume, and not De Quincey's daily ration of 8,000 drops of laudanum. But he left all these habits behind him in England—except the pray-

ing and the perspiration, which he brought faithfully out to India, as we shall see further on.

A Scotch ditty runs—

> Napier is a Peer, but Nae Peer is he,
> Napier is a Peer, but how can that be?

Everybody knows that Wellington and Napier were two very different men. So for that matter were their prototypes in a way, Agamemnon and Achilles; the one famous for dignity, power, and majesty, the other for chivalrous spirit, bravery, and unrelenting hatred. Wellington and Napier were different in the accident of their birth, their education, and the means by which each attained to the pinnacle of fame. The one by slow and painful steps reached it, and Wellington towers far above Napier, and indeed all his contemporaries. Wellington was 34 at Assaye, Napier 60 at Miani. The one was a Conservative, the other a Radical in theory, but practically a monarchist in politics; the one unpopular, the other popular in the army. That Wellington considered Napier the next best soldier to himself is evidenced by his words when Sir Charles was still hesitating about going to India in 1849 —"If you don't, I must"—which settled the question; and what is known to all the world is this, that Wellington was a great political power

in the State: he "stood four square to all the winds that blew;" whereas Napier held a secondary position in politics, if any at all.

But the points of resemblance are more numerous than the points of contrast. Both were of Irish descent, and both spent their earlier years on the banks of the Liffey. Both were men of war from their youth up. Both were eight years in India. Both were kind and merciful to the natives, and the beasts of burden did not suffer at their hands. Both were severe disciplinarians, but Wellington was the severest. "What is law for you is law for me;" and by this maxim the Duke abode; but in his later life the majesty of Napier could brook no submission unless it suited his purpose; and it was upon this very question of insubordination to the Governor-General that a link in the chain was broken that bound him to authority, and he drifted away from the Duke and from India. The distinction in this respect between these two men, though a supreme one, is not worth discussing here, for Napier was altogether *sui generis*, a man not to be measured by other men. The God-given instincts of his nature had produced in him a form as complete of its kind as ever existed, and had he wanted these he would not have been

Charles Napier. But to continue. Both were down upon the press, and with reason, for in the Bombay press, particularly in Napier's time, there was too much of the liberty of unlicensed printing. Both commanded in Poona, and both received magnificent banquets in Bombay on the eve of their departure, though each in his own time had once, if not oftener, used bad words on the Bombay Government, and had a good chance of being burned in effigy in Bombay itself. And here it may be observed that their action was entirely unfettered—to make peace or wage war in such manner as seemed best unto them; and it is curious to note that Wellington transmitted to Napier nearly the same words which the Marquis of Wellesley, his brother, the then Governor-General of India, had despatched to himself forty years before,—leaving him very much to act according to his own discretion. No divided command therefore* damped the ardour or confounded the purposes of either; no alternative authority ending in disgrace or abortive attempt to retrieve disaster, as in the history of Afghan, and at least in one episode of Crimean, warfare.

Napier's character is altogether unique; for

* Wellington's Despatches and Napier's Life.

dash, for pluck, for endurance, for self-denial, for courage, for a kind of ubiquity, he has never been surpassed by mortal man, and no king or crusader that ever stood sword in hand at the gates of Jerusalem hath ever excelled him. Long may such qualities be admired and possessed by us as a people, for it will be a woeful day for England and for India when men are not to be found to confront danger in the hour of need, exercise self-denial, or be bold and quickwitted enough to seize an emergency in the art of war, and convert even the numbers of an enemy into the instrument of its own defeat or destruction. The chairman of the Bombay banquet recalled to the memory of his hearers great names—Condé, Turenne, and Marlborough—but ere Napier's fame had reached its meridian it seemed as if history were incapable of furnishing material enough for comparison, and the field of animated nature was made to do duty with all the imagery of Oriental hyperbole. His goings forth were described as comely as the greyhound's, and in ambush he was as wily as the pard. Napier Singh was a lion, and his mother the mother of lions. He was an eagle, sometimes chained, too often, it must be admitted, for his own aspiration, but anon, when at liberty, swooping down

with unerring aim on his victim. He was the war-horse of scripture, pawing the valley, swallowing the ground in his rage, and saying Ha! Ha! as the sound of the trumpet broke upon his ear;* and in fine to the Belooch and Pathan he was the brother of the devil, who could be at two places at one and the same time; to all of which he soliloquizes, "Charles Napier, Charles Napier, take heed of your ambition. Get thee behind me, Satan." But we may dismiss trope and metaphor with the fact that with 2,000 men he defeated 35,000.

It is recorded that his future son-in-law, Montagu McMurdo, returning from a single combat in which he had been engaged, presented himself to the commander of the forces. His hands

* Here is a note of exultation. The feeling that when battle comes on like a storm thousands of brave men are rushing to meet it, confident in your skill to direct them, is indescribable; it is greater than the feeling of gladness after victory. Oh! there is no pleasure in a battle beyond rejoicing that we have escaped being slain. But when the columns bear upon an enemy as the line of battle forms, as it moves majestically onwards to conquer or die, as the booming of the cannon rolls loud and long amidst pealing shouts and musketry, then a man feels able for his work, and confident in his gifts, and his movements tell upon the enemy. There is no feeling equal to that exultation which makes men seek to become conquerors. If religion does not aid reason in holding it in check.—*Life, Vol. III.*, 185—1857.

Some Affreedees had gathered on a sugarloaf rock terminating a spur of the precipitous hills on our flank: this rock being close to the road barred our progress. On the summit a warrior stood like Fuseli's picture of Satan, with legs wide apart, and arm high in air. Waving a sword and shaking a shield, he shouted and defied us. A young Artillery officer, Maister, laid his gun with a shell, and the flying death whizzing through the air, burst at the moment it struck the brave Affreedee: his head, his legs, his arms flew like radii from a centre, and a shout of exultation burst from the troops. The amusements o a field of battle are grim. Condemn not that shout. Life was played for in a rough game, and they who won naturally rejoiced; it is, however, a painful remembrance.—*Do.* 231.

were all dabbled with human gore, and his body laid open from the shoulder to the navel—absolutely ripped up,—the style is forcible, but it is Napier's—but luckily for him he had cleft the skull of his Beloochee antagonist. Napier, as has been related to us by one now dead, constituting himself Knight of the Tourney, said, "Henceforth you are to be known as McMurdo of the bloody hand," which looks like a piece clipped from a page of Froissart. And his brother tells us in his Life that alone and at midnight, when the army was asleep, he strode out in the field of Miani and amidst heaps of the piled dead (he had seen nothing like it since Hugomont) the veteran warrior invoked the Deity to absolve him. "So let all thine enemies perish, O Lord. And the land had rest for forty years."

The story of the acquisition of Sind is the same story so often told by us. It was the same here as with the other States the Goverment of which we supplanted in Western India, with this difference, that the Talpoors were a modern race, the creation of the Dooranees of Afghanistan, and had nothing by way of prescriptive right to boast of. Compared with the Peishwas they were but of yesterday. We gave Sind a settled Government instead of a system of tyranny

and oppression. It was a system where the people dared not lift up their heads, where to acquire money or property by trade or industry was tantamount to a crime, and where the exercise of an honest calling had long ceased to be a virtue. What are the people to us? was the constant cry of the Ameers. But why do we raise the question? Has not the land rested for forty years? Let any man now-a-days travel through Sind and contrast it with the days of Belooch ruffians and the squalid and debauched Ameers who reigned in Hyderabad. What are the million tons of produce which now reach Kurrachee but proofs of the justice of its acquisition, and of the debt we owe to him who gave it to us, Sir Charles Napier? And to this may be added that whatever were the obstacles thrown in the way of that acquisition, whether by newspaper men or by individual members of the Government, or by the Bombay Government itself, ample reparation was made to Sir Charles Napier and to the justice of his cause by the city of Bombay before he took his final departure from India, in a splendid banquet where a hundred of our leading citizens did him honour and anticipated the judgment of history. Nay more, we make bold to say that had Napier been forty years of age

instead of sixty when he was made Governor of Sind, and been vested in its administration for one decade, he would, notwithstanding the progress it has since made without him, have effected a wonderful transformation, and made the wilderness to blossom as the rose. Sind has been named Young Egypt, and under his guiding hand, you may depend upon it, the Indus in its progress would have scattered its fertility like the Nile through scenes of ancient renown. Armed with despotic authority he would have turned the waters of the Indus* by irrigation on that vast square of a hundred miles, now only covered by the milk bush and the camel thorn which meet the eye of the traveller from the hills of Beloochistan. Everything will grow in Sind if you get water, and what Mahomed Ali did for Egypt Napier would have done for Sind. Despotism goes straight to the mark, and Napier was nothing if not a despot.

It was long ere fame and fortune came to Sir Charles Napier. It will scarcely be believed that if when he arrived in Bombay in 1841 being then 59 years of age, he had then died, he could not have left a single sixpence to wife or children. He paid the last £500 that

* Old Indus is a devil when he takes a freak into his head, and there is nothing left but to float on his back.—*C. N.*

he had to the purser in Bombay Harbour for passage money from Suez. He, good easy man, had gone to insure his life before leaving England, but the Insurance Companies would not take him. It is superfluous to say he was a bad risk, as for thirty-six years he had never breathed freely owing to a wound in his head. The fact that he was a general in the North of England on £1,000 a year does not count for much. He found, like so many other generals at home, that the bunch of feathers in his hat made him suffer considerably in his purse. He had been trying at this time to eke out his means by writing, and he gave Colbourn his "Lights and Shadows of Military Life," for which he received £50. Nobody believes that he spent money uselessly, and at 21 he vowed that he would never be a slave to his tailor. But he started life without a penny, except his pay of four shillings and eight pence a day, and a heavy drain was on it in his youthful years which no human being knew, not even the recipient of it. In 1844 he had invested as much as would yield his wife and daughters £120 a year each, but this must have disappeared, and it was only in Poona that he was able to say, "Hard times, come again no more." The first thing he did when he came to money was to

hand over £5,000 to a deaf and dumb son of his brother Sir William Napier, and this before he knew of the Hyderabad prize-money, which, we have seen somewhere, amounted to £50,000. When he arrived at Oaklands, where he died, his life was a continued *role* of beneficence to all who stood in need of it within his reach, worthy and unworthy sometimes also, for they were all God's creatures to Charles Napier.

"I believe Sir Charles Napier did in Scinde wonderfully well; perhaps as well, if not better than any one under similar difficulties could have done."—*John Lawrence to Lord Dalhousie, 31st March* 1850.

A man like this who had been so much in the field, and seen so much warfare, one would suppose to have surrounded himself with a hard and a dry atmosphere. But it was not so. In early life he felt "the friendly glow and softer flame," and of him it could not be said that "thoughtless follies laid him low, and stained his name." An enemy of all wildness and licence, his strove to put down the beer-swilling propensities of officers and men of his time, and, when in the East, anathematised those young gentlemen who rode helter-skelter through the bazaars of Sukkur or Shikarpoor in defiance of

human life,* He was extremely temperate, and when forty officers and men died in three hours from *coup de soleil*, he attributed his survival to the fact that he alone of the number attacked was a water drinker. But he did not on that account forswear the convivial table. "I was never drunk in my life," says he. Happy man! But like Walter Scott, like Malcolm, or Mackintosh, "a head" sometimes supervened; and on the following morning they all vowed they would never do it again Alas! alas! It were a poor world this, if men cannot take out of it the happiness that God hath given them, as long as it is innocent enjoyment. And so we find him again and again relaxing from grave thoughts to fun and humour, for his mind was not of that mighty cast that found no delight in the turn of a word or the play of some lively or even idle expression. Hence he was not everlastingly sensible after dinner, and if any one expected a

* Order at Sukkur, 1843 :—"Gentlemen, as well as beggars, may, if they like, ride to the devil when they get on horseback; but neither gentlemen nor beggars have a right to send other people there, which will be the case if furious riding be allowed in camp or bazaar. The Major-General calls the attention of all the camp to the orders of Lieutenant-Colonel Wallace, 18th ultimo, and begs to add that he has placed a detachment of horse at Captain Pope's orders, who will arrest offenders, and Captain Pope will inflict such a fine or other punishment as the Bazaar regulations permit. This order is to be published through the cantonments by beat of drum for three successive days, and Captain Pope is not allowed to let any one off punishment, because, when orders have been repeated and not obeyed, it is time to enforce them: without obedience an army becomes a mob, a cantonment a bear-garden. The enforcement of obedience is like physic--not agreeable, but at times very necessary."

dissertation on the Battle of Thrasymenus or the Retreat of the Ten Thousand, he would come away disappointed; but he never played the fool.

He sometimes wrote poetry* and it was much better then that of either Warren Hastings or John Malcolm. Had he not hated Macaulay he would, like Sir John Lawrence, have loved dearly his "Lays of Ancient Rome," which were quite suited to his dashing and martial disposition. He wrote prose, and though he does not rival his brother Sir William, who has nearly made himself immortal by his History of the Peninsular War, he shows the stuff that was in him, in the story of the Battle of Corunna which he put together for his children. Sir Robert Peel put his Despatches on the level of Wellington's.

In his hatred he was fierce and implacable:

> Give me the avowed, the erect, the manly foe
> Whom I can face, or else avert the blow.

It is easier to number his friends than his foes.

* Come on, Stout Beja, to the strife!
Nor you nor I will spare a life!
Unhonoured war! of mercy reft!
And hopes alone in victory left!
Barbarians, whom no pity ties,
The victor kills, the beaten dies!
So be it, Beja! stand or run,
We shan't both see the setting sun!
If you beat me a corpse I'll lie,
If I take you I'll hang you high!
For you shall be no burial rites,
Swinging in air you'll feed the kites.—*Written when expecting Beja to come down upon him.* 1845.

He verified the Duke of Wellington's aphorism that there was hardly a good tempered man in India. It would scarcely be too much to say that he quarelled with everybody. Lord Ellenbrough wrote out that Sir John Peter Grant was a wild elephant that only required two tame elephants to subdue him. Five—ten—twenty tame elephants would not have taken the mustiness (when it was on him) out of this Shaitan-ka-Bhai. Even the friends he loved he came to hate. I once called Outram, the Bayard of India, *sans peur, sans reproche,* but then I did not know him; *sans peur de reproche* would be better. He begins by saying, "I like Dalhousie so much," and ends by calling him "a weasel" and "the Laird o' Cockpen;" Dr. Buist "the blatant beast" and an "unfrocked priest from St. Andrew's."* Sir Frederick Currie ought to have the last syllable of his name excised. Sir James Weir Hogg was *sus horridus* and ought to read the sacred book of the Sikhs called the *Gruath;* and what he says of Messrs. Reid and Willoughby, members of the Bombay Council, is similar Billingsgate. Whom then did he love? John Kennedy, his old friend in Cephalonia? No. They had a dispute, it seems, about the gradient of a road, a-making, and John was con-

* Nothing of the sort, any more than Adam Smith or Thomas Carlyle, who studied for the Church, but did not follow it up.

demned to walk up the burning marle at an angle of 45° carrying a Cephalonia mule on his back, or something like this: No man escaped not even the Duke; for even after the tomb had closed upon them their ghosts came out like two gigantic marionettes and clashed their swords together, a terror to gods and men,—in their posthumous papers. I think he was not very much in love with any one, and possibly his wife and children engaged the most of his affections, his grandchildren also, specially the one, a little girl about a foot and a half high, a veritable chip of the old block, who one day rushed like a fury out of the tent with a bamboo and threatened to belabour a big elephant. "I came to thrash thoo thoo very naughty elephant!" Whereat *elephas giganteus* curled up his trunk, looking down on the mite with majestic serenity and composure; Charles Napier, grandfather, meanwhile sitting, like Abraham, at the tent door with a contemplative grin, completing the picture. Strange it is, yet nevertheless true, that the only individual out of his family circle who won his respect—we can scarcely call it affection—was Mr. (now Sir) Bartle Frere. "Mr. Frere with a proper spirit has completed the Mole at Kurrachee;" and again, "Mr. Frere is an honourable man." After the pen-and-ink portraits which he has left of his contemporaries it is

surely something to remember that one man at least "fetched" Sir Charles Napier in Sind. What soothing emollient Sir Bartle applied to his adamantine heart is unknown, but the fact remains that he in the eyes of his great master was like Milton's Abdiel—

"Faithful only he among the faithless found."

Of the three men of these days that we can remember at the moment who are now alive, Sir Bartle Frere is one;* Governor Falkland (1848-1853)† still lives at Toulouse; and Marston, who saved Napier's life by the General's own admission, is a general himself, in comfort and happiness, flourishing like the green bay-tree, the veteran of Sind, and delighted when any one calls on him to fight his battles over again; his home like a museum hung with the trophies of war and the chase.‡ Aga

* Died June 18[illegible]4.

† Died March 1881.

‡ Here is the account of this Paladin which he sent to his brother General W. Napier in 1845. "Remember in your work to mention Lieutenant Marston, 25th Native Infantry, at Miani. I was alone in front of his regiment, when a Belooch came over the edge of the bank ten paces from me; he looked round wildly, but seeing me came on—not fast, but with long strides. My hand having been broken I could not cope with such a customer, but held half my reins in great torture in the broken hand, designing to give Red Rover a chuck that should put his head between me and the coming blow. The Belooch was only four paces from me when Marston on foot passed my right side, and received the swordsman's blow on his shoulder strap. It went deep into the brass scales and the Belooch caught the counterblow on his shield which was beaten down; the next instant the bayonet of a soldier went nearly to the hilt in his side, and my attention to the general fight engrossed me too much for further observation. I might have defended myself, but crippled as I was, I believe Marston saved my life. He slew three other men that day, but not this man; at least the bayonet shared with his sword. Mention him, for the man who saves his general's life in battle has a claim to notice in history."

Khan, the Old Man of the Mountain, whom he
"his crony—" his face was familiar to us u
the other day*; and of Murad Khan on t
Hubb, who organised his camel corps, none wh
have ever experienced his hospitality, which wa
wide and unstinted, can forget it. He wa
certainly the finest and most complete Mussulma
gentleman of his day. †

Socially Sir Charles was equal to the occasio
His motto was, "Ready, aye ready." Short
after he came home, at one of the numerou
parties he was at, it fell to his lot to take dow
to dinner a daughter of Sir James Weir Hogg
his arch-enemy. He was never more agreeable
and said afterwards that a pretty face and lively
conversation were better than all the dainties o
the menu. Some of us remember the two towel
and the piece of soap, his overland kit, which h
almost passed into a proverb, and how gentle a
simple stood grinning with delight at the s
windows of the book-sellers when the cart
came out in *Punch*, of Napier riding on a ca
across the desert in sight of the pyramids
Egypt. A friend, now a general, has told us tha

* "The Chief of the Assassins, terrible only in name." "So good and brave a soldier." "A wise Persian Politician." "Paid by m £2,000 a year." "He is a god, his income is immense, lets none of h sect kiss his hand under twenty rupees." "Have sent the Persi Prince on a mission to Jerruck, on the left bank of the Indus, where h influence is great," &c.

† John Connon was said to have carried on a friendly correspon ence with Sir Charles, and to have stood high in his favour. Th must belong to period 1849-51.

en, a subaltern, he landed in Sind, he recon-itred on the Keamaree road an old man on a lapidated steed. Being belated he asked the way, and found this strange individual wonder-fully communicative in answering all his ques-tions regarding the place and its inhabitants. He learned next day that this was the Governor f Sind. With his tattered and frayed trowsers e looked a Don Quixote, the burlesque rather an the reality of chivalry.

Another veteran now in Bombay, who tra-elled out with him in 1841, informs us that hen he arrived, an aide-de-camp of the Governor or senior member of Council acting, came on oard the Berenice to ask him to Pareil, which has sheltered and entertained Wellington and so many other distinguished warriors and statesmen. The Redoubtable, at the moment the message was delivered, had just commenced the process of having, an art which he believed incumbent on im to practise, now that he was about to go shore. "Tell him I'm ready," said he, rubbing urriedly with a towel the soap-suds from his pper lip and proboscis. And ready he was—in way—on every occasion. Her Majesty the Queen, who loses no opportunity in doing the nours of the State on every momentous occa-issued a command for him to appear at din-The invitation was necessarily a hurried

one, as he was about to embark for India. was discovered by a friend at his own door setti out in a drab-coloured waistcoat, who told him would never do. His valet Nicholas was a dandy so he borrowed his, and went with it to the dinner party!

The following may be *ben trovato*, but Napier enjoyed it exceedingly. Captain Mainwarin was a man of humour, and when in Bombay w placed at a dinner party next to Dr. Buist, wh very nervously spoke thus—"Captain Mai waring, I suppose you dislike me. I am Dr Buist, of the *Bombay Times*." "Why should I dislike you, my friend, I never read your paper."

He was a bit of an archæologist, but for obvious reasons confined himself to investigating Alexander the Great's expedition to India, and in the house at Clifton, Kurrachee, the internal economy of which we knew so well, he amuse himself studying Arrian, noting for his amuse ment the various stations of the army until it met the fleet of Nearchus. The bungalow is, or was, situated three miles from Kurrachee twenty feet above sea-level and within twenty yards of the Indian Ocean, here fringed by long belt of sandy beach, on which on moon nights the turtle could be seen disporting

It was here he thought and wrote of Alexander while, as he tells us, the sands of the Gedrosian desert fell upon the paper, and blurred the ink which flowed from his pen.

Like most men of his day, he was superstitious, in dreams, in the recurrence of dates * fatal or fortunate, and in numbers. "Two is my number—two wives, two daughters, two sons (in-law), two victories, and two deaths. I died at Corunna, and now the grim old villain approaches again."

Some of his characteristics are worth observing. Our men swore dreadfully in Flanders. So did Lord Lake and Colin Campbell in India, and Charles Napier was not one whit behind them. Latterly he condensed all the expletives which he had heretofore used in one mighty oath, "By Jupiter Ammon," which is harmless, and contains no incandescent material. But it would be a mistake to suppose that he went about bullying everybody, swearing at large as the saying is. His doctrine on this subject is clearly and explicitly laid down in his book of instructions which he composed for the edification of military men, and with which his own practice is found in

* Cromwell's Day, the 3rd September, was a great day w[illegible] but he seems to have forgotten Carlyle's reminder, "2nd [illegible] means 12th by our calendar."

the main to agree. "Scolding," he says, "i[s] weak and contemptible; an occasional touch-u[p] is invigorating—only let it come out at once lik[e] the devil, hail, rain, thunder, and lightning." The Duke wanted to see his diary, but his brother said there were some queer things in it. "It is just for these queer things that I wish to see it," said the Duke.

That he considered the fact of your being [a] Napier made you, *ceteris paribus*, better than any other man is known to all the world. That he read his Bible, as he says, "like other vi[r]tuous men." That his heaven was a kind of Valhalla where he expected to meet Hannibal, Augustus Cæsar, and Napoleon.* That he initiated the modern Volunteer movement in England, and though it was frowned upon for years, it was destined that his son-in-law should become Inspector-General of the force when it numbered 100,000 men. That he offered to send 11,000 tons of wheat to avert the consequence of famine in Ireland, at £3 per ton, which was refused. That had he been ap-

* This is not Scotch and could not have come down to him from old Napier of Merchiston, the inventor of logarithms, from whom he believed he was descended; for we never yet have heard a Scotsman [say] he expected to meet Hannibal in the next world. Rather let us [take] it as an outcome of the *ingenium perfervidum Hiberniorum*. While [in] religious phase of his character it would be a crime to suppress [it] that he felt himself responsible in all his acts to a higher [power] as a child in the hands of God," he says again and again.

anted Dictator of Ireland he would have one farther than Mr. Gladstone, and banished the whole of the Bishops "as by law established" to New Zealand, "there to be eaten up by the cannibals." That he was keen and quick to resent injury and insult, real or apparent did not much matter to him, and was oftentimes on the verge of a duel, and indeed may have fought one for anything we know to the contrary. [redacted] in conjunction with Lord Byron, with whom [redacted] was intimate, he was on the very ace of head[redacted] an armed insurrection in Greece. That [redacted] scorned to be a suppliant or bow the knee. That like his enemy Macaulay he had nothing to acknowledge which was inconsistent with rectitude of intention and independence of spirit. That he sometimes set at naught all power and all authority, until his friends trembled even at the very mention of his name: and that it was better to die honest with a crust of bread than otherwise with great possessions. Such were some of the cardinal points in the creed, conduct, and character of Charles James Napier. And so it came to pass when his life drew to a close that he laid himself down on a naked camp bed-st[redacted] with the fresh breeze of England playing [redacted] his countenance and over him the old [redacted]

colours which had been borne at Miani and Hyderabad. He was buried in an obscure grave near Portsmouth amid the tears of 50,000 spectators.*

SIC EXIT CAROLUS NAPIERUS.

Napier wrote a fine, clear, quick, flowing readable hand, and many of his words are underscored, marking the man of energetic action. He could be voluminous when necessary; but most of his laconics are dreadful, like round-shot. When the Ameers forbade him to cut wood on the banks of the Indus for steamer fuel, he wrote:—"If I do not burn your wood I will burn Hyderabad." *Peccavi* may belong to *Punch*, but if he wrote it, it is shorter than *veni, vidi, vici*. This we can aver: that his fiat to storm Amerkote (this he did finally himself, but it does not matter), the birth-place of Akbar, the greatest and wisest of Indian sovereigns, was written on a piece of paper smaller than the one-half of a five-rupee note. Probably it was despatched in a quill, as he records that many of his messages were received in this way.

* Statues have been erected to his memory in St. Paul's Cathedral and Trafalgar-square.

ELIZA.

CHAPTER IX.

ELIZA.

I believed Sterne—implicitly I believed him, I had no motive to do otherwise than believe him, just, generous, and unhappy, till his death gave me to know that he was tainted with the vices of injustice, meanness, and folly.

ELIZA.

THE following well-worn passages were written by two men over fifty years of age. The first is Sterne's and of date 1767 :—

"Talking of widows—pray Eliza, if ever you are such, do not think of giving yourself to some wealthy nabob, because I design to marry you myself. My wife cannot live long—she has sold all the provinces of France already—and I know no the woman I should like so well for her substitute as yourself. 'Tis true I, am ninety-five in constitution, and you but twenty-five—rather too great a disparity this—? but what I want in youth I will make up in wit and good humour.

"Not Swift so loved his Stella, Scarron his Maintenon, or Waller his Sacharissa as I will love thee and sing thee, my wife elect."

The next is a rhapsody written thirty years after Eliza Draper's death and is taken from

Abbé Raynal's *Histoire Philosophique des deux Indes :—*

"Territory of Angengo, you are nothing, but you have given birth to Eliza. One day these commercial establishments founded by Europeans on the coasts of Asia will exist no more. The grass will cover them, or the avenged Indian will have built over their ruins; but if my writings have any duration, the name of Angengo will remain in the memory of men. Those who shall read my works, those whom the winds shall waft to thy shores, will say,—It is there that Eliza Draper was born; and if there is a Briton among them, he will hasten to add with pride,—and she was born of English parents."

Some think these passages sublime, and some ridiculous, but it has been cleverly said that it could only be the ridiculous who ever thought them sublime. What of Burns and Clarinda? may be asked in reply.

Burns was not in holy orders. At the time he was philandering with Mrs. Maclehose he was a young Scotch farmer, ushered from Mossgiel into the blaze of the Metropolis; and you may be sure whoever Burns' Eliza was, he never penned such vapid declamation to her or to anybody else.

There are some circumstances in Eliza Draper's career quite phenomenal. Born and educated at Angengo, a small factory down the coast, and not far from Cape Comorin, where there were a very few Europeans, it seems a marvel how, never having been in Europe, she should yet have been able to carry herself and attract so much

attention there, from men who, whatever were their morals, claimed a first position in society and letters; for the young Napoleon the Great used to court the society and hang on the lips of Raynal, and I have seen it stated that Paley averred the reading of Tristram Shandy was the *summum bonum* of life. I hope not.

If she was plain—and both Raynal and Sterne say so—her looks must have been the least of her, for she had uncommon powers of fascination to captivate them as she did. What her education was we know not. We do not even know her maiden name. We know that Angengo, though a small place, was very much sought after by the servants of the Company, and that it was worth £2,000 or £3,000 a year, twice as much of our money, to the chief of that factory, a more lucrative post, from the pickings we suppose, than even that of Bombay.

It was at Angengo that Orme the historian, sometimes called the Indian Thucydides, was born in 1728, some fourteen years earlier than Eliza; but he had the advantage of an English education, at Harrow. Angengo, we believe, is pleasantly situated at the foot of the Ghauts amid purling brooks and running streams.

Of Daniel Draper, her husband, we know

more.* He entered the service of the East India Company in 1749, became Assistant Marine Paymaster, and afterwards Secretary to Government. He married Eliza about 1761, and in 1762 they went together to England. As he had been warehouse keeper at Gombroon prior to 1759, we have no doubt that he had seen service at other factories, and it is probable that it was in Angengo that he first met Eliza.

In 1765 he returned alone to India. Eliza followed in April, 1767, to her husband and children; and it was during the few weeks that preceded her departure from England that Sterne addressed the letters to her that have given her such an unenviable notoriety. Their acquaintance in England, indeed, appears to have been of short duration, like most of Sterne's short-lived flirtations. Mrs. Draper died in Bristol in 1778, aged 35.* Mr. Draper returned finally to Europe in 1782.

Readers of Sterne's Life and Letters will re-

* Inscription on her tomb in Bristol Cathedral, copied February 1881:—

SACRED
TO THE MEMORY
OF
MRS. ELIZA DRAPER,
IN WHOM
GENIUS AND BENEVOLENCE
WERE UNITED.
SHE DIED AUGUST 3RD, 1778,
AGED 35.

lect a Mr. and Mrs. James who figure largely his memoirs. It was the Jameses who intro-ced Eliza to Sterne. When Sterne penned his t letter in 1768, the last letter he ever wrote—t letter which Thackeray calls "a cry for pity d for pardon—" it was to the care of the meses that he consigned his only daughter, lia. James did not neglect him during his last ess, but paid him a visit a day or two before s death. It was at a dinner party, where Mr. mes was, that the first news of Sterne's death s carried, and the inquiry which elicited it was obably prompted by him;* and it is consider-by the most recent writer on Sterne† that mes was one of the two only individuals who could

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This, however, is to be found in the Memoirs of John Mac-id, "a cadet of the house of Keppoch," at that time footman to Mr. ford, a fashionable friend of Sterne's. His master had taken a se in Clifford Street in the spring of 1768; and "about this time," rites, "Mr. Sterne, the celebrated author, was taken ill at the silk-hop in Old Bond Street. He was sometimes called Tristram Shandy ometimes Yorick, a very great favourite of the gentlemen. One —namely, on the aforesaid 18th of March—"my master had com-to dinner who were speaking about him, the Duke of Roxbu Earl of March, the Earl of Ossory, the Duke of Grafton, Mr. Ga ume, and a Mr. James." Many, if not most, of the party, the re personal friends of the man who lay dying in the street hurd l urally enough the conversation turned on his condition. "' l my master," the narrative continues, "'go and inquire h rue is to-day.'" Macdonald did so; and, in language whic bear the stamp of truth upon it, he thus records the gri h he had to report to the assembled guests on his re Mr. Sterne's lodgings; the mistress opened the do w he did; she told me to go up to the nurse. I went was just a-dying. I waited ten minutes; but He put up his hand as if to stop a gentlemen were all very sorry, and

*'s "Man of Letters."

ters." H. D. Traill. 1882.

be found to carry the author of Tristram Shandy
a dishonoured grave. So far as we can gath
they seem to have been Sterne's most disintere
ed friends; and it has been observed by the sa
writer: "Mrs. James, who is always address
in company with her husband, enjoys the almo
unique distinction of being the only wom
outside his own family circle, whom St
never approaches in the language of artifi
gallantry, but always in that of simple friendsh
and respect." To whoever he manifested l
profanity and profligacy, it was not to t
Jameses, for the lie that he invented, that t
Jameses would not speak to certain peop
because they disapproved of Sterne's communic
tion with Eliza, and were desirous to put a st
to it, was studiously concealed from them, a
to the Jameses Sterne was perpetually on
good behaviour. The Jameses were in some
first of London society, as the dinner pa
ave alluded to will show.

Eliza Draper Mr. and Mrs. James seem
been kind and considerate friends as lon
was worthy of their attention; and it
rs after she left London that
under date of 1772, wro
r to Mrs. James which

specimen of her literary handicraft and powers of composition.*

The interest increases as we proceed.

We only take from his history what bears upon

* A letter from Mrs. Draper, at Bombay, to Mrs. Anne James, dated April 15th, 1772 :—

"I have heard some anecdotes extremely disadvantageous to the characters of the widow and daughter, and that from persons who said they had been personally acquainted with them both in France and England. . . Some part of their Intelligence corroborated what I had a thousand times heard from the lips of Yorick, almost invariably repeated. . . The secret of my letters, being in her hands, had somehow become extremely public; it was noticed to me by almost every [illegible] acquaintance I had in the English ships, or at this settlement. This [illegible]ced me, for at that time I had never communicated the circum-[illegible]e and could not suspect you of acting by me in any manner which [illegible]ould not have acted in by myself. One gentleman in particular told [illegible] at both you and I should be deceived, if we had the least reliance [illegible]e honor or principles of Mrs. Sterne, for that when she had [illegible]d as much as she could for suppressing the correspondence she [illegible]pable of selling it to a bookseller afterwards—by either refusing [illegible]ore it to you, or taking copies of it without our knowledge, and [illegible]efore he advised me, if I was averse to its publication, to take every means in my power of suppressing it—this influenced me to write to Becket and promise him a reward equal to his expectations if he would deliver the letters to you. . .

"My dear Friend, that stiffness you complain'd of when I called you Mrs. James entirely arose from a depression of spirits, too natural to the mortified when severe disappointments gall the sense. You had told me that Sterne was no more. I had heard it before, but this confirmation of it truly afflicted me, for I was almost an idolator of his worth, while I fancied him the mild, generous, good Yorick we had so often thought him to be. To add to my regret for his loss, his widow had my letters in her power (I never entertained a good opinion of her), and meant to subject me to disgrace and inconvenience by the publication of them. You know not the contents of these letters, and it was natural for you to form the worst judgment of them when those who had seen 'em reported them Unfavourably, and were disposed to dislike me on that account. My dear girl, had I not cause to feel humbled so circumstanced—and can you wonder at my sensations communicating themselves to my pen.

"It did indeed, my dear, give me a great deal of pain. It was such a one as I by no means deserved in answer to one written in the true spirit of kindness, however it might have been construed. Mr. Sterne had repeatedly told me that his daughter was as well acquainted with my character as he was with my appearance—in all his letters wrote since my leaving England this circumstance is much dwelt upon.

"Her violence of temper (indeed, James, I wish not to recriminate or be severe just now) and the hatefulness of her character, are strongly urged to me as the cause of his indifferent health, the whole of his misfortunes, and the evils that would probably shorten his life. The visit Mrs. Sterne meditated some time antecedent to his death he most pathetically lamented, as an adventure that would wound his peace

this Sterne's Eliza business, or what may be of interest in the said relation to our Bombay readers.

Mr. James—to which facts we now crave attention—joined the Bombay Marine in 1747, and was made a Commander in the Indian Navy in 1749 (that year in which Daniel Draper joined the service of the E. I. Co., becoming Marine Paymaster's Assistant, and afterwards Secretary to Government). Both these men became most important in Bombay, and that they were intimate there does not admit of a doubt. Daniel Draper in 1765 was a Member of Council and Accountant-General; and in 1770 he was appointed Chief of Surat. Commodore James's success was more marked, for in 1755 he battered that great

and greatly embarrass his circumstances—the former on account of the eye witness he should be to his child's affections having been alienated from him by the artful misrepresentations of her mother under whose tutorage she had ever been, and the latter, from the rapacity of her disposition, for 'well do I know,' says he, 'that the sole intent of her visit is to fleece me. Had I money enough, I would buy off her journey, as I have done several others, but till my sentimental work is published I shall not have a single sous more than will indemnify people for my immediate expenses.' Soon after the receipt of this intelligence I heard of Yorick's death. The very first ship which left us afterwards I wrote to Miss Sterne by—and with all the freedom which my intimacy with her father and his Communications warranted; I purposely avoided speaking of her mother, for I knew nothing to her advantage, and I had heard a great deal to the reverse. So circumstanced, How could I with any kind of Delicacy mention a person who was hateful to my departed Friend, when for the sake of that very Friend I wished to confer a kindness on his Daughter, and to enhance the value of it, solicited her society and consent to share my prospects, as the highest Favour, which could be shown to myself—indeed, I knew not, but Mrs. Sterne, from the Description I had received of her, might be no more, or privately confined, if in Being, owing to a malady which I have been told the violence of her temper subjects her to."

stronghold of the Angrias called Severndroog to pieces, which had hitherto been deemed impregnable; and returned to England in 1759, enriched with his share of the booty. Honour after honour was heaped upon him—sword and service of plate, Chairman of the East India [redacted]mpany, Member of Parliament, Governor of [redacted]reenwich Hospital, a Baronetcy, and after his [redacted]eath in 1782 a monument on Shooter's Hill, [redacted]ondon, which may be seen to this day, having [redacted]n elevation 140 feet higher than Saint Paul's! Most eligible friends, one might say, of the [redacted]rapers, who went home in 1762; and when we [redacted]collect that both the Jameses and Sterne were [redacted]ich in London society in 1764-5, we are not [redacted]rprised that it was at the Jameses' Sterne first [redacted]w Mrs. Draper, and that it was through the [redacted]meses and their Bombay connection that Eliza [redacted]eps on the threshold unenviable though it be, of a European reputation. We may mention that Mrs. James was a Miss Goddard, presumably a relative of General Goddard, (daughter and co-heiress of Edward Goddard, St. Anne's Westminster and of Hartham in Wiltshire,) a man well known in Bombay, and who stormed and captured Ahmedabad in 1780.

I desire to cut this Sterne-Eliza business as

short as possible. We must lay the ghost, however, by challenging it and looking it boldly in the face. If any man say that it is a subject that repays neither time, trouble, nor attention, we will agree with him. If any man say the reverse we agree with him likewise. In any case our cry, we fear, will be that of Christian in t Pilgrim's Progress, "Deliver me from this muc rake!"

Eliza was vain and ruined by adulation, bu this is no reason why her follies should b brought into undue prominence, or her faults exaggerated. It does not clear Sterne's ch racter and conduct in the least, which appears be intended by the writers. Was it nothing, ask, that a man of European reputation, who h lived a life of infamy, should have poured h insidious flattery into the ears of a girl arrivi in England at such a tender age; her on education being such as Western India then afforded? If Eliza was corrupted and destroyed, she was corrupted and destroyed by Sterne himself, and he is the guilty party who ought to be arraigned at the assize. And Nathan said unto David, "Thou art the man." We have no evidence whatever to the contrary that until she was introduced by the Jameses to

Sterne she was anything but well conducted. In fact, we know little about her until she steps on board the "Earl of Chatham" at Deal, and which sailed for Bombay on 3rd April, 1767, henceforth the Eliza of history. But everything is construed to her disadvantage. She organises a subscription in Bombay on behalf of Sterne's widow,—that is a crime. She asks Lydia Sterne to come to Bombay after her father's death,—that is also a crime, and an insult to her mother because she did not include her in the invitation. Her jocular suggestion to Colonel Campbell, that Lydia would make a good wife for him, is set down as a piece of diabolical matchmaking with which she ought to have had no business whatever. Her tomb in Bristol Cathedral is inscribed on it these words :—"In her genius and benevolence were united." That is also a crime and a lie, as if the Church authorities would have ever sanctioned her remains and memorial to have a place there, if she had been the miserable outcast she is represented to have been. She published the letters which Sterne addressed to her,—that was also a crime; and if she had withheld or burned the letters, it would have been, we suppose, a crime all the same. After she found out the character of the man she

had had to deal with she denounced him—this was a grievous crime, and an insult to his memory.

We are not now, be it remembered, waging war for spotless innocence, but for bare justice and impartiality, and we are thankful that a Bombay man has unconsciously taken up the cudgels before us, one too of the right sort; for the name of James Forbes is familiar to our readers, and to his high morale and sound judgment on matters of this kind we most unreservedly pin our faith. James Forbes would not wink at folly, nor lend a hand to shelter any one from justice merely because he or she hailed from Bombay. His words were written in 1812 in cool blood, thirty years after all this Sterne-Eliza business had been wound up:—"Eliza, a lad with whom I had the pleasure of being acquainted, whose refined tastes and elegant accomplishments need no encomium from my pen." These are not the ordinary words of an ordinary man, but those of one familiar with the story from first to last; and you may depend upon it, if he had not found a pleasure in looking back on his acquaintance with Eliza, the author of the "Oriental Memoirs" would never have penned them and put them in his book to be handed down to posterity.

It is reported of Sir James Mackintosh that whenever Sterne's name was mentioned he was wont to declare his low opinion of him, and that it was his only literary heresy. Heresy or not heresy, he felt a bad taste in his mouth whenever his name was mentioned. When Mackintosh arrived in Bombay there were several notable men there who knew a great deal more than we can ever know. In 1804 William Ashburner and William Henshaw were alive, and they both had been in the country forty years; and Jonathan Duncan was old enough in Eliza's time to know his right hand from his left. Quite sufficient reason here, we should think, for Mackintosh when he heard the name of Sterne to give vent to his loathing and contempt. But enough.

"No farther seek their merits to disclose
Or draw their frailties from their dread abode."

Now for Colonel Campbell. If you are the man we think you are, we do not like thee, Colonel Campbell. It appears that a man of this name, when in Bombay in 1772, busied himself with Eliza in organising a subscription for Sterne's widow, but whether it came to anything we do not know. He was then going home, and Mrs. Draper recommended Lydia Sterne

to him as a partner in life. The advice seems to have suited neither party: for Lydia became Mrs. de Medalle.

There was published in 1796 a book well known to the bibliographers of Western India—"Journal Overland to India; by Donald Campbell of Barbreck, formerly commanded a regiment of cavalry in the service of the Nabob of the Carnatic: in a series of letters to his son." It details his journey *via* the Euphrates, and imprisonment by the agents of Hyder Ali, the father of Tippoo Saheb, and bears reference to 1781 to 1785. But Donald Campbell was in India before this. He came out when he was about sixteen years of age. In 1768 he was eighteen, and there is evidence to show that he was in Western India for several consecutive years after 1768.

In Ruddiman's *Mercury* there appears this announcement:—"On December 6, 1778, at Ardincaple, the seat of Lord Frederick Campbell, Donald Campbell, Younger, of Barbreck, to Miss Mary Campbell, his Lordship's daughter." This is certain; and this also, that Mr. and Mrs. Draper from 1768 to 1772 lived at "Belvidere," Mazagon: and it was during the latter part of this period that Mr. Draper was Accountant-General and had his memorable tussel with

William Hornby, then member of Council.* (Governor 1771 to 1784.)

Daniel Draper and Donald Campbell had this in common, that they both hated William Hornby.† We think from the note which we give that no man, after reading it, will come to any other conclusion than that its spite and bitterness are the result of personal malevolence; for some reason beyond our ken, for Hornby's career, as it stood in 1796, was not such as to warrant such slashing assertions.

Moreover, Donald Campbell was a kind of

* In 1765 he returned alone to India, took his seat in Council, and was appointed Accountant-General, in which office he had a severe and bitter contest with Hornby, whom he convicted of appropriating to his own use the stores of Government.—*Bombay Quarterly Review*, Vol. V., p. 189.

† It happened, however, at this time that the chair of Bombay was filled by a person the most unqualified that could be found in any community for an office of such importance, Governor Hornby. He was allowed by the almost unanimous consent of those who knew his public or private character to be ignorant not only of the first principles of government, but of the ordinary knowledge requisite for a gentleman; and for such a serious trust as Bombay he was peculiarly disqualified by an unbounded lust of gain, to which all other passions yielded up the dominion of his heart. A temper and intellect of this kind were rendered still more incapable of the enlarged views the representative of a great nation in a distant colony should possess, by a mercantile education and habits which narrowed even his circumscribed mind, and left him not a sentiment, not an idea that was not merely commercial. The administration of such a man was not exactly what might have been expected, and instead of asserting the dignity of Great Britain or promoting the advantage of his employers, narrow policy, selfish views, and an indefatigable effort to enrich himself made the whole tissue of his conduct in India. CAPTAIN DONALD CAMPBELL.

This looks very like personal abuse. That patient historian, Grant Duff, says "he displayed the strong mind of an English chief, and convinced his Council that, whilst they acted with the unanimity and firmness which became their country, they were not only above contempt, but might soon overcome their difficulties and retrieve their affairs."

knight errant, always assisting damsels in distress, and sometimes, like Don Quixote, in search of adventures; and in pursuance thereof he on several occasions got into some rather awkward scrapes. There was always, wherever he went, some captive to rescue from thraldom. There was one at Zante and one at Aleppo; and on the death of his father, rummaging over some old papers, in the presence of the Deputy Sheriff of Argyll, his eye was confronted by the evidence of a Bombay escapade. This was a letter to his father from a member of Parliament, formerly of high rank in India, regarding his conduct of a young married lady—said young lady being the M. P.'s own daughter—from Bombay to the shores of the Carnatic. We are astonished he came off with a whole skin; but he says on the Aleppo affair with confounded naïveté and effrontery: "I could not help repeating that most beautiful expression, put into the mouth of Maria by the inimitable Sterne, [observe it is Sterne] 'God tempers the wind to the side (*sic*) of the shorn lamb.'" We are sorry to give such a rude shock to some of our readers; as this passage has been often supposed to be the veritable words of Holy Writ, which we need scarcely say is not the case. The inimitable Sterne!

Where Sterne and he found shorn lambs we have no manner of knowing. It was certainly not on the hills of Argyllshire, for they do not shear lambs in that quarter. These facts are of no importance except in connection with Sterne. If Colonel Campbell of Barbreck befriended the widow and the fatherless in their affliction, his book proves to us that he did not keep himself unspotted from the world; and that he did not record this philanthropic act, *i.e.*, the Mrs. Sterne's subscription, must be regarded merely as a modest and accidental omission which we have endeavoured to supply.

The facts elicited regarding the James family interesting to a wider circle than that of mbay. Everybody, of course, wants to know what Eliza was like, that so much balderdash should have been written about her. Was she fair or brunette, tall or *petite*, buxom or slender? According to Sterne, in 1767 she was "a drooping lily," whatever that may mean. We know that she had an oval face, a transparent complexion, brilliant eyes, a melodious voice, an appearance of artless innocence, very considerable conversational powers, and very considerable

powers of fascination. She played on the piano and the guitar.

But come with me to a ball in 1772, and we will know all about it. The place is not far off; it is in Apollo-street, though you would not know it, being now a dingy printing-office. The Apollo-street of 1883 is not the Apollo-street of 1772, so I must ask you to clear away the Elphinstone Circle, Town Hall, and other obstructions with one fell swoop until your line of vision is uninterrupted from the Old Secretariat to the Bombay Arsenal, and fill in vacant space with the old Bombay Green, a grassy plain, at all events such grass as we have in December.

The night is fine, and I see some old Bombay friends overhead—Canopus shines brighter than any of Golconda's gems, and the Southern Cross still leaves a lingering trail over the heights of Thull. Government House is a blaze of many-coloured lights, and I can see the Cathedral looming black, a silent monitor.

Far and wide over the Green there is a swarm of palkies, amid which I am struggling, and the din of human voices; for the hamals are vociferous on this joyous night, singing their eternal see-saw song as they bear their burdens to the general rendezvous. And they come from all

points of the compass—Church-gate, Bazaar, Moody Khan, and Apollo streets—bringing together all the youth and beauty of the place. Take your stand there, on the flight of steps leading up to the great hall.

Jonathan Duncan in his teens comes tripping up, and James Forbes with a heavier foot; and old Crommelin totters past, our former Governor, full of the weight of years and mercantile emprize in Canton. I can see through the avenue of lights the form of one whom I know, in scarlet and gold, and with a glorious queue, the Honourable William Hornby, Esquire, his eye not dim, nor his natural force abated, with the belles and beaux of the 18th century making their curtsy, as they pass before him one by one in courtly procession. I can see Daniel Draper in a plum-coloured suit, knee breeches, and shining buckles with diamonds in his shoes, his right arm in a sling, while with his left he holds an open snuff-box for the delectation of the Governor. Yes, bygones are bygones now. I can see Colonel Campbell of Barbreck, boisterous and unscrupulous as ever,

Having now seen enough in that quarter, I turn my attention in the opposite direction, and peer into the murky darkness which envelopes

the ravelín and counterscarp of Bombay Castle, watching the numerous flickering lights of the palkywallahs, all converging to one focus, when a friend suddenly beckons to me. Here note well that I have dined, and for that matter supped also, and drained a beaker of Bombay Punch to the health of Billy Pitt; but I am quite steady, that is to say, I can keep my head and—my feet also. So I comply. To see what? The Destroying Angel from Belvidere.

"If she be not fair to me,
What carè I how fair she be."

And lo and behold! while I am humming that bonnie ditty, the Mazagon turn-out, in crimson and much bravery, calls a halt. There is a deep-drawn sigh, with which we are well accustomed from the oppressed hamals. The weight is light, but the journey is fat. From this open palanquin a phantom glides noiselessly out, and descends so lightly that the very earth seems all too vulgar for the touch of her jewelled slipper.

I scorn her ministering angel, be he *galantuomo* or *cavalier servente*, with blue dress-coat turned up with facings of gold lace. She sails along. And this is Eliza—not the Eliza that I saw at Ranelagh in ermine, silks, and pearls when I, like a fool, followed in "the comet's glittering

wake." But an Eliza in the abomination of hoop and farthingale.* Thy head-gear is like the Tower of Babel, or, rising tier above tier, bulging out into the bastions and curtain of a great overgrown fortification, stuffed with gabions of sorts and gems of curious workmanship.

Great is Diana of the Ephesians, but greater in Europe, where I am told the priests of religion jostle one another in this mad pursuit of pleasure even to the death.

But all is vanity. When you come near the

* A lady in this fashion was said to appear as if sunk to the waist in an inverted tub. Three different pictures were painted, at least, of Eliza in England. I wonder what has become of them.

A BOMBAY MANUSCRIPT OF 1762.

This was a decade before our ball, and Mrs. Draper had just then entered on the scene in Bombay. A manuscript list of ladies invited, or invitable, to Government House now lies before us. It is in Crommelin's time. Eliza Draper is eighth on the list. There are 34 in all, and 6 widows. Before her comes Anne Hornby, the friend of James Forbes, and whose maiden name, like that of Eliza, we wish much to know; Adriana Spencer, wife of him who in Bengal was the rival of Clive; and Elizabeth Whitehill, whose husband was great in house property and sold to the East India Company the house or lands where our imaginary ball took place. Mary Crommelin is, of course, without a peer. These are the ladies, no doubt, who merited Forbes' eulogium for their deeds of benevolence. There is one name only under the hard but not inflexible title of "Unmarried Woman," to wit, "Winnifred Daires." Winnifred stands solitary and alone and single blessed on July 11, 1762. You recollect Neibuhr, in 1762, for six months waited for a marriage among the English: and it never came. But I must leave this document, which closes with the names of two infants. One is William Draper, and another, added, no doubt, at some later date, in a different caligraphy, Elizabeth Draper, and content myself with an invitation which Governor Crommelin sends to Hector Munro, afterwards the hero of Buxar, and give it *verbatim et literatim*.

To Hector Munro, Esquire, Major, and the Gentleman Officer of His Majesty's Infantry on Bombay.

Gentlemen,—The Governour Desires your Company to Diner with him on 25 July 1762.

May 1782.—Dined with Mr. Draper a very noble and good honoured man was the husband so barbarously forsaken by Eliza Draper in her elopement from Mazagon-house with Sir John Clark of the Navy.—*Price's Memoirs of the early life and service of a Field Officer, London.* 1839.

tapestry of Raphael, those masterpieces of design and workmanship, you discover merely a few threads upon which some colour has been dashed, deftly woven or sewed together.

So much for the living Eliza.

The dead Sterne sleeps near Tyburn, or has passed already into the hands of the body-snatchers, "thy works belied,—thy faith questioned,—thy wit forgotten,—thy learning trampled on."

HILL CLIMBING, EAST AND WEST.

CHAPTER X.

HILL CLIMBING, EAST AND WEST.

It is not a matter of very great difficulty to ascend Ben Nevis. Mr. Wragge, the chief of the Observatory there, went up and down the hill nine times in nine successive days. And we dare say that the men who do the work recorded in the Alpine Club books laugh at it as all too trifling to demand serious consideration.

Still there are difficulties, and the fact that Ben Nevis is clear of cloud only a very few days during the summer season is the chief. People often wait for three weeks for a favourable day.

The blue mists which Gibbon tells us—we speak from memory—hung over Caledonia, and from which the affrighted Romans fled in terror, still survive, though the hordes of naked barbarians careering along the borders of the lakes have disappeared. We watched the *Scotsman's* daily meteorological report from Ben Nevis for weeks, and it was nothing but cloud, fog, rain, more rain, and deep depression from the Atlantic. Then there is the state of the hill itself. The skirts

of all the Scotch mountains consist of masses of peat bog, quaking quagmires, and oozy stretches of reedy ground, half land, half water, which require days of fine weather to make them passable with comfort. This is the kilt with which Ben Nevis is wrapped, and the kilt is seldom completely dry.

The main attraction, of course, is that it is the highest elevation in the British Isles. The number of hills in Scotland between 2,000 and 3,000 feet high is enormous, quite as great, we should think, as in the Deccan. There are a few giants (Ben Nevis is 4,400 feet) over 4,000 feet, but none so lofty as the Mahableshwur range, or Kulsabhai in the Nasick district, chief of all, which rise to an elevation considerably over 5,000 feet.

Mr. Wragge called on me at 5 a.m. at that most respectable hostelry in Fort William, the Caledonian Hotel. He is young, spare, wiry, and athletic. He requires at stated intervals of the day to take his observations at four different points in the ascent. These considerations, and the one that we were not in a hurry, induced me to ask him to ride onwards, and we would follow at our leisure, and probably pay our respects to him on the summit of Ben Nevis. My companion was 21 years of age, and a capital pedestrian, for he had done Schiehallion, Paragon, Ben

Y Glo, and Ben Lawers, four of the highest peaks in Scotland, during the previous ten days, and was still, like a greyhound in the leash, ready to bound off at a moment's notice. He had set off to do the Scotch hills without a guide, and so far succeeded admirably. But Ben Nevis was not to be taken at first acquaintance, for we had on the previous day, on a wild-goose chase up Glen Nevis, missed by many miles the point of departure on this route, and drifted so far from the base of our operations that we threatened to emerge over the Devil's Staircase into the awful pass of Glencoe.

Another man had joined us. The night before the ascent a man strong in kilts and calves requested to accompany us. He had been engaged in land surveying—capital training for hill climbing—and his religion consisted in ascending hills and looking down from them: a Scotch Buddhist, who would have graduated well among the monks of ancient Kanheri. He could sit sleeping, abjure drink, and obey that sublime conception of Guatama to the very letter, never to tire looking at the hills and the sea. He divided the world into two great divisions, climbers and non-climbers. Those, of course, who did not climb hills were of no use. He had the amazing faculty of describing the

appearance of various hills and their peculiarities by his hands, which we shall call for want of a better word the science of digitation. It was amusing to see how he could hit off a cone like Schiehallion, by placing and squeezing his palms together. But he was equally ready with the humps of Ben Lomond, the hog-backed Criffel, and even the bizarre Quirang, by means of fingers, knuckles, and fists, for both hands were brought into requisition; and by interlacing his fingers, or by elevating or depressing the joints of his hands, he could in a twinkling give a counterfeit presentment of any hill in broad Scotland you cared to ask for. The Duke's Nose would have no terrors for him, and a saw-like ridge like our Bowmelang or Cathedral Rocks he would body forth by placing his hands together, and adjusting his outstretched fingers, make his nails do duty for ten scarps in the Isle of Skye. These graphic *tours de force* completely fetched us, so we resolved that he should accompany us.

Our course lay by the Ben Nevis distillery, for there is a strong smell of whiskey as you approach some of the great sights of Scotland, and even at the Hay Market station, before you enter the renowned city of Edinburgh, the perfume of Graham Menzies' distillery scents the morning

air. We rode the shelty which usually carries Mr. Wragge, so leaving the distillery and the Inverness road we boldly plunged forward on the mossy ascent, strewn with boulders, which marks the first stage of our progress. We soon discovered that this equestrian performance was a mistake, for though it carried us up 1,800 feet the inequality of the ground was a caution. Sometimes the brute would go down head foremost with its hind legs up in the air, and forthwith reverse the operation by plunging into deep ochry moss up to the haunches, so it became a struggle which should be uppermost. We found the Highland pony like the Deccany tattoo in this respect—that it is better to give them both their own way. So we left him to his own devices floundering through the quagmires, for had we attempted to guide him, we should inevitably have come to grief.

The Buddhist had clearly the advantage of us, for, without the chance of dislocating spine or breaking his neck, by carefully picking his steps he reached the first stage quite as soon as we did.

Here was a lake which, for want of a better name at the moment, we shall call Drumsheugh, and here we laid down our bruised and battered body for a few moments, and bade adieu to horse-flesh for the day. Instead of following the

orthodox route for a mile or two of level to the Red Burn—we were without a guide—we struck diagonally up a very steep gradient of loose stones, piled in great heaps such as you find on the cone of Raj Machi, and still more on the slopes of Raighur. At a distance it looks like a bed of shale, or as if a great heap of débris had been shot down the side of the hill, the work of centuries of denudation—in the one case the monsoon rains have done their work, in the other rain, wind, and frost combined—apparently unscaleable and spreading out fan-like to the plain below. The stones are moveable and of all sizes, and, however carefully you adjust your foot on them, they often give way, or if fixtures, they are so narrow that on such an acute angle you are in danger of toppling over, making an ugly fall. This rough work took us two hours and a half to accomplish, and meant an additional elevation of more than 2,000 feet. At length we threw ourselves down on a beetling crest amid a blinding mist. We groped about in search of cairn or hut, but neither could be seen. The place we had reached was an esplanade or glacis, speaking in the language of fortification, covered with a pavement of large boulders and loose stones; and upon this substratum we felt our

way, or leaped from stone to stone, until we had in a manner surveyed it, for it was an area of broad acres. On either side it seemed a bottomless pit, black, vast, and profound, with nothing to relieve the darkness but great masses of snow, which gleamed wickedly from the rifts or clefts which here seam the huge precipices of Ben Nevis.

We had to keep together or lose ourselves. Barometer, thermometer, aneroid or otherwise, telescope, and compass were valueless, and even that hardy dog from Blair Athole with his thews of iron and of unbounded confidence began to waver and doubt. His scent was at fault, and he asked if we were on Ben Nevis at all? We held a council of war, and decided to hold our ground. Our belief is that if we had wished to return by the way we came, we would never have found it, but some other way, long or very short, to the bottom. We did not therefore go "back again," but wandered among some forlorn cairns left by the votaries of trigonometry, and amused ourselves with making this wild place vocal with our shouts, yells, and warwhoops, to rouse either dogs or men; and once we heard the long-drawn Rama—o—Rama of the Deccany Hills. But it was of no avail, not even a ghoul came out of the mist. More than an hour was spent in this man-

ner, for we were cooped up like the man in his cage on the top of Singhur. Once, and once only, we heard what we joyfully hailed as a reply; but we set it down ultimately to the echo of our own voices, coming up in mockery from the depths below. Then the crackling apparently of grit underfoot was heard, for the ear gets wonderfully acute in these mountain solitudes, and the last echo had scarcely died away on the breeze, when suddenly a man in frosty rime stood before us. "You are not on the hill at all. This is the Plateau of Storms." This was Wragge, with his black Newfoundland dog, Robin Renzo, panting and open-mouthed, beside him; and he had emerged, like the ghost of Samuel among the troublers of Israel, from the earth.

Suffice it to say that in forty minutes we clambered to the summit, 400 feet higher, and found ourselves sheltered under the Cairn of Ben Nevis. Here we found the high heel of a lady's boot, *de trop* no doubt for the wearer in such an exalted situation. So also, rubbed off for the wearer's comfort, a friend picked up on the highest peak of Ben Y Glo a deer's antler of many tines. A shrew mouse paid Mr. Wragge a visit in his hut on his first arrival. Strange things are found on mountains. A Parthian coin was picked up

on Arthur's Seat near Edinburgh, and a squirrel was chevied and caught last autumn on the peak of Faragon, 3,000 feet above sea level. The coin had been lost from the pocket of a man from the Persian Gulf, and an eagle, it is fancied, had dropped the squirrel from its talons. But in India and England the broken beer-bottle reigns supreme. It defies summer sun and winter's storm, and will outlive the proudest monuments of civilisation.

It is the last straw that breaks the camel's back, so when the hill climber, tossed about by a howling wind on some ridge of loose stones, and holding on by hands and feet, descries as black as night, through the mist, that cairn which is the visible image of Big Ben, he must not cave in or perish through irresolution, but go at him and throttle him at once. A glass of *Long John* will now do you good, and the Buddhist, nothing loth, will join you. The thermometer marks 38°, which comes as a pleasant surprise to all men who have seen nothing under 60° for years. But let us talk of cairns.

The cairn on B. N. is 20 feet high, and wind or no wind you must ascend the dizzy eminence. There is also a cairn on Ben Lawers, the history of which is as follows. B. L. is 3,984 feet high. A Scotsman lately became much exercised about

this fact. Could ye no mak it the 4,000? The consideration of this subject preyed much on his mind, so on his death-bed, when he ought to have been thinking of other things than cairns, he solemnly bequeathed money to build a cairn 16 feet high, and so complete an elevation in round numbers; to give it, so to speak, a position above mediocrity, as if the wretched creature was not high enough already. And there it stands a monument of human aspiration amid his native wilds.

We descended by the well-known route about 700 feet to Buchan's Well, the source of the Red Burn, alongside of which the path winds downward over loose stones to the plateau of the Lake. Here the mist rose, and a scene presented itself which baffles description. It lay at our feet, and must have embraced 100 square miles of land and water, like Markham's raised map in the India Council rooms, or, comparing great things with small, like those panoramic pictures we have lately seen of the seat of war.

Once seen it could never be forgotten, and is photographed on our memory till our dying day. We were then 3,700 feet above sea level.

Loch Linhe was a long mirror, with the lake of Lismore lying on it like a speck. Running far up among the hills was Lochiel—

"Lochiel, Lochiel beware of the day"—

the hills of Morven made classic by Norman

Macleod, and far in the distance the peaks of Skye made classic by Alexander Smith, Blackie and Nicholson; Mull, Ulva's Isle—

"the chief of Ulva's Isle."
"And Jura answers from her misty shroud,"

though it is not the Jura of Lord Byron and the Alps. At our feet lie the parallel roads of Glenroy, which find many a counterpart in the Deccan. Our friend of the knuckles was so impressed by the view that he actually returned with a mounting party and again ascended 700 feet to the top, and for twenty minutes, while the curtain lifted, gained his long expected view of the promised land to the south and west. The view must have been something wonderful, for the Glencoe Hills and the range of the Grampians themselves were so low that he looked clean over them and across the moor of Rannoch, Ben Lomond, and the Duke of Argyle's Bowling Green to the west, and eastwards Ben Macdhui, Y Glo, and Y Vrackie, even with a glass making out the Lowes of the Lomond (so distinctly visible from Edinburgh) in Fifeshire, which, like the Sisters at Poona from Porendhur, but three times the distance, he made bold to say pierced the sky-line in the extreme distance. Thus at Buchan's Well we parted from him, and we arrived

at Fort William at 5 p.m.; but at 9 p.m. the door of the smoking-room opened slowly and revealed a man weary and woebegone. This was our hill-climbing devotee, so white about the gills, and so altered, that we scarcely knew him.

He had come down a short cut into Glen Nevis, performing a somersault on the way, stripped his shoes and stockings, and waded the Nevis, arriving at this friendly guest-house more dead than alive. At first he could hardly speak, but though a declared enemy of drink, a glass of whiskey and water revived him, and he gave this account of himself. But who could wonder at it, for he had been sixteen hours on his feet with only a few biscuits. As we left early next morning we saw him no more.

Reader, have you ever set in motion a boulder over the face of a precipice? A very small one? You are a criminal where life or property is involved, and it is a crime to be punished by the judges. There is a wild pleasure, however, in watching a boulder career over a precipice and descend to unknown depths. The stone may require considerable muscular power to move. But at length it moves and turns over lazily on its side. The slope is convenient, and by and bye with some assistance it takes another turn slowly, and—as if the inert creature was getting

endowed with life—it again sluggishly rolls over, this time seemingly of its own accord, and with a heavy lurch strikes out a new path for itself, leaving a broad furrow in its wake: a young tree of the Indian jungle is no obstacle, for it smites and passes over it like a straw. Nothing now stops its progress, for the increasing gravitation, like the music of Burns' devil, "puts life and mettle to its heels," and it leaps playfully into the air, and after one or two gambols, clearing the precipice at a bound, it disappears into the gulf. Now there is silence deep and profound, and the long drawn sigh of expectancy, for the listening ear awaits with impatience the sound of its first contact with mother earth. You will not have long to wait. There are no trees, we may mention, nor vegetation, on the summit of Ben Nevis. The granite boulder of the Grampians therefore runs away in its mad career from our hands in a different way from the block of trap or laterite on the Deccany Hills.

We have not the great crash on the dry bed of a watercourse, nor the yell of the monkeys, nor a cloud of dust coming up from the valley. But the bump, bump of our Scots cousin, the thud, and then the great swash as he descends into the region of perpetual snow tell us he has buried himself in

a fosse thereof. Over the blackness of the precipice we can even see something white as we peer down into the yawning abyss and listen to his fall.

What impressed one most of all, in every view we had from the great hills in the North of Scotland, was the vast superficies of moor and moss, which seemed illimitable in every direction we turned the eye. A small patch, it is true, here and there clothed the landscape, a spot of green round some shooting-box, scarcely discernible and not to be taken into account amid the great heathery waste which surrounded it. A country, however, wonderfully fertile in producing *men*; for, as Adam Smith takes good care to tell us, so fallacious is rent in estimating the resources of a country that Cameron of Lochiel, though his rent was never more than £500 a year, was able to bring 800 men into the field in the year 1745. These views bring before us the bleak, sterile, and untoward nature of the soil of Scotland, and the indomitable perseverance of its people. So poor a country was it in that year of '45 that it had scarcely a single road or a wheel carriage in the whole northern dominion, or a plough much better than we now see in the most neglected districts of Western India; its very wheel-barrows it had to get from Holland.

Of its accumulated savings there are now nearly a hundred millions sterling in the Scotch banks, and its lime, coal, and iron underneath the earth have more than compensated for all the deficiencies above it; for Nature, which has granted such blessings of climate and production to Italy, for example, has denied her the strong arms and willing hearts which can alone render labour effective—that labour which we are told is the first price and original purchase money of all things. Why do we speak of such matters? For the reason that the same thing which has occurred once may occur again. Caledonia holds no vested interest, in this respect, that does not belong to every race and nation in the world.

Unquestionably the greatest obstacle to hill climbing in Western India is the heat. Heat is a fact in India, that can neither be ignored nor gainsaid, and we all accept India under this well-known condition. How much may be endured or braved must be left to each man for himself, but sunstroke is so hopeless a business that it is well to err on the safe side. There is a memorial tablet in the church at Rannoch on an Indian officer with this significant inscription:—"Neither shall the sun light on him, nor any heat." We have heard great authorities maintain that a

little of the morning sun is good ; and so it is, if the slanting rays do not strike on the back of the neck. Other good judges say quite the reverse, and when fortified, prefer the midday sun blazing overhead. When heat reverberates from walls of rock on which the sun has been shining all day, making the head dirl, or when the white sand and stones give forth a baleful glare which stuns and sickens, it is time for the traveller to seek shelter elsewhere, and not increase the caloric by any further exertion. The sun is like Sebastopol before the siege, and most people will agree with the dictum of the great general: "The more I see of it the less I like it."

Some heat, however, must be endured, and as the hill climber proceeds, he need not be surprised to see drop after drop falling from his head down to the ground and leaving black and disc-like marks on the glaring sheets of trap or laterite, like the first pellets on the flagstones which prognosticate the thunderstorm at home. At times you may have heat anywhere, at Pompei or Braemar. On Faragon, in Perthshire, 3,000 feet above sea-level, the thermometer marked over 90°. (there was no shade except the cairn) on the 7th of August 1882 ; even on our own beloved Tulsi the other day, in this our cold season, there was not a

breath of air, and fervent heat at midday made it warmer than Avernus or the shades of Hecate.

> "Our ship seemed drifting with the dead
> To shores where all was dumb."

As a rule the climber will provide himself with water to meet all contingencies; an experience of the reverse is quite enough once in a man's life. For after wandering in a dry water-course for half a dozen hours, and descending ledges of rock such as are now covered by those fierce torrents that rejoice in the name of Nevis or of Lawers, through brakes of thick-set babul, or camel thorn, and some of their congeners twice as prickly, the Indian tourist will not be very particular as to the kind of water he gets to drink. He will quaff like nectar anything the angel of the darker drink offers him.

Something, however, may be done by way of dodging the sun. You may start, for example, at 3 a.m., with a lamp, from the base of any of the great hills of Western India, and so reduce the evil to a minimum and conquer most of the distance before the sun shows his teeth. Torna can be done in this way. So can Raighur. This is the hill of which Sir Richard Temple tells us: "Of all the ascents I ever made in India, the Himalayahs included, that of Raighur is the

worst."* The sun blazes fiercely down on the angle of ascent all the morning and forenoon. Our own impression is that Torna is much more difficult of ascent, and infinitely more dangerous. However, this is a matter of opinion, and we merely note it by the way.

From all these evils the tourist in Scotland is mercifully delivered. But he will not pass unscathed. Mountains are mountains, whether in Europe or in Asia, and there will still be something to vex or fatigue him, even in Bonnie Scotland. What one country has, another has not. Once upon a time, for example, a man came out to India, believing that the torrid zone was the only cure for gout. It was even so. One devil was cast out, but two others—fever and ague—came in; and the last state of that man was worse than the first. So is it in Scotland. Mosses and mists with their concomitants—colds and wet feet—are the demons of the Scotch mountains. For the benefit of the uninitiated we may mention that Scotch mountains ordinarily consist of four zones or belts, meadow, moss, rubble, and scarp. The rubble and scarp are land, the meadow and moss are neither land nor water—or both. The proclivities of meadow

* Proceedings of the Royal Geographical Society, August, 1882.

and moss are wet feet, and the rubble and scarp bring forth bruised ankles and broken shins. Leaps from one peat breast to another, or the balancing of oneself on some cotton tuft or mossy clump, merely postpone the inevitable, which is standing midleg in a viscous composition as black as tar. The moss is quite a new experience for the Anglo-Indian, and no amount of tuition in Gymkhana or camp-of-exercise or scouring the Deccany Hills will do you the least good in helping you to surmount the difficulties of a Scotch peat moss. There is a Serbonian bog, for example, at the foot of Ben Lawers, which could swallow up the whole army of Xerxes. Besides, you cannot go up-hill without coming down again; and the coming down is worse than the going up. Were there no snags, a *glissade* might be extemporised. If you do, you will require Sartor Resartus. Add to this that it begins to rain when you have just uttered the words "fine day" (a bitter jest); and that when the fine day does come you have some other business on hand, having registered a vow that you are not going to be made the sport of the Scotch climate and carried about at its every beck or whim. Youth is the season for work of this kind. You are better neither

to be too young nor too old. If you are too young, you will be perpetually peering over precipices; if you are too old, you will be perpetually avoiding them. Henry Oxenden went to the top of Raighur when he was 56, but you need not wait so long. Physical training is also necessary, and military men as a rule are better than commercial, for it is a part of their education. The officer, for example, who accompanied us to Torna never budged from the perpendicular, but in holes cut in the rock on its precipitous sides maintained his erect position and foothold like a goat, while we were on occasion clambering on all fours, and once nothing loth to clutch the naked and dead rock to our living bosom.

Ben Nevis is about the height of Torna, but as you ascend from the sea-level, and not from a raised plateau of, say, 1,600 feet, as in the Deccan, your work is by that height so much more. Ben Nevis is quite as dangerous to limb, but not so dangerous to life, barring mists, for two English tourists some twenty years ago were precipitated into Glen Nevis, and their mangled remains gathered up next day. With ordinary precaution there need be no risk on either hill; and among all the hundreds of mountaineers in Scotland this last season we did not hear of a single life being lost. We may note that we have met with

no grass so slippery as on the sun-burnt slopes of the Deccan.

Western India has this advantage to offer to the tourist or the observer of nature, that in the cold season—December to March—he may sleep on the bare top of the highest hills with impunity. Among the breckans you need not fear any bad effects from the night air on such elevations. A gentle breeze fans the weary traveller asleep, his last sight being the dusky forms of the coolies reflected against a blazing fire of sticks kept burning all night, and a sufficient protection against the *ferœ* of these regions; and it is a novel experience to awake at midnight, brushing aside the selvedge of your plaid, and gaze on that time-honoured curtain, the canopy "powdered with stars." You recollect that St. John, some thirty years ago, in that beautiful book of his, relates that he kept awake all night on the margin of a lonely tarn in Rosshire to note from hour to hour the cries and habits of the feathered tribe, as one after another, from midnight to dawn, they awoke the solitudes of moor and marsh. A most difficult problem to work out in Scotland. We looked out a nest on the margin of Grandtully Loch, far from any human habitation, this season. But as the last peat cart, and horses following,

each with its burden of lad and lass, ride and tye, disappeared from the moss, and from our view, visions of rheumatism and ague suddenly took possession of us, and we left the coot and the wild duck to their solitude and amusements.

One need not go to Europe for fine scenery, for there is abundance of it on the Western Ghauts. The view from Singhur may not rival the great plain of Damascus, nor Bombay Harbour the Bay of Naples; but the Khandalla Gorge, specially during the monsoon, will bear comparison with the Pass of Glencoe.

We heard a good judge of scenery, long resident in Bombay, say at Killiecrankie, "This almost comes up to Matheran;" and a German critic some years ago pronounced the view from Kanheri Caves, as a piece of quiet scenery of wood and water, one of the finest he had ever seen.

But nothing can make up for the want of heather, which is the glory of Scotland, not even the wild thyme and the double rose at Mahableshwur, though they scent the air miles from any human habitation.

No scene can come up, for example, to the one when on a day in August, ere a single petal has been touched by the frost, you emerge from the dark pines which girdle Lock Kennard, and the glory of a Scotch moor for miles in the

bright sunshine first bursts on the eye in the full flush of its crimson beauty. To write on it is a mockery and a presumption; for who can paint like nature? There are no trees, as on the Deccan hills, over a height of 2,000 feet, and the Caledonian has fortified no hill that we know of, or can remember, more than 1,000 feet high. Speaking as a Deccany man, Edinburgh Castle is a good specimen of a hill fort, so are Stirling and Dumbarton; and Gibraltar is supreme and "dings Dumbarton." So also in the South of Italy the hills are fortified, but none of them appear to be over this height. Tantallon, Dunnotar, and Turnberry, all associated with ballad and legend, are on the sea coast and bear a strong resemblance to our great *droogs* of Malwan, Gheria or Severndroog. Schiehallion from Ballinluig station is an exact counterpart of Torna from the door of the Poona Library. But it is not fortified. These heights are accessible only after great exertion; the ancient Caledonian had a different climate to deal with, which rendered such stormy heights uninhabitable, so he left them to the fox and the eagle.

To sum up:—

"After all, there is such a thing as Providence."

"Providence," says the Scots proverb, "takes

care of bairns and drunk folk." Children, of course, of all ages have been and will ever be under the protecting hand of the Deity—

> "Who sees, with equal eye, as God of all,
> A hero perish or a sparrow fall."

But drunk folk—— We would say, as a general remark on this proverb, that Providence does nothing of the sort; for though it rains on the just and the unjust, it does not mix up the innocent and the guilty in this promiscuous manner. Providence as a rule, children and sick persons excepted, helps only those who help themselves, specially all rational beings who take ordinary precautions on hills, Scotch or Indian.

To all tourists the Good Genius which Macaulay invoked, and for the existence of which he did not need to draw on his Indian experience, comes down with a peculiar blessing, which, O reader, may be thine :—

> "Thine when around thy litter's track all day
> White sand-hills shall reflect the blinding glare;
> Thine when through forests breathing death, thy way
> All night shall wind by many a tiger's lair."

BOMBAY HARBOUR.

thing it was of the rudest fashion, an exhibition of mere strength. If you wish to see what uncultivated men with brute force at their command can do, you will come here; and if you wish to see what science in architecture and a settled Government can do where men have a thought above themselves, however bad they may otherwise be, you will go to Ahmedabad.

Kolaba is an island, about half a mile long, covered by a great stronghold of the Angrias, now mostly in ruins. But the ground must have altered, as it is impossible to conceive a more unsuitable place for a harbour and dock. There is a mosque and a tank which is green and slimy, and walls built up of huge boulders with which this part of the seashore abounds. At high tide it is surrounded by water, and when the tide comes in it swirls round the miniature isthmus with much sound and fury, threatening to engulf you and your tony. But it is a mere make-believe, like everything about it, as Kolaba is now toothless, and grins through its eyeless sockets upon a great sea covered with the peaceful commerce of nations.

You land upon rocks about the size of tramway cars, covered with sea weed and encrusted here and there with white shell-fish, as slippery, as treacherous, and as lethal to life and limb as

ever the Angrias were. Thorns and quick-set stuff devour its interior, and its half-buried cannon stare at you, their mouths choked with rubbish.

The tide being now out, you walk ashore amid soft sand and slime, your feet often sinking in the sludge to the ankles. Where the ground is hard it is intersected by shallow runnels of limpid sea water, across which you leap and splash, dirty and bespattered, to your bunder boat.

I had seen Chaul before. No more classic ground exists in India.

Alfonso D'Albuquerque,	1514.
Vasco Da Gama,	1524.
Francis Xavier,	1544.

These are the names of "three mighty men," and the dates, so far as they can be ascertained, of their visit to Chaul. Camoens, the greatest genius that Portugal has ever produced, has sung their praises. The poet may have seen "the lofty towers of Chale" in vision, but the priest and great sea warriors must have beheld "*Il morro di Chiul*" very much as we can see it to-day, for it is nearly in a perfect state of preservation, and its topographical aspect is unchanged.

The water battery is still there, though the bronze lion with the inscription, "None passes me but fights," has disappeared, as well as the bronze eagle on the summit of the "Tower of

Resistance," "None passes me but flies." You may still see on the highest plateau the socket, worn and indurated by many ages of use, in which was planted that flagstaff, "the mast of some great amiral," crowning the summit of the bastions of Korli, and which bore aloft the standard which told the world of the proud dominion of Portugal by sea and land.

On every gate is inscribed the name of some saint, Philip, Peter, James, and the Apostle Xavier. Da Gama driven in here during the monsoon on his way to Goa. Xavier *en route* to Bassein. Albuquerque on his way to Aden. Does it not all look like a chapter of yesterday? You may see there also Xavier's house—his body is at Goa, but his grave was dug in Japan.

An Englishman lately, in his wanderings in Nipon, saw something sticking up, which turned out to be a great flat slab, and clearing away the long grass from it, the first thing he discovered was these two words—"Francis Xavier." "I asked," says he, "some Chinese on the spot what they knew. "Oh!" they said, "one big priest makie die there a long time since; he come from another country; but he very good man." There is a stone in the museum of the Asiatic Society in Bombay brought from Chaul, on which

is an inscription in Portuguese, of which we give a translation:—"Consecrated to Eternity. D. Joao IV. King of Portugal in the Cortes which he assembled in the year 1646, made tributory himself and his kingdom with an annual pension to the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin Lady, and under a public oath promised to defend that the same Lady the elect Patroness of the Empire has been preserved from the stain of Original Sin. In order that Portuguese Piety should last he commanded to carve this perpetual memento on this stone in the 15th year of his reign and the year of Christ 1655. This work was done in the year 1656." But in case we drift into the History of Doctrines, we return to Bombay Harbour and take a view of the Prongs.

Until the new lighthouse was erected this was a fatal place for vessels to be sucked in or driven on the rocks, notably one, the Castlereagh, where 184 people perished. You can walk from the mainland at low tide four days before full moon and four days after to the Prongs Lighthouse; but you must not linger too long with the keeper, or you will be isolated for twelve hours. It is a very much longer journey than you imagine, and picking your steps and wriggling from one smooth and wet stone to another render it infinitely trouble-

some. If any man walk from the Fort to the Prongs Lighthouse and back within five hours, he will perform a feat that deserves to be recorded.

The old Colaba Lighthouse has a history, but it is very little known. Parsons in 1771 notices it. The first storey seems much older than the upper ones and may be Portuguese, and built for a watch-tower by day and to hold a watch-fire by night. Our Colaba is a curious place, having a light-house without a light and since the Extramural Act, a burial-ground without a burial. Some people, notably Murray's Guide, fancy there is always a great noise as of Bedlam about this spot, but I am sure a buggywalla will make more noise haggling for his fare than all these irrational creatures in the Asylum. Sometimes, at midnight, even when the moon is at the full, it seems as if the wand of a magician had passed over the whole place. He giveth his beloved sleep, and there is not a sound to break the silence except the cry of some sea bird.

When Du Perron was in Bombay in 1761, he notices that one of the Councillors had a country house here, where he gave afternoon tea. It was, no doubt, on the site of Morley Hall, now the Gymnasium. Bathing is now made easy at Colaba, but in former times at the Point it was

a matter of some difficulty to catch the water at a sufficient depth in those screened enclosures of the fishermen. Once afloat in the water it was pleasant enough to lie and watch the first segment of the sun making its appearance above the horizon. While thus cruising partly on land and partly on water we may as well notice, in the distribution of the two elements, a resemblance between Bombay and Alexandria. That it is not altogether fanciful any one may judge for himself by placing plans of the two cities before him. You see in each case a double-pronged promontory running out to the sea, with a shallow and useless haven on the one side, and a great harbour on the other side, that could shelter, if need be, the navies of the world. Such is the topography of these two great maritime cities, and a closer inspection will find out several other points of resemblance which have been noticed in Alexandria* by Bombay people, though we have never heard who was the Alexander who first pointed out the site of Bombay. Are not the barren rocks round Cæsar's Camp and the shifting sands of Mareotis and the Lybian desert a poor apology for our noble background of everlasting hills?

I am glad the authorities have long since

* The plan of Alexandria in ancient times was likened to a Macedonian cloak, which in its turn is like a Mexican Poncho.

ceased to call Colaba "Old Woman's Island."* We have ugly names enough in Bombay without having this one inflicted on us. We have Back Bay, Apollo Street, Hog and Butcher and Gibbet Islands, with Kennedy Sea Face and other monstrosities; and I am sure the name of that new health resort which was being extemporised the other day near Lanowli will be the death of it unless it is changed, and that it will be a long time before Matheran with its fine name is superseded by the new comer.

If we were asked to cite the man who has played the most conspicuous part in Bombay Harbour during the olden time, we should say Commodore William James, he who knocked Severndroog to pieces and endeavoured to pull Sterne the novelist together—a fruitless labour on his part. For twelve years, 1747 to 1759, he was perpetually in or about the Bombay Harbour, looking out either for squalls or for pirates, exercising his talents and laying the foundation of that great fortune which culminated in the Chairmanship of the East India Company.

There is in Surat a mausoleum, with door and lock, wherein all that remains of Brabazon Ellis lies entombed, and over him a slab of black

* Grose makes a curious mistake from the pronunciation no doubt: he calls it *Coal Harbour!*

jasper on which is engraven his encomium. While standing here lately my eye alighted upon a marble tablet inserted in the wall to the memory of Frances, wife of Commodore James, who died in 1756. This was not the Lady James of Sterne's annals, but a previous wife. Frances had a romantic history. When James was a young sailor he frequented a public house in Wapping under the sign of the Red Cow. She was the pretty barmaid. He married her, and brought her out, poor thing, to the bagwigs and furbelows of Surat, and she died there in the year that witnessed his greatest success—the capture of Severndroog.

But we are off to Butchers Island. We observe Niebuhr calls it by this name, and so does Hamilton, who goes back to within twenty years of our occupation of Bombay, and he adds that it is used for grazing cattle. If they killed them there the fact may account for its name. Butchers Island is a kind of microcosm, for there is everything in it except a church and a hôtel. There is a pier, a railway, a manufactory of destructibles, and a graveyard where every turf beneath your feet has been a soldier's sepulchre. There are he-goats and she-goats, and innumerable swallows which darken the air on flit overhead

like mosquitoes in a sunbeam. There are the biggest banian trees to be seen anywhere in the neighbourhood of Bombay. There is long grass, now lying in swathes, but which during the monsoon will overtop your head. There are many snakes on the island, but it was not a good day for snakes when we were there. There is a fort a kind of martello tower, the round nucleus no doubt built by the Portuguese, and buttressed afterwards by the Anglo-Saxons. Elephanta had once a fort also. Butchers Island was formerly a sanitarium of the Indian Navy; it is now considered unhealthy, but for what reason we are at a loss to conceive.

We run over to Hog Island. At a distance, across the water, the pillars of the Hydraulic Lift look by all the world like the pillars of the great Temple of the Sun at Balbek. I see that I am accredited in the *Bombay Gazetteer* with the statement that it was so called because ships were careened or hogged there. This will do until some better reason is given. The Hydraulic Lift does not enhance this view of the subject, and I await with patience the resumption of the careening business, so that the truth of this theory may be substantiated, as from present appearances the said interpretation of the name of Hog

Island is rather at a discount. We must therefore either change the name or resume business.

I did not like Uran. There is too great a smell of drink there. Distilleries abound; and it is possible to have too much of alcohol. By driving two miles in a bullock gharry you can get quit of it, and breathe freely in the Collector's bungalow, which stands on a woody knoll that commands a most striking view of all our Bombay neighbourhood. We can here see ourselves as others see us. The approach to this bungalow is unequalled in Western India, for it is through an avenue of *Adansonia Digitata*, the baobab tree of Africa or monkey bread-fruit tree, out of the fruit of which the fishermen of our western coasts make their floats. But I never think of them without remembering the big trees at Bijapur, under which the victims of that power in ancient days were decapitated. Their trunks are formed like a cone, and their branches are abortions that end in nothing but a few green leaves. Formerly they were the old Parrs of the Eastern forest, and were said to live a thousand years—a fact deduced from the annual rings in the trunk. But science has demonstrated that the annual deposits of cellular tissue do not apply to a few trees, and this is one of them; so

Digitata is now shorn of its hoary antiquity, and nobody will insure its life on these old lines. It is called *Imla* in Western India, and I had a theory that the Hubshis had brought it with them from Africa, but I now find that Khorassan claims it from Africa before the Dekhan had it.

It is some distance to Bassein. The finest view of Bassein is from the railway bridge which spans the creek. In the grey of the morning, when the train slows after thundering down from Guzerat over the "sleeping shires" while it crosses the viaduct, if the traveller has time to look from the carriage window he will see a landscape that will repay him for the miseries of a restless night. I am not quite sure but that it is even better than a personal inspection of the ruins, for after trudging up the muddy beach there is much breaking of shins over stones in dismal churches and charnel houses. The grey and sombre towers and arches of Bassein are then seen to stand out finely among the palm woods a mile or two across the water, and are positively lovely when touched up with that warmth of colouring which the first rays of the sun always impart to an Indian scene. But not all of Bassein except her sun is set, for the sea and the sky and the palm groves are as brilliant

and picturesque as they ever were to the eyes of Xavier or Almeida.

To Sion Fort in the north end of the Island of Bombay is an afternoon trip by rail. The ground, as one can see from the carriage window, rises in a ridge, on which is visible the Catholic Church, and on an outlying knob a watch-tower, in a corner of which has lived for many years a witch who, in this age of enlightenment, professes to *spae* fortunes or otherwise diagnose the future. If she had predicted the fate of Sion Fort, which is now, in this month of March, 1884, being consummated before our eyes, she would have been a remarkably clever woman, and have saved us the trouble of comment. Here is a picturesque old fort. You cannot see it from the station, but it is discernible far and near, by land and by sea, crowning with its battlements this projecting woody ridge of Bombay Island—a fort interwoven with our earliest history and almost coeval with the arrival of the English race in this quarter, now being levelled with the dust. The fiat has gone forth, and already the work of demolition has commenced, for the iconoclasts are at their work tearing down in fury what their genius will never be able to put together again. A more wanton piece of aggression we never

knew, for Sion Fort was not injuring anybody, and there are hundreds of acres in its immediate neighbourhood—an ample space—unappropriated by anything except toddy trees and cactus hedges, on which to build a leper hospital. Are eligible sites so very scarce in our neighbourhood that this choice one should be pounced upon for a receptacle of the most loathsome disease that oppresses humanity? What need we care? No doubt. But there are people to come after us, to whom also the grace of God will be given and an eye to measure the picturesque and the beautiful: for wisdom will not die with us. The pickaxe and the basket are at their work, the stones from keep and bartizan are rolling down, burying our sixteen pounders in their *dèbris* at the bottom of the valley, and Sion—you may walk about it, but you will no longer be able to tell its towers or mark its bulwarks—will soon be a desolation.*

Bombay Islands. For the following we are indebted to the courtesy of Captain Morland:—

English Name.	*Native Name.*	*Meaning.*
Butchers Island.....	Divdiva.....	Light.
Crow or Gibbet Island	Chimal Talkrie.	A little hill.
Elephanta	Gharapoorie ..	City of Excavation.
Green Island	Nama Devi ...	Name of a goddess.
Gull Island.....	Chaul Khavah.	A place for eating rice.
Hog Island	Nowa Sheva ..	New frontier.
Henery	Vondari	An island like a mouse.
Kenery	Khundari.....	A place for Idol Khundaroa.
Middle ground	Sala muttah ...	To keep safely; to preserve.
Oyster Rock	Kassa.....	Resembling a turtle.

We conclude with the words of one who had a

* The schome of converting Sion Fort into an hospital, we believe, has been abandoned.

fine eye for the picturesque, the late Dr. Norman. Macleod:—"The Islands of Bombay, as they unfold themselves, with their masses of verdure, and the bays and the vanishings of the sea into distant river-like reaches, lost in a soft, bright haze, above which singular hills rounded, obelisked, terraced, lift themselves, all combine to form a complete picture, framed by the gleaming blue sea below and the cloudless sky above, full of intense heat and light of burnished brightness. Beyond, the ships and masts, white houses among trees, and here and there a steeple indicating the long line of the Colaba Point, tell us where the famous city of Bombay lies with its worshippers of fire and of fine gold."

ANGLO-INDIAN GHOSTS.

CHAPTER XII.

ANGLO-INDIAN GHOSTS.

We are not going to argue whether there are ghosts or not, for there are ghosts indubitably to people who believe in them.

What amount of tyranny they exercised on our forefathers will never be known; and if known, would not be believed. You have only to read carefully Forbes' Oriental Memoirs to get an inkling of what was believed and what he, a commonsense man, believed himself.

Bombay was indeed once full of astrology and divination, and witches were publicly whipped at our Cathedral door, but a good deal of the fabric of this old superstition came down with the ramparts. When they fell, great was the fall thereof.

The ghosts themselves lingered indeed long after this, but they were mere attenuated shadows —if ghosts have shadows—and not those astute

and pretentious beings they were in Hornby's time, when astrology could alter the day of the East India Company's sale, dictate to a Governor the time of his departure, or direct a General's action in the field.

The business of the ghost proper in former times seems to have been, among other things, to convey news of a person's decease to his friends in England.

Having come into existence before the movements of the heavenly bodies were known, the ghosts proceeded on the old lines, that the earth was a flat surface which the sun lightened up simultaneously.

The ghosts in this respect were out of their reckoning, for we now knew that nine o'clock here is not nine o'clock in England; but so anxious was the *wraith* to communicate the news that not only was this forgotten, but, as we shall see farther on, the ghost was sometimes in such a hurry running off with the news, before the breath left the individual, that occasionally the patient cheated both ghost and doctor, by surviving many years afterwards.

The utility of these ghostly exhibitions has been altogether superseded by the introduction of the electric telegraph. Fed and nourished by

the nervous excitement about friends in far-off countries, from whom they were separated by stormy oceans and arid deserts, the devotees of this religion—for it was a religion—gave up their belief as soon as it was found possible to communicate with individuals instantaneously on the other side of the world. The truth is the electric telegraph has flashed this class of spirits out of existence. And in corroboration of this statement we venture to say that since the introduction of the system in 1865, not one case of the kind represented by our illustrations has been put on record or appeared in the public prints.

The first message that reached Bombay from Europe was in March, 1865. It declared that peace had been proclaimed between the North and South States of America. The word peace, borne on angel's wings to the shepherds of Bethlehem, and bequeathed to mankind by the Saviour himself, was the first word that was flashed from Europe to India.*

Now for our illustrations.

The earnestness, sincerity, and simplicity with which Lord Brougham details the story of an Indian ghost disarm criticism. One can almost see the twitching of his nose, for it had a carti-

* No doubt some wicked person will say that this telegram produced anything but peace and good-will to men within our city.

laginous movement of its own, as in one of those great orations of his where he carried everything before him by storm. For you there is left nothing but absolute belief.

Ghost or no ghost, Brougham saw it. That Brougham's most intimate friend was a fellow-student in Edinburgh; that they discussed great questions on the immortality of the soul; that they finally resolved to sign a bond that the one who died first should come back and solve the doubts of his living brother; that a bond to this effect was written out and signed with their own blood; that they parted company never to meet again on earth, his friend to an appointment in the Indian Civil Service, Brougham to work out that marvellous career with which we all are so familiar; that several years afterwards Brougham, travelling in Norway, arrived at an inn towards midnight, cold, hungry, and exhausted; that he had just been in a hot bath, when looking at the chair on which he had deposited his clothes, he saw sitting in it his friend, about whom he had not previously been thinking; that the face looked calmly at him; that he stumbled out of his bath, how he did so he could not tell, and fell on the floor, when the apparition disappeared; that this was on the 19th December,

1799, on which date he made the record; that on his arrival in Edinburgh some months after he found that his friend in India had died on the very day on which he had seen his presentment; and that sixty years afterwards Brougham records that all this is true and of verity. All these details are given in his autobiography.

We only add that Brougham believed in the immortality of the soul, but on higher grounds than that furnished by this narration.

The interest of the next story is increased by a conversation with the ghost, for with this exception and another most important one, the narrative of Henry Salt's ghost runs in almost parallel lines with the foregoing. Salt had been twice in Bombay, once in 1805, and again in 1810 for several months, visiting all sorts of places, principally in our Buddhist Terra Santa, climbing up into the eyries among the caves of Kanheri, and diving down into the depths of the subterranean Jogeshwari. He too had a friend, Halls, who ultimately became his biographer. They had their doubts, and they resolved to settle them in exactly the same manner, and a bond was signed.* The year is 1819: Halls is in

* It is hereby mutually promised by the undersigned that in the case of the death of either of the parties the spirit of the deceased one shall, if permitted, visit the survivor, and relate what he may be able to impart of his situation. (Sd.) J. J. Halls; Henry Salt.

England, Salt Consul General in Egypt. It is Halls that now speaks :—

"I fancied that I was lying awake in my bedroom. It was broad daylight. A figure glided into the room and withdrew the curtains, and Salt stood before me. He took my hand in his, which felt cold and lifeless, and looked earnestly in my face. His countenance was calm and appeared deadly pale, but had an unearthly look about it. 'Salt, you are not among the living,' said I. He shook his head. 'I have come according to promise.' 'How is it with you?' 'Better than might have been expected.' And the vision disappeared."

Here too the date, the 5th of May, was noted, when it was found that Salt had been dangerously ill. He was in fact better than might have been expected, and lived eight years afterwards.

Our next is a tale of the Indian Mutiny and is related by Andrew Lang, in the last edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. It happened to a lady, a distant relative of the writer, to waken one morning in Edinburgh, and, as she thought, she saw her father standing by her bed-side. He was dressed in full uniform as a General in the East India Company's army, and seemed to her to press his hand on his side, with a look of pain,

and then to disappear. The lady mentioned what she supposed she had seen to the clergyman with whom she was residing. He took a note of the date of the occurrence, which happened in a time, as was supposed, of profound peace. The next news from India brought tidings of the Mutiny, and that the lady's father had gone out in full uniform to address his native troops and had been shot down by them.

In Calcutta a ghost walked into the Chamber where Warren Hastings and his Council were sitting, as Tom Killigrew did with Charles II. It (that is, the ghost) wore a stove-pipe hat, and though it immediately vanished into thin air, it was remembered months after, when Calcutta was full of such hats, that this must have been an *avant courier* that dauntless stood and high, clothed in the head-gear of the next generation, long ere the first of the black hats had arrived from Europe.

With what vagaries do ghosts disport themselves!

But we must now come nearer our own Presidency. And here the *ego* creeps in, sleeping on the high ground yclept Rosa, above Ellora, in one of those spacious and beautiful Mussul-

man tombs which must have cost a lakh of rupees.

I was awoke at midnight by a dull thud or defeaned knock, knock, at apparently fixed intervals, as of some avenging spirit, possibly that of him who slept under me, who had business to do, and nevertheless was in no great hurry to do it. The moon stole through the delicate arabesque tracery in the windows, casting its wondrous ashy light on the marble sarcophagus on which I lay and in flaky sheets on the pavement all around. Who art thou? Determined to find out, I strode forward and opening cautiously the ponderous gate I emerged from the tomb quite the reverse of the condition of the demoniacs in the New Testament. The mystery was solved. The great spiked door had a lock and chain, the links of which, swaying to and fro, dangled in the wind and produced the unearthly concussion. This was very near being a ghost.

Western India is full of places suitable for ghosts. Need I name them? Ahmedabad, Bejapore, and many a ruined fort, grim, hoar, and full of legends of crime and blood.

Surat ought to be a good place for ghosts in the dark half of the moon. No thin or shadowy sprites or fays could find a fit resting-place among

her Brobdignagian tombs. Mr. Bellasis, C.S., 1861, gives a good account of these tombs. His father was long in Bombay, and about the beginning of this century it was his habit to drive from his house in Breach Candy to the Fort in a bullock gharry. Geo. Hutchins Bellasis, author of Views of St. Helena, 1815, apparently a brother, Price says of him "son of the late General Bellasis of the Bombay Artillery, and grandson of the historian of Dorsetshire."—*Price's Memorials*, 1839.

> Hop, Mop, and Drap so clear,
> Pip, and Trip, and Skip that were
> To Mab their sovereign dear,
> Her special maids of honour.

All such small fry of fairy mythology the reader my safely consign to the sunny and grassy slopes of Matheran, for they could not hold their own with the strong and lusty spirits of antiquity we might meet with in Surat. John Spencer as he stood stern and immaculate before the rising fate and fortunes of Clive. Vaux, with the traitor's brand on his lips, (of course) a spirit from the depths of Swally. Coryat in pilgrim's garb drinking the bluid-red wine. Begarra twirling his moustachios. Sivaji something like "a kingly crown" had on.

And then the Tapti, rolling down in full flood,

cruel as death, insatiate as the grave, like the weird pandemonium of the Jacobite ballad—

"Where Whigs poured in like Nith in spate"—

must be full to the brim of brownies, banshees, and water kelpies under equally uncouth names.

Even in broad daylight, with the sun shining brightly, and the sound of the pigeons echoing their mournful croon, up those big trees that cast their mighty shadows over Hope's bungalow, our drowsy intelligence would suffer no eclipse if the ghosts of Eliza Draper and Commodore James* (no Daniel come to judgment) should appear tripping up the stairs with an eighteenth century curtsey from the shades of the past.

"Notably gay, a lady gay was she,
For Oh! her mantle was made of silk, and it hung right daintily."

We will now speak of the Dapoorie ghost, and for an account of this apparition we are indebted to Sir Bartle Frere. I don't like the place much myself. An old decaying mansion, its unfed sides and windowed raggedness stare you in the face. A broken flower-pot, and in it the last rose of summer. A river black, silent, and sluggish, flowing imperceptibly amid green slime,

* James Forbes became the grandfather of an eminent French statesman, the Count Montalembert. Commodore James's grandaughter married in 1821, August, Jules Armand Marie, Prince de Polignac, Minister of Charles the Tenth.

in which the coil of a loathsome water snake as thick as your wrist deftly disappears at the sound of your footsteps on the gravel. This seems just the place at midnight for unearthly creatures to roam in, and where, if you did not hear the rustling of silk or the clanking of chains, you could soon invent these sounds by the sheer force of listening for them, and the power of your own imagination.

The ghost that appeared here, and it may still do so, is stated to be that of Mountstuart Elphinstone,* and by its protean shapes and defiance of the rules of Pythagoras it does wonderful homage to the versatility of this great man's character.

Mounty puts in an appearance as a dog, cat,† goat, or jackal.

This is a distinct manifestation of genius, for the capacity of this spirit seems boundless and can assume any form it pleases.

The jackal seems awkward, as he might be run down by the very Poona Hunt of which he was a

* Sir Robert Grant, Governor of Bombay, died at Dapoorie, 9th July, 1838, and the fact suggests to us that it must be his ghost. Proof is unavailable, however, on this shadowy subject, nor does it very much matter whose ghost it is.

† Their spirits transmigrated to a cat
And now above the pool a face right fat
With great grey eyes, it lifted up and mewed.
Thrice did it spit. . . .
They cried out Puss. He told them he was Banks.
That had so often showed them merry Pranks.

—*Ben Jonson on the famous Voyage.*

member, with the cry of "Do ye ken John Peel in the morning?"

Sir Bartle merely heard of it by accident, but for many years and during successive administrations the sentries on duty had passed on the word from one to another that when the ghost appeared the sentry for the night was to present arms. This apparition is purely a creation of the native mind.

Of Colonel Wallace's ghost at Siroor we speak with respect, as the Colonel is much revered for his long and eminent services in the Dekkan. This is rather a peculiar ghost, a kind of stormy petrel in its way, that fights shy of a good time coming, and gets restless and uneasy on the eve of impending famine or pestilence or indeed any great calamity.

It is then that, like the sea, it cannot be quiet, and the natives gather themselves together and do pooja at his tomb to propitiate the ghost, and so avert the plagues that are likely to fall on man or beast. The Poona Horse are not oblivious of the existence of this ghost, by reason of their long residence in that vicinity.* It is idle for us to say that this worship at his tomb is gross superstition. We all know that it is so. At the

* Col. Latouche tells us that this ghost disappeared with the advent of the American Missionaries.

same time, this custom only obtains with those who have been kind and considerate to the natives. Sir Thomas Munro at Madras and Albuquerque on the Malabar Coast are instances —not forgetting the marble statue of the Marquis of Cornwallis in our own city, which often receives a votive offering of flowers.

Some years ago a most persistent ghost made its appearance at the Mint and near the ramparts of the Bombay Castle. The sentries on duty got quite accustomed to it, but a new man said with an oath, "If I see that ghost I shall shoot myself." And shoot himself he did, and there was an inquest on the body. Exchange was then 1/6.*

But we must now bring this worthless and unprofitable investigation to a close. Bombay is not a good place for ghosts. There is too much activity, too many people, and too great an amount of gas and electric light. Ghosts can only thrive on a substratum of solitude and darkness, and require credence in their manufacture, and can never flourish in an age when men dis-

* In Malcolm's time a grand Durbar was held by Scindia; some thousands had assembled under a *shamiana*. During an interval in the proceedings a crow flew in at one side over the heads of the people, and out at the other. All eyes were turned on Scindia for an explanation of this piece of bad luck. Scindia, "You need not look to me; it cannot refer to me, as my fortunes are already at the lowest ebb."

believe everything, and this includes a good deal that people ought to believe. In the place where we are just now ghosts could not exist. There is no cover for them, otherwise we should not object to meet with, for example, that of Governor Duncan, the reality itself in 1805, depicted by Colonel Welsh, being that of a wee, wee man in white-silk stockings, coloured breeches, and brown coat, his hair dressed and powdered after the fashion of 1780. This would make a capital ghost. Or what do you think of old Wedderburn at the Financial Bureau, Forjett in the Detective Department of the Police, Henry Martyn in the Cathedral, or the voice of the great Arthur himself crying in the wilderness of Wanowrie?

You may call these spirits from the vasty deep, but the question is, will they come?

ELEPHANTA.

CHAPTER XIII.

ELEPHANTA.

I NEVER think of Elephanta without recollecting the story of a young American who wrote "A Boy's Travels Round the World." When in Bombay he took his grandmother to Elephanta. In those days there was no pier, and you landed from the bunder-boat in a tony. The tony capsized, leaving youth in the prow and grandmother, not at the helm, but in the waves, which were fortunately not big. With the calm and unimpassioned countenance of his race, this young man sung out, "Grandmother, have you touched land yet?" "No," says she, "it's only mud,"

as she hung on by the edge of the tony, bobbing up and down, in four feet of water. But we are off.

As we leave the Apollo-bunder and look behind us we are reminded of the words in the old Gazetteer: "Bombay is a low-lying place," but you must not emphasize the words, or you will run into inevitable mendacity. It is high tide, and we seem almost to stand on tip-toe to get a look at it, or, like Milton's sun, "pillow our chin upon an Orient wave." Visions of Pydhony and the feet-washing there in olden days (for our readers will recollect that at high tide a great portion of the Native Town is under sea level) come across us; so the proverbial tidal wave would make short work of it. So, no doubt, would an earthquake. But there have been no earthquakes in Bombay during the historic period, as Dr. Wilson informed us, and we believe him, albeit we read under date of Bombay 27th May, 1648, of "a hellish hurricane so called by Portuguese writers, accompanied by an earthquake." The earthquake at Matheran some ten years since was a very juvenile effort, as it merely rumbled under the beds of the sleepers, though it shook tentpoles at Tanna as it passed away. The view of the *cloacæ maximæ* of Bombay, as they disgorge

themselves into the sea, carrying towards us a loud perfume, is not inspiriting in the early morning. Yes; "Bombay, thy towers gleam bright across the dark blue sea," but your drains are malodorous. I am afraid you cannot drain the most of Bombay owing to its low level; but not being an engineer, I must not dogmatise on this subject, or even advocate dry sewerage. Will not the sea refuse to have your offal on any terms, and spue it out again on the littoral? This is a question that any man may ask, and a great variety of answers will be given to it. But whatever the answers, the interests of the city demand that a large and comprehensive system, &c., &c.,—you know the rest. In Venice they say the earth is the mother of death, so they try to shut it out wherever they can, with bolts and bars and flag-stones hermetically sealed together, so as to defy the emission of all pestilential gases. Sir Bartle Frere thought that Trombay, from its hilly nature, was a proper site for a city. And so it had been found out before, for we read that about the ninth century of our era, the period of the excavation of Elephanta, the city of Chimul or Seymour with a great population had its site here.

We may now take a look at Bombay Castle

from the sea.* Every time we see it, its surroundings become more piebald and amorphous. A huge dyke of rubble now runs along one of the curtains, and shuts out the daylight. We are assured, however, by the highest authority that no sacrilegious hand shall ever touch the main building, which is so interwoven with our domestic history that it seems meet that it should remain until the prophecy of Mugdooree Sahib be fulfilled and Bombay be no more.†

* Hamilton's Account of the East Indies, chapter xx., page 349:—Two leagues from the Castle is a small island belonging to the Company, called Butchers' Island; it is of no use, besides hauling ships ashore to clean, and grazing a few cattle. And a league from thence is another larger called Elephanta, belonging to the Portuguese, and serves only to feed cattle. I believe it took its name from an elephant carved out of a great black stone, about seven foot in height. It is so like a living elephant that at two hundred yards' distance a sharp eye might be deceived by the similitude. A little way from that stands a horse cut out of a stone, but not so proportionable or well-shaped as the elephant. There is a pretty high mountain stands in the middle of the island, shaped like a blunt pyramid, and about the half of the way to the top is a large cave that has two large inlets which serve both for passage into it and light. The mountain above it rests on large pillars hewn out of a solid rock, pillars curiously carved. Some have the figures of men about eight feet high in several postures, but exceedingly well-proportioned and cut. There is one that has a giant with four heads joined, and their faces looking from each other. He is in a sitting posture, with his legs and feet under his body. His right hand is above twenty inches long. There are several dark rooms hewn out of the rock, and a spring of sweet water comes out of one room and runs through the cave out of one of the inlets. I fired a fusee into one of the rooms, but I never heard cannon or thunder make such a dreadful noise, which continued about half a minute, and the mountain seemed to shake. As soon as the noise was over, a large serpent appeared, which made us take to our heels, and got out of the cave at one door, and he in great haste went out at the other. I judge him about 15 feet long and two foot about. And these were all that I saw worth observation in that Island.

† "The name of the celebrated person thus enshrined was Magdooree Sahob, a devotee, who added the gift of prophecy to his other high qualifications, and amongst other things has predicted that when the town shall join the wood Bombay shall be no more. The accomplishment of what in his days must have appeared very unlikely ever to take place—namely, the junction of inhabited dwellings with the trees of Mahim—seems to be in rapid course of fulfilment; the land

The islands of Bombay Harbour are now before us, and they have a history, and a very pleasing one it is. From the earliest times that England had anything to do with these islands she made them, not a battle-ground, but the scenes of scientific investigation and pleasure excursion. No blood has been shed on any of these islands. A few pirates on Gibbet Island were hanged for murder, and a number of Chinese desperadoes suffered in a like manner some five-and-twenty years ago on the Island of Elephanta.

Salsette was a kind of happy hunting-ground. Every year, about Christmas, Du Perron tells us in 1761, the Governor went there for a few days with a large pleasure party to hunt the tiger. This beast, which now seems extinct in Salsette, was not uncommon in the last century, and even in this. Some time in November, 1829, a tiger landed in Mazagon, having swam from the opposite shore, and was killed in Mr. Henshaw's garden, where it had taken refuge; and within the memory of man a tiger was knocked on the

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has been drained, many portions formerly impassable filled up and rendered solid ground, while the houses are extending so fast that the Burra Bazaar will in no very long period in all probability extend to Mahim. Those who attach some faith to the prophecy, yet are unwilling to believe that evil and not good will befall the "rising Presidency," are of opinion that some change of name will take place when it shall be made the seat of the Supreme Government: thus the saint's credit will be saved, and no misfortune happen to the good town of Bombay." *Roberts' Overland Journey*, 1841.

head while swimming in Bombay Harbour. A traveller (was it Silk Buckingham ?) in Salsette was suddenly surprised by his palkee being dropped and the coolies bolting. The palkee was closed, and he soon felt outside the *jhilmils* something of a *fee-faw-fum* character. Stripes was wide awake, and the coolies, up a tree, were wide awake also. He didn't sleep much himself that night, I tell you.

Niebuhr went three times to Elephanta when he was here in 1764,* but the most formidable party was in 1812. Basil Hall, William Erskine, Mr. and Mrs. Ashburner, and several other ladies and gentlemen, with camp requisites, protracted their picnic for ten days, and we do not read that time hung heavy on their hands, or that they dined up a tree with Robinson Crusoe.

In 1850 sounds of wassail were heard at many oyster feasts (that was what they called them then) in Uran and Karanja. Sometimes there was danger from pirates. In 1718 Alexander

* Carsten Niebuhr was the father of the historian. Here is what the greatest authority on Modern Arabia says of him, being William Gifford Palgrave's dedication of his book on Central and Eastern Arabia—

To the memory
of
CARSTEN NIEBUHR
in honor of that
intelligence and courage which first opened Arabia to Europe,
I respectfully dedicate
the results of a journey
itself inspired by that great memory.

Hamilton, the skipper, fired a gun in one of the caves, and a serpent fifteen feet long gave him chase. Sometimes death came suddenly enough. Forbes was precipitated from the ruins of Mont Pezir. Wales, whose daughter married Sir Charles Malet, died while taking sketches of the caves in Salsette; and Jacquemont caught malaria while botanising there, and died thereof in the Marine Lines.

But hush! we are now at the portals of Elephanta. The elephant from which it took its name (among Europeans only, however,) is now doing duty in Bombay as a rockery. There was a stone horse also here, partly statue, as you may see in an old picture of Pyke's in the *Archæologia*. The body of the horse a statue, the legs *alto relievo*, but both hewn out of the solid rock. The question may now be asked, who made Elephanta? But the oracle is dumb, as the stone on which it is presumed that all this was inscribed was sent to the king of Portugal by his Viceroy as far back as 1650. We need not very much regret it, as there is every probability it recorded the fact that it was the gift of a merchant, some millionaire of Sopara, or Chimul in adjacent Trombay. A merchant? Why not? Didn't merchants construct most of the Kanheri

caves, as we learn from the *Bombay Gazetteer*, from inscriptions which have been lately deciphered, and so do we not find them gifting away similar works at Nassick, yea even on the Nana Ghaut itself? The same holds good in Syria and Ephesus, where vast ruins of magnificent buildings still attest the munificence of the mercantile body. I dare not speculate on this subject, though I have a strong belief that the Colossus of Trimurti itself represents the profits of transactions in the gum, silk, or frankincence of India, and other staples which made Sir George Birdwood declare the trade of these parts was like that of the Babylon of the Revelations. In Bombay it was a merchant who founded our greatest school, another merchant our greatest hospital; and our oldest and most historic Church or Cathedral was erected by a company of merchants. So that we have the incontestable proofs before our eyes that charity never faileth—never faileth, though the tongues and prophets of the Brahmanical Confederacy A.D. 800, of which Elephanta is the symbol, have long since vanished away.

I hear many people now-a-days declare that Elephanta is an imposture. The imposition is that which they have practiced on themselves; for the same thing, when people are buoyed up

with false expectations, may be said of the Pyramids, Pompei, nay even of Rome itself. One thing is quite clear; if we are to believe all we hear, we will soon have no Elephanta at all. The water which percolates into chinks and crevices silently works day and night and year after year, and is rapidly disintegrating it, and bit by bit Elephanta will soon go to pieces, like the stone elephant which gave to it its name. Nay more, we are told that this is sufficient to account for all its decay, and that Portuguese iconoclasts and English seamen did it no violence whatever. It is a curious thing that in Ahmedabad, where the Portuguese never were, you will find as fresh and fair as the day they left the workman's hands, carving and tracery, down to the ground, against which the blind beggar leans, which were executed before Columbus had discovered America. It is, no doubt, a harder stone than that of Elephanta. Still the preservation of such delicate work is a perfect marvel; and I suppose that the buildings there are more exposed to be knocked about than in any other city in the world, many of them having no protection or fence of any kind whatever. Certainly people there are as little destructive as in any place of the globe. Something, too, may be set down

to the lighter rainfall, as this district has not the violence of the monsoon to contend with.

When Anquetil du Perron was in Elephanta in 1761, he did not know that he was standing in a Brahman temple. He did not know that he was in a Buddhist one at Karli, knowledge which a few lessons may now give to every schoolboy. Altogether our knowledge of India has been very much a progressive science. There was published in Berlin in 1786* by Jean Bernoulli, a great work which exhibits to us in 1884 the most exact information which was then available in Europe on the subject of India. It was the joint production of three master minds who had made India their study, and they had all lived many years in the country. This book contains only one line on Elephanta. The map of Rennell in it may still be said to be the backbone of our geographical knowledge of India, for all after information of this kind has only clustered round it. Will it be believed, then, that all that tract of country in the Berars east of Nagpore,

* Les Recherches Historiques et Geographiques Sur L' Inde
par
Le Père Joseph Tieffenthaller,
M. Anquetil du Perron
et
M. Jacques Rennell
Berlin, 1786.
3 vols. Quarto.

Amraoti, and Akola, and which lies b[illegible] Nerbudda and the Godavery, is a comple[illegible] and unexplored to that extent that [illegible]ennell [illegible] written across it the ominous wo[illegible]ds "Little known to Europeans," and the "[illegible]irate coast," in capitals, still dominates the Malabar Coast, south from the mouth of Bombay Harbour? It was the same with the geology, botany, and zoology of India, for of each of them might have been written "little known to Europeans." Nature was loth to give up her secrets, and from history itself it was long before the veil was lifted up; while the genii of the cave temples, like the serpent which chased Hamilton, would suffer no intrusion. In 1805 Sir James Mackintosh asks if Buddhism be a sect of Brahmanism.

In nothing, however, has the march of events made such progress as in cave literature. For a long time the caves themselves were literally overgrown with jungle and held in fee by wild beasts; and it took a much longer time to find out who made the caves than it did to make them. For two hundred years men groped about, looked up, took sketches, and went away. There are English, Dutch, French, Portuguese, Italians. Some write down their impressions; and so they come and go. But among all the train of these

[redacted] and philosophers from Europe who [redacted] the caves of Western India, not one of [redacted]m all seems to have detected the Buddhist element in the construction of any one of them, or divined what is now one of the established facts of history, that Buddhism had been once the religion of India for a period of a thousand years, and still holds in thrall 450 millions of the inhabitants of the globe. It was in vain that men interrogated the past. The history of India seemed to have been written on sand, and the successive waves of invasion had washed it all away. Everything that men could not understand was relegated to Alexander or the Egyptians; and when baffled at all points they appealed to the natives for a solution of the cave problem, they were referred to the gins, devils, and gods of their mythology, as if the Creator himself had come down with hammer and chisel to carve out Kailas, so that they might have something wonderful and beautiful to look at for their delectation. Somebody was found, no doubt, soon to make the discovery, for the tree of knowledge was growing apace, and yielding fruit which would soon be ripe and ready to be picked by the first comer. Indeed, there were two men who had almost unconsciously stumbled on the Buddhist origin of

most of the caves. In 1550 Garcia d'Orta and in 1583 Linchotten attribute their origin to the Chinese, and there is more in this than one would at first sight imagine, for China had been made Buddhist by India in the first century of our era, and all through the dark ages, as we would call them, which followed, the Chinese had a wonderful mercantile traffic with India. And though these writers did not say so, it is evident they thought that China (Buddhist) had something to do with the making of the caves.

The man who first spotted the religion of Buddha in the caves of Kanheri and Karli was Henry Salt. He came out to India with Lord Valentia, and was in Bombay the guest of Mackintosh. He visited Elephanta and Kanheri, the latter under great difficulties, the coolies having literally to cut a pathway for him through the jungle. But his genius was rewarded. On his voyage homeward, no doubt in one of the buggalows or Indian craft (such as Sir Bartle Frere came to Bombay in) of those days, on his way to Suez, happening to have with him some drawings of Ceylon by Harrington, his eye alighted upon a daghoba and a statue of Buddha in his usual sitting posture, and his mind at once reverted to Kanheri. Here was the fruit, and the hand to

pluck it. So he wrote in 1805 from Suez to the Bombay Literary Society that the Kanheri caves were Buddhist, and owed their existence to the devotees of the Buddhist religion. So in 1813, when William Erskine walks through these chambers of imagery, and dilates upon them which are Buddhist and which are Brahman, we feel that the master-key has been already put into his possession, as well as that of his meanest disciple, by Henry Salt, and though he and all of us now play with the golden coin, it was Salt who first put it in circulation and made it the standard of value on this subject for all future ages.

The career of Henry Salt after this was by no means inconspicuous. As we have said, he left Bombay, visiting Abyssinia on his way home, and on his return was sent on an embassy to the King of that country, after which he was made our first Consul-General in Egypt, where he died in the year 1827. The second time that Salt was in Bombay, he was the guest of the Governor and Mackintosh. This was in 1810, and he was then the bearer of a letter from the King of Tigre to George the Third. Tigre, as we are now becoming aware, borders on the Soudan and Basé country. Strange as it now appears to us, when Salt arrived in England there was not a man

to be found in the British dominions capable of translating that document, and almost in despair, he suggested to the Marquis of Wellesley to write to a young man in Scotland who had been editing Bruce's travels, and he at once returned him a translation of it. The letter was in Geez, the written, as Amharic is the spoken, language of Abyssinia. The young man, Alexander Murray, who thus distinguished himself had been herding sheep a few years before this. He died young—shortly after he had been appointed Professor of Oriental languages in the University of Edinburgh. Salt lies buried in an old cemetery in Alexandria (far from the modern one) near Pompey's Pillar Gate, and the spot is so obscure that you may live for years in the city and yet not see the tomb of one who added so much to our knowledge of the origin of the cave temples of Western India.

Gibbon's Decline and Fall discourses on some of the greatest religious movements of Asia, yet we do not expect to find in it any notice of Buddhism, for it exercised no manner of influence whatever on the fate of the Roman Empire. But in Robertson the Historian's Disquisition on Ancient India in 1791, where one would naturally look for some reference to it, there is not a single

allusion to Buddha or the Buddhist religion. Such being the case, this book is evidence in itself that Buddhism, as an integral portion of the history of India, was not then recognised in Europe. It is true that in his reflections on these Caves of Elephanta (he also speaks of Kanheri and Karli) Robertson remarks that it is worthy of notice that some learned Europeans have imagined that the figures sculptured within them represent the rites of a religion more ancient than that now established in Hindustan. Here it seems to us that he is on the right track, but he does not follow it up, his great intellect, as it were, groping blindfold in an unseen world. How could it, under the circumstances, be otherwise? Suppose, for example, that the Supara relics had been unearthed in these early times, *Cui bono?* There was not science, we may be sure, in the civilised world to have then rendered any intelligent account of them whatever, for with Burma, Siam, and China our acquaintance was much too circumscribed to enable us to deduce conclusions from the Buddhist religion there. Where would have been your long train of investigators, Boone, Anquetil du Perron, Niebuhr *par example,* nay even, in the next generation before Salt appears on the scene, the

illustrious trio itself, of Mackintosh, Malcolm, and Elphinstone, in the presence of these old-world memorials? So true is it that there is, even in regard to waifs like these, an eternal fitness in the ordering of things; for the decrees of Providence vindicate themselves in their discovery at a time when there is wisdom enough to comprehend their meaning, and appreciate the light they are calculated to reflect on the history of India.

Robertson makes one other remark that has something to do with the harbour of Bombay. It seems now to be recognised as an almost indubitable truth that an immense population clustered round these shores, busily engaged for many centuries prosecuting various industries and a great commerce East and West, of which Bombay is the conspicuous revival. This truth, we believe, was first elucidated by Mr. James Campbell, and it is to him we owe it, as well as the painstaking researches in the *Bombay Gazetteer*, which led him up to the conclusion; and if we now adduce the testimony of the rocks it is not to prove his position, but to show that the truth had dawned on a philosophic mind in the year 1791. Robertson's observation is worthy of more than a passing glance. He speaks of

the cave temples of Elephanta, and also of Salsette, which makes the argument all the stronger, these caves being at no great distance from each other, constituting in themselves sufficient justification of a large population under some settled form of government or other. "It is only," he says, "in States of considerable extent and long habituated to subordination, and to act with concert, that the idea of magnificent works is conceived or the power of accomplishing them can be found"—a scrap of the Philosophy of History applied to the ancient state of Bombay Harbour by one eminent in the world of letters, and who is still regarded as an authority which we accept, to the credit of the populousness of the then Bombay Islands and Archipelago.

To relieve the tedium of dry researches on Elephanta we add a story of Bombay Harbour which we borrow from the memoirs of a serving-man, Macdonald by name, a cadet of the family of Keppoch—the one solitary witness, as our readers will recollect, of the death of Sterne the novelist. There is a moral in it, but we must give the story in Macdonald's own words. It belongs to the year 1770:—"In December Commodore Sir John Lindsay arrived at Bombay, with the King's ships of war under his command.

. . . . . According to custom, at Christmas the Governor gave a dinner to all the gentlemen in the island, about two hundred and fifty, and the same on the first day of the new year, and all we English servants waited, for there were a great many in Sir John Lindsay's fleet. We all dined together, and each had two bottles of wine allowed. . . . . At this time an evil thought came into the mind of General Pimble, I believe for himself as well as for others—he wanted all the officers to wear boots on duty. It was against the caste or religion of the Gentoos officers to eat beef, or *wear their skins*, even calf or sheep. Some of the principal officers waited on the General to tell him they could not possibly comply with his order to wear boots that were made of the skins of those creatures which were entirely against their caste or religion; if they did, they would lose their caste and be deprived of the company of their relations. The General insisted that they should wear the boots, or give up their commissions. They got three days to consult with their friends, and return an answer. They put up prayers to God; and hoped that God of his goodness would not impute the sin to them or their children, but to the person who was the cause of their wearing boots of skins of those

beasts, which was entirely against their religion. The prayers were put up in the pagodas at Bombay. They told him they had determined to wear the boots according to his desire. Since, said they, God has sent you from Europe to give us disturbance concerning our religious principles and to deprive us of our friends and company, and the benefits of our religion, we will submit to God and your Excellency. So they took leave and went home. In three weeks the General was smitten with dropsy, and never recovered."

THOMAS CORYAT:
A VINDICATION.

CHAPTER XIV.

THOMAS CORYAT:

A VINDICATION.

Thy name a taunt,—thyself a scorn.

One evening, as the novelists say, in December 1617, a stranger might have been seen entering Surat by the Delhi Gate. Dressed as a Muslim Fakir his own mother would not have known him. He had a strong staff, and adopting the Eastern habit, and that of the prophets of old, he grasped it in the middle, and every step he took forward seemed to bend him to the ground. He had walked all the way from Ajmere, and was bowed down with fatigue and dysentery, a bronzed and weather-beaten man, or in Spenser's words :—

> "As he had travell'd many a summers day
> Through boiling sands of Arabie and Ynd."

He elbowed his way through a jostling crowd

of Hindoos, Muslims, Parsis, Chinese, and Dutch, and at length arrived at the English factory. After a few words of expostulation with the porter that he was a *belateewallah*, he dropped his burden at the gate, and entered the courtyard, the spiked door closing behind him. Like Pilgrim at the house called Beautiful the Celestial City lay before him, for this was his last stage. He passed on, making himself known to the English factors who received him kindly. They had heard of him before, for such a "character" as this could not pass through neighbouring countries without having his fame blazoned abroad.

Like Livingstone he had been reported dead before his time, drowned in the Bosphorus, and Taylor the Water Poet of London had sung a comic requiem on him. But we must now speak of Surat, for the Surat of 268 years ago, which Tom Coryat entered, was a very different place from the Surat of to-day, and had none of those costly monuments, English and Dutch, which now rear their lofty summits to the sky.

Still it was the Emporium of Western India. Very different also was the Greater Britain of that time, in India, with a few dozen of individuals

to carry on the business of the East India Company. But human nature is the same in all ages; the Surat factors were hospitable. The plague was all around, but plague or no plague the stranger was made welcome, and laying aside his beads and turban he sat down.*

It may have been Christmas, at all events it was the cold season, and the arrival of a stranger among them—the most travelled man of the age—made this a red letter-day in their calendar by supplying them with the very element they wanted in their exile, and they gave themselves up to festivity and enjoyment. The wine cup went round—his tongue loosed, for he was a great talker,† and he told them the story of his adventurous journey and hair-breadth escapes, of his numerous imbroglios in Europe as well as in Asia. With breathless attention they listened to the narrative from Scanderoon through the Beilan Pass to Aleppo—to the Euphrates—to Mosul and the Tigris, Baghdad and the great plain of Babylon—all on foot, for he scorned the horse and its rider. Then came Ispahan,

* They were all, no doubt, dressed in native costume.

† Terry says he silenced the greatest talker in Delhi, a woman who could "brawle and scould" from sunrise to sunset, and this he did before 8 o'clock in the morning in her own language.

Shiraz, and Kandahar, Multan, Lahore, Agra, and Ajmere, so many great milestones on his line of march. He had seen everything; Ephesus, Troy, Jerusalem, and Damascus—the dancing dervishes of Constantinople and the howling dervishes of Grand Cairo, had said his prayers on the mount of Olives, bathed in the Dead Sea, and quenched his thirst at the well of Samaria. The few days he spent at Surat were full of interest—nights also, *noctes ambrosianae* if you will, and Terry indicates as much.* That they drank deep I have no manner of doubt, this was the rule in those times; on such an occasion there could be no hesitation; as the night "drave on," we may be sure the drop drop of the water clock would have no effect in damping their ardour, nor the owl as he hooted from the neighbouring Khûdawand Khan, nor the yell of the jackals as they careered helter-skelter across the maidan, nor at fitful intervals amid the noise of revel, the cry of the ramoosie as he announced the morning watches on his lonely round. It was not every day that the exiles could hear of Ben Jonson, of Inigo Jones, and of London, so what with talk of these matters, and how the Emperor Jehangeer threw him a

* He was killed with kindness by the English merchants which laid his rambling brains at rest.—*Dr. Fryer.*

hundred rupees from his balcony among the crowd, ended the first sitting.

> Kings may be great, but Tom was glorious
> O'er a' the ills o' life victorious.

We shall see. A second came, and peradventure a third day with its "killing frost," but I know not, except that one of the company, out of mere kindness no doubt, asked Tom if he would like Sack, some mulled potation of Malvoisie, or Xeres unknown to these degenerate days of ours, hot from the cook-room, compounded by themselves, biting and potential you may be sure, as it was December and a searching wind blew cold upon their open pores from the Rajpipli Hills. But here again I recur to the historian's own words: "he calling for it as soon as he heard of it, crying *Sack, Sack*; is there any such thing as *Sack?* I pray you give me some Sack."

Anyhow the name must have had a magical effect on Tom, some mingled memory of wit and spiced drink in Breade Streete before he bent his steps hitherwards. I gather from other sources that several ships had come in that year to Swally Roads with condiments of sorts. However come by, the sack was forthcoming and the sack was drunk. On one occasion before Tom Coryat set out from Ajmere, and again on his six

weeks' walk hither, he had a presentiment that he would die on this journey, for he was very ill with dysentery. And now the disease returned with mortal unabated strength, and—we need scarcely say—the proceedings were abruptly adjourned—*sine die.*

I doubt not that smoking charcoal was piled under his bed, and asses' dung in a *chatty* suspended over night in the verandah. But no incantation of occult science nor the *hakim* himself could do him any good, and the end came. Even if Jehangeer, the Lord of the world, had come from Ahmedabad, he would have found another Lord who reigned supreme in Surat. I have said that the plague was busy at work, and the black camel kneeling at many a man's door, so when he was waiting for Tom Coryat, the morning dawned, the mist rose, and the curling smoke of burning bodies could be seen rising from the shoals which exist in the bed of the Tapti, at this season of the year, and groups of men swarming like bees about the piles as they shot forth their angry tongues of flame into the clear sky. This was the scene outside. Inside on a charpoy lay the lifeless body of the pilgrim. His right arm, bare from the shoulder, had been flung as if in

mockery in a last paroxysm at full length on the *kumlee*—now at rest, for its work was done,—it was that arm which had dealt heavy blows on many a marauder from the gardens of Ajmere to the dreary shores of Askelon. A native servant in passing, by a mere accident, had observed strange writing on the wrist, or rather higher up, it was on the fleshy part of the arm, and he informed his masters as to what he had seen. The Sahibs came in, looked at it and went away. It was a fitched cross, pricked into the skin in dirty blue, the crusaders' badge, and around it in big Roman letters the words

VIA VITA VERITAS,

and had been done in the Holy City.* Terry says that he "overtook death," words which seem to indicate that he had a hard race, and came up with the last enemy, not unexpectedly, at this turn of the road. He left no money or property except a pair of old shoes hung up in Odcombe Church. As it was the time of the plague, his papers and clothes were most likely burned, and the only thing now (1885) existing which we can positively say he handled is the copy of his works which he presented to Prince Henry, and

* The Prince of Wales had something of the same kind tattooed on his arm on his visit to Jerusalem in 1869.

which strangers can still see in the Grenville Library of the British Museum.

It is something to remember here that Coryat must have seen Queen Elizabeth, and had held converse with some of the greatest men of her reign,* and that it was the accents of that period—the accents of Shakespeare's time—which were heard in that dim room in Surat, where the companion of the son of the King of England came in the guise of a mendicant to lay himself down and die.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

Thomas Coryat, the son of a country curate in Somersetshire at Odcombe, was born in 1577. His father, a classical scholar, and an accomplished writer of verses, died in 1606. Tom was educated at Westminster, and afterwards at Oxford University. When still young he was appointed by James I. to the royal household as a kind of companion to his son, Prince Henry, who died at the age of eighteen. On the death of his father he felt "an itching desire" to see foreign countries, and made a walking tour through Germany and Italy, covering about 2,000 miles, and with one pair of shoes, which were after-

* Selden, Cotton, Chapman, Whittaker, Casaubon and others mentioned in this sketch. He calls Sir Thomas Roe his "old acquaintance."

wards hung up in Odcombe Church and remained there for ninety-four years, a votive offering to the Providence which had preserved him by sea and land.

The results of this journey were published in a book called "Coryat's Crudities."

In 1612 he set out on a much more extended tour in Europe and Asia, and he died in Surat while still prosecuting those travels which he intended continuing to China and the far East.

PERSONAL.

The two pictures of Coryat, which have come down to us in his Book of Crudities, are referred to by himself, and thus bear the stamp of authenticity. They represent a handsome man in the prime of life—he was only forty years old at the time of his death. Tom Coryat *pour exposition*, as he appears in these sketches, was a very different picture from Tom Coryat the pilgrim in Europe. In the one we have torn hose, and a big battered wide-awake, high and of formidable circumference. But he is in another pair of shoes than those which hung in Odcombe Church, when he arrives at the "Mere Mayde" Club, redolent of musk and eglantine, where Ben Jonson sits supreme,

unless indeed a greater than he were of the company. The strong thick-set beard, now starched to the nines, comes out in bold relief, the frilled ruff round the neck starched also, a face open and guileless, an eagle-like nose and a bushy head of hair, behold our traveller throwing off his short cloak with the gravity of a man who has seen the world, and a "look at me" aspect, a butt of big wits whose society he delights to cultivate, and small wits too, whose travels have never extended beyond Paule's Walke or the sound of Bow Bells. In his own words, "the Odcombian Gallobelgic leg-stretcher,"* the immortal furcifer and umbrella monger, or as quoth Ben Jonson, "an engine wholly consisting of extremes—a head, fingers and toes; for what his industrious toes have trod, his ready fingers have written, his subtile head dictating."

Tom knows not now that he shall drink sack and die in Surat. But as he said himself, quoting St. Bernard, "the Lord is debonair."

HIS FAME

rests as that of a buffoon, or a man who makes himself ridiculous, but we are bound to say that

* He boldly ascended a minaret (and this nearly cost him his life, for he escaped on the plea of being *dewani*) and shouted as if he had been a muezzin *La Alla illa Alla Hasaret Ecsa ben Alla*.

there is not much in his travels which justifies this view of his character. Herodotus himself was no doubt ridiculous in many of his statements, but has outlived the ridicule. The first great requisite in a traveller's narrative is truth.

The Rev. Mr. Terry, who was Coryat's "chambermate and tent fellow" at Ajmere, tells us "he was a faithful narrator of what he saw." But his truthfulness does not rest on this evidence. In regard to his travels in the Grisons, and the Sub-Alpine kingdom, Douglas Freshfield, a well known member of the Alpine Club, informs us in his book on the Italian Alps, that he can verify almost every word Coryat wrote on that region, and that, moreover, he was the first man who made this part of Europe known to Englishmen; and of other places, *i.e.*, Syria, Turkey, Egypt, and the scraps which have been preserved of his Indian travels, every man who has been in these countries will vouch for the accuracy of his narration.

When Tom met Sir Robert Shirley, the Persian Ambassador, on his way between Ispahan and Lahore, the latter held up to his view the two volumes of his travels, bound in velvet. Books are awkward things on camel-back, and unless Shirley had believed there was something in them

worth reading, he would not have troubled himself with carrying them across the Babylonian deserts.

THE DESIRE OF TRAVELLING

Is a powerful and a praiseworthy passion when it is gratified for useful ends. But like every other passion, it may be abused in the exercise. It was even so with Coryat. Like Ulysses he determined to travel for ten years, and had completed five of them. Some of his aims seem legitimate enough, but when he told Jehangeer that his great ambition was to go to Samarcand and see the tomb of Tamerlane, it seems to us a preposterous ambition, for what was Tamerlane to him or he to Tamerlane.

The truth is, his thirst for travel was an insatiable thirst and grew by what it fed on; his eye was never satisfied with seeing. The tomb of Tamerlane? The great wall of China would not have stopped him, for he would have peered over it for Prester John or the Khan of Tartary. He seems to have enjoyed fair health, and the roughing agreed with him, until on his long walk between Lahore and Agra, though shaded by an avenue of trees, the burning sun of the tropics took it out of him. Money is the limit of most

men's explorations, but the want of money had no terror for him as it hath for most men. Paradoxical as it appears, this was his talisman. When he lay down at night he was secure in this that no man could rob him, and the cut-throats of the Euphrates turned aside from an old shirt and a fustian bag full of bones.

His defenceless state was his defence, for had he had a thousand sequins rolled up in his *kummerbund*, he would never have emerged alive out of the deserts of Mesopotamia. I doubt not that he had a hard time of it this English Fakir, and that misfortune made him strange bed-fellows among Bedouins and Bashabazouks, but the bed was of his own making, and we are bound to add he never grumbles or repines, but takes everything as it comes, as a matter of course.

He sometimes eked out his subsistence as in Germany and Greece by grape gathering and treading the wine vat, but his whole career in the East is a standing memorial of the hospitality which has prevailed there since Abraham wandered a stranger from Ur of the Chaldees.

His tour in Europe, 1608, was a legitimate aspiration, but—his tour in Asia, we must set down under another category, as we are inclined to think that, however voluntary it was in the

beginning, it became in the end compulsory, and we take this view in spite of Terry's assertion to the contrary which our readers will see in the four lines which end this article.

The date of his setting out is significant—1612, That was the year Prince Henry, son of James I., died, and he was Coryat's patron. It seems that Richard Steel, one of the Surat factors, on his way home through the Euphrates valley, had met Tom going outwards. Steel on his arrival in England was presented to the King, on which occasion happening to mention the accidental meeting, the British Solomon ejaculated,

"Is that fool living yet?" A just reward this, for the mean servility and adulation with which he had bespattered the King in his dedication: "Most invincible monarch of this renowned Albion and the refulgent carbuncle of Christendom." Anyhow this affords a possible clue for Tom's protracted peregrinations, and we are not surprised that he declared them permanent, and continued spinning out the skein of his existence in this way until it was suddenly snapt in Surat A.D. 1617. Did Tom fear James I.?

In that same year of 1612, when Tom unconsciously cast from his feet the dust of England for the last time there was a man there, who was to

lay in the Tower for ten years, with slight respite, until he exchanged the prison for the block. This was Sir Walter Raleigh, who with others had founded the Mere Mayde Club in 1603, of which Tom was a member.* Better the deserts of Asia than a fate like this. Better the "little grave, like as we see in English Churchyards" looking out on the Swally Roads or the Arabian Sea. So I daresay thought Tom Coryat.

HIS DEFECTS.

"Of all the Toms that ever yet were named was ever Tom like to Tom Coryat. famed." Unfortunately Coryat wore his heart upon his sleeve for daws to peck at, and the daws were nothing loth when opportunity offered. Some of the passages in his book were construed to mean that he was more virtuous, or thought himself more virtuous than the wits of the age gave him credit for, something above their own average or experience we will believe. This in all times

* The address of the letter he sent to the Club from Ajmere runs as follows :—

TO
THE HIGH SENESCHALL
OF
THE RIGHT WORSHIPFULL FRATERNITIE OF SERENTACAL GENTLEMEN,

who meete the first Fridaie of every moneth at the signe of the Mere Maide in Breade Streete in London give these from the Court of the Great Mogul at the Towne of Asmere in Eastern India.

has been a formidable engine of ridicule, by no means limited to the "Unco Guid and Rigidly Righteous" of Burns, for men without a shadow of hypocrisy like Coryat have been shaken from their propriety and righteous resolutions by it, and it requires a strong mind to stand fire under such heavy artillery. Now Coryat had not a strong mind, for though he was strong enough minded to do the right, he did not always do it in the right way, lacked discretion in the doing of it, or bragged or blabbed about it, for he was a most inveterate talker.

Ben Jonson has left on record a fine piece of word painting on Tom's talking and travelling propensities:—

"He is always tongue major of the company, and if ever perpetual motion be, to be hoped, it is from thence. He is frequent at all sorts of free tables where though he might sit as a guest, he would rather be served in as a dish, and is loth to have anything of himself kept cold against next day. A great carpenter of words. The mere superscription of a letter from Zurich set him up like a top. Basel or Heidelberg made him spin." And Richard Martin in introducing him to Sir Henry Wotton, our Ambassador at Venice, writes:—"Two things I have entreated him to

carry with him,—discretion and money, two commodities which are not easily taken in exchange on the Rialto." Unfortunately Tom had not much of either. This, however, may be said of him, that he did not need much money, and though with so little discretion apparently, he managed to keep a whole skin in countries where many a man has lost his life, and after five years of travelling he died in his bed in Surat, unshaken in his beliefs as far as we can learn by any of the taunts and missiles that were hurled against him. He might have outlived the ridicule of his age had it been confined to the clubs and the tobacco smoke, which Raleigh brought with him from Virginia, but unfortunately it found currency in a book of sixty epigrams by all sorts and conditions of men from Ben Jonson downwards, and this was the thing that damned him, not only in his own age but in after times. There is this, however, to be said about the epigrams, and he tells it himself, that their publication was forced upon him by Prince Henry; whether they were solicited from these eminent men by Coryat cannot now be determined, but if he did solicit them, it is no more than authors of repute, as it is said, do now-a-days, when they ask a friend to do good offices

for them with the *Thunderer* or *Saturday Reviler*, and sometimes catch, like Coryat, a tartar in return.

Had he lived to return to Europe all this rubbish might have been cleared away, for there is a marked improvement in his writing and general conduct (still, however, dashed with eccentricity) for the year or two that he was in India, must have taken the nonsense and superfluous jargon out of his head. But, as we have seen, he died at Surat, and the journals, which contained the account of his travels in Asia, have also been lost, so that, bereft of the thing they would most likely have brought to him, he has never had a chance of his character and conduct being put right with the reading public. Tom lived amid a galaxy of great men and,—like a meteor shot athwart the sky,—disappears.

DID HE KNOW SHAKESPEARE?

In a perusal of the rambling works of Coryat this strange question comes up and haunts us like an apparition. That Tom met Shakespeare we have not the slightest doubt. He was born in 1577, and Shakespeare in 1564; Tom was at Oxford University for three years, and if from 1603 to 1606 Shakespeare must then have been "blazing away" in London, and his numerous visits to

Stratford led him on each occasion twice into Oxford. Is it likely that a young man of his proclivities who soon was to know everybody did not know of Shakespeare or seek to see him? But this is not all. Tom knew Ben Jonson, and Drayton knew Tom. Our readers will recollect that so great was Shakespeare's intimacy with these two men, that a tradition asserts that he died from the effects of a drinking bout he had with these worthies. Moreover, Tom's travels were in the main undertaken to gratify not only his own thirst but that of the members of the Mere Mayde Club; he expressly calls himself "traveller for the English wits greeting." Did Tom know Shakespeare? The facts of Shakespeare's life are too meagre to expect anything on this subject, from the details that have come down to us, and we despair of any certainty one way or the other. Shakespeare does not mention Coryat, nor does Coryat mention Shakespeare, nor have we found a single passage in the one that can be traced to the other. There is an instance, indeed, where one can only fancy that Tom goes out of his way *not* to mention Shakespeare.

He says that the seven Greeks of their Pleiades have their counterpart in English literature, and names Chaucer, Spenser, Sydney and—Daniel,

and indicates that the three others may be found among the authors of the eulogistic epigrams on himself which are no doubt Ben Jonson, Drayton, and Donne. So the greatest of them all is conspicuous by his absence. The following fact is also curious. German critics tell us that at the time Coryat travelled in Germany, *i.e.*, 1608, some of Shakespeare's plays were translated and being acted in that country. Now though Coryat actually dilates on the construction of German theatres, and mentions that female actors were then on the stage in Germany, he does not allude to his having seen the works of the great master put on any German stage. The obliviousness of the men of his own age to Shakespeare's genius has become a proverb and may explain both incidents, but there are other points which increase the difficulty as we have seen. Did Tom know Shakespeare we ask again?

T. C. was a great coiner of words, and W. S. who was then making the English language and the methods how to use it, as no man has done either before or since, may have looked upon his crudities as so much verbiage—mere windle-straws, as they no doubt must have been to the great unapproachable. Did he snub him as an

insufferable bore, and to a state of inarticulateness to all things Shakesperean ever afterwards? Lofty and sour to those who loved him not, T. C. being among the number.

"More people know Tom fool than Tom fool knows."

CONCLUSION.

I have not asked the reader to accompany Coryat in his European tour. In many respects the great sights were the same then as they are now. The big tun of Heidelberg, the horses of the Sun at Venice, the view of the great plain of Lombardy from Milan Cathedral, the thousand and one columns at Constantinople, and in Asia from filthy Scanderoon to imperial Delhi with its brazen column of Alexander, it was all the same. Agra was without the Taj, and Bombay and Cutch were a joy of wild asses. "At Damascus I saw roses," a fragrant sentence for all who may pitch their tent there, but no rose of Sharon or lilly of the valley was half so sweet in perfume as the smoke of his native *gaum*, and he often yearned for Odcombe as he wandered a lonely stranger on the banks of the Indus, and "the broade thrumbe cap" (whatever that may be) of his mother had more attractions for him than the

canopy of Noormahal in all her glory. For generations the name of Tom Coryat and Tom Fool have been synonymous. So was it with George Buchanan.* We institute no comparison between them except in this connection. The greatest scholar that Scotland ever produced, he has been "Geordie" for three centuries, and will be so in story and tradition for centuries yet to come. He was the tutor of that James who called Tom Coryat a fool, and who has earned for himself the dubious distinction of "the wisest fool in Christendom."

If Tom Coryat were a fool, so was Marco Polo, Bruce, or Mungo Park, or every man who offers up his life to extend the boundaries of geographical research. He was a fool to all men who lived at home in ease, who despised hardihood and endurance, and had neither the strength, courage, nor perseverance to accomplish such designs. He was a fool to the roystering wits of the "Mere Mayde," because he did what they could not do themselves; a fool to all those who think that religion is an easy thing—easy to keep and easy to throw away; a fool to the men who were content to eat with their fingers,

* You may see his portrait on the cover of Blackwood's Magazine.

until he brought with him forks out of Italy, and showed them the way to use them.

His travels have never been impugned (except some lies fathered on him by Purchas) which is more than can be said of some travellers of our more enlightened age.

He could speak nine languages, and write or read six, and he wrote his own with the genuine ring of the Elizabethan period.*

Tom Coryat was not only the first globe trotter but the prince of Pedestrians, and the only European who ever walked out to India. He did the distance from Scanderoon to Ajmere on foot, 2,700 miles, and from Ajmere to Surat, 300 miles. This was greater than Captain Grant's big walk across Africa. From his day to this Coryat can throw down the gauntlet to all travellers on foot, and no man shall take it up. He was not a vagabond who begged his bread, for he tells us though he fared moderately well, his expenses were twopence a day. From choice or necessity

* THE INVENTION OF PRINTING.—By this art all the liberal sciences are now brought to fulle ripenesse and perfection. Had not this art been invented by the Divine Providence of God, it was to be feared lest the true studies of all disciplines both divine and humane would have suffered a kind of shipwrack, and been half extinct before this age wherein we breathe.

A GREAT SINGER.—Truly I think that had a Nightingale been in the same roame and contended with him for the superioritie, something perhaps he might excell him, because God hath granted that little birde such a privilege for the sweetnesse of his voice as to none other.

he seldom drank anything but water. He was not a coarse bred man inured to hardship, but a refined gentleman, a scholar, a companion of the young Prince of England. Almost the first Englishman who died in Western India, his grave is unknown; but no monument in Surat, of marble or of jasper, is half so enduring or so well deserved as the fame which has been won by this God-fearing, self-denying, and intrepid traveller:—

"Here lies the wanderer of his age
Who living did rejoice,
Not out of need, but choice
To make his life a pilgrimage."

A FORGOTTEN GOVERNOR OF BOMBAY.

CHAPTER XV.

A FORGOTTEN

GOVERNOR OF BOMBAY.

IT is not easy to write a sketch of an undistinguished man—or of one who seldom, if ever, rises above mediocrity, who passes through life without one brilliant episode, whose name exists in no biographical dictionary, and to whom no niche has been assigned in the temple of fame. It is not thus with him of Plassey or the hero of Assaye, or even his viceregal Brother the Marquis of Wellesley, of whom men said on his death in this magniloquent language:—

> "Europe and Asia, saved by thee, proclaim
> Invincible in war thy deathless fame."

Though GENERAL SIR WILLIAM MEDOWS served his king and country well in Europe, Asia and America, there is not one vestige to recall his memory, except that well-known thoroughfare

in Bombay which bears the name of Medows Street, and even it is supposed by many people to have some reference to the green fields which once surrounded the Castle and Fort of Bombay. That he did good work seems evident enough, for work may be good though it is not conspicuous. Here is an instance. One day in 1788 as Medows was sauntering leisurely down St. James Street he met by the merest accident an officer who had served under him in America. That officer was in very low spirits, as officers sometimes are, and he had sold his commission. "Have you actually received the money?" "No," was the reply, "there is a delay of one day owing to the death of the Princess Amelia." "Then," said Medows, "you go and stop the sale, and come with me as my Secretary and Aide-de-Camp, for I am appointed Governor of Bombay." The sale was stopped, and Medows, in conjunction with his brother Earl Manvers, insured the dejected man's life for £4,000 for the benefit of his wife and family, and they came out to Bombay in the same ship, all which facts are set down duly in the life of General Lord Harris.

The incident constitutes a notable link in a chain of unforeseen causes, for without the touch

of Medows, we are safe in saying Harris would never have become Lord of Seringapatam. But more than this, and which fact our readers will do well to bear in mind it was Harris who, at the same great siege, gave Arthur Wellesley his first command, and which was virtually the commencement of that long career of glory which surrounds the name of the Duke of Wellington. Harris waited for one day, but—

> A day may be a destiny, for life lives in but little
> And that little teems with some one jot, the balance of all time.

The eighteen months of Medows' Governorship of Bombay were uneventful.

The Bombay of 1789 contained about 160,000 inhabitants: the great native town was only beginning to spread over the space it now covers, nor did Malabar Hill or Breach Candy exist as places of residence. The Governor lived at Parell, and sometimes at the Government House in Apollo Street. His income was Rs. 10,000 sicca per month, for though the salaries of every European official and non-official in Western India have been trebled or quadrupled since that time, no change has been made in the emoluments of this high office, which remain as they did one hundred years ago. The rise in the wages of

labour and the price of subsistence have not enhanced in any degree the silver money value of this appointment. There is a story told by Mr. Lushington, Lord Harris's Private Secretary, and afterwards Governor of Madras, for the authenticity of which he vouches. Sir William Medows arrived in Bombay in the end of 1788, and in 1790 assumed the Governorship of Madras, from which he finally retired in August 1792, completing less than four years' service in India. Major Harris, who in addition to his duties as Secretary and Aide-de-Camp, managed the Governor's money matters both in Bombay and Madras, then handed him over, after settling every liability, the sum of £40,000. On some one expressing surprise at the amount, the Governor replied, "Harris knows how he scraped it together, I don't." Neither do we. The money was no doubt honestly come by. It only shows what lucrative appointments there were in those days with perquisites attached to them, for considering its purchasing power of almost every commodity that would be named by the political economist, the value of £40,000 then was equal to £100,000 of our money now.

When Major Harris came out to Bombay he brought with him a valet by name John Best,

or as Medows called him the best of Johns. John was something of a hero, for he was one of (and though bowled over by an accident, cheered on,) the forlorn hope at the great siege of Seringapatam in 1798, and when Medows died in 1813, he bequeathed a sword to this old and trusty servant. It illustrates the manner of the time that Mrs. Harris, who remained in England, fearing that her husband might not find time to write by every opportunity, commissioned John to drop her a few lines occasionally. One of these letters has been preserved, and we give our readers the benefit of it,* as it lets in a stream of

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"* BOMBAY, *January* 9, 1789.

"Madam,—It gives me great pleasure to inform you, by the ship *Prince William Henry*, which is thought to be the first ship to London from this coast, and I am glad to inform you that my master is in perfect good health, and in a very comfortable healthy situation at present, and I hope you will receive this in good health and prosperity. And ever since we left London, Madam, there has been a great many pleasant affairs past, which did give me the gr atest comfort in the world; for to see concerning my master on board the *Winterton*—we had not been long on board before they all see'd, from my master's good pleasant looks and civil behaviour, that he was the sensiblest man on board, and in a short time they all became so very much pleased with him, that they did ask his advice at all times, for he perfectly at last gained all their favours; and if he had wanted any favour, or asked the captain to forgive any man when he was angry, it was always granted. And when we landed at Bombay, in two days all was ready to entertain the gentlemen when they came to dine with the Governor, for every day there is twelve or twenty different men at least every day, and they do make very free and pass the time cheerfully, which is very pleasant to see; for I have often thought in my breast, if you did see how my master makes all the gentlemen so happy, it wou'd in the first place, it would surprise any person for to see, it is so well carried on. And my master sits at the head of the table, and the General at the side, for he gives all the care to my master, and he gives the gentlemen many broad hints that it is all Col. Harris's, which makes it appear very pleasant to me for to see them at all times like two brothers. The Governor very often tells the gentlemen some good story concern-

daylight on the mode of life at Parell, and the gay doings there, which we will seek for in vain in the larger histories of the time. No man is a hero to his valet, but our readers will see from this naïve Bombay production of 1789, that Major Harris was an exception to the proverb. We may fancy John Best and possibly his master taking a stroll along the shores of Backbay, some Sunday afternoon in the December of 1788, and scrutinising those grave stones, which have been recently exhumed in the Marine Lines, before the sea sand had shut them out from the light of day, and possibly also like ourselves reading the inscription "Bell Carlton, Senior Merchant," and asking inwardly, Who was he?

Medows, Harris, and perhaps John Best were

ing Col. Harris, and they both agree in the same in such good nature, that it makes it very pleasant; and my master always drinks a glass of wine with every strange gentleman at table, and sometimes a great many, to the great pleasure of all the people at table; it looks so well, that when any strange gentleman comes to dine the first time, they seem quite surprised, and all the time keep their eyes fixed upon my master; so, I think, the best comparison I can make is, they look as if they were all his own children. But I am sorry to see the gentlemen live so fast; but, to my great comfort, my master is as careful as ever he was at home, and in every particular careful of his self. And this wine, you must know, that he drinks, is three parts water. If you will put two glasses of water and one of madeira, and then a little claret, you will not perceive any difference, and the claret, one glass of water to one glass of claret. This I always mind myself, and give him, when he calls for madeira or claret. I hope, Madam, you will forgive me for giving myself the great honour of writing to you.

I am with respect, your most obedient servant,
JOHN BEST."

This letter, in its original spelling, would have been more amusing and natural, but the copy in Mrs. Dyer's handwriting is alone forthcoming.

very likely the most notable men in Bombay in the year 1789. They were all Bombay men in this sense, though their constant residence did not extend over a period of eighteen months.

Medows must have been a man of ability, or he could never have held the appointments which he did. It is quite true that Lord Cornwallis superseded him in the first Mysore War, but it was the same Lord Cornwallis, who, on resigning the viceroyalty of Ireland in 1801, appointed Medows Commander-in-Chief of the forces there at one of the most important junctures in Irish History, an office which he held for two years.

Men do not—cannot—always succeed and, though General Medows took the wrong side of a hedge at the first siege of Seringapatam and exposed Cornwallis to imminent jeopardy in the darkness of the night, his superior officer did not set it down as an unpardonable sin, that could never be atoned for by any gallant act past or future. No man felt the wound of an unsuccessful exploit more than Medows, for even the incident to which we allude made him lose his head. When the salute was being fired on the capitulation of Seringapatam he was so stung to the quick that

he very nearly put an end to his existence !* Was he brave? As brave as any soldier that ever lived. In the American war he was knocked off his horse, the ball passing through his back, and he did not shrink from exposing himself to the hottest fire, and could not see danger, until some friend would jump up beside him with a "If you, Sir, think it right to remain here, it is my duty to stand by you," and he would then descend somewhat reluctantly from his perilous position. Was he a good man? All I know is that General Harris was one of the best of men, and if Medows had not been a man of worth, he would never have been his bosom friend. The friendship which subsisted between Medows and Harris is one of the most remarkable in military history, or in any history. It is strange that so few novelists have treated of such attachments, for surely the story of a past friendship such as this has abundant materials to rouse the imagination of the writer and engage the attention of the

* When Cornwallis saw him in the morning he said to him in a sharp interrogatory, "Where had General Medows been disposing of himself?" This stung him to the heart, and shortly after he fired a pistol at himself and lodged three slugs in his body which were extracted. He expressed himself sincerely penitent, and afterwards could be even facetious on the event. "Mr. Medows had had a misunderstanding with General Medows that had terminated in a duel in which matters had been adjusted."—*Price's Memorials*, 1839.

Men lived very fast in these days, as is sufficiently evident from this and the previous note. John knew what would please his mistress, so he dashes the claret with a good deal of water.

reader. Of love and murder now-a-days we have in all conscience more than enough aye *usque ad nauseam.* Why don't they change and give us something, "passing the love of women"—not our love for them but their love for us? A friendship of fifty years in many lands and under varied circumstances is not an every day occurrence.

It is not always that men remember to speak well of their early patrons. Change of affection, interest or position, the violence of party or political hate, the pronunciamento of some religious doctrine by the one not held by the other, these are some of the thousand and one causes which lead on to estrangement and inevitable alienation never to be recalled. It was not thus with Harris and Medows. Distance could not impair it nor time wither it, nor altered position—the breath of envy—the voice of calumny could not sully a friendship so pure and disinterested.

It began when Harris was seventeen and Medows twenty-four, some boyish duel that Harris had with a friend of Medows bringing them together. This was in 1762, and until 1793 they seemed to have been constantly together. They had fought the Americans on the Delaware

and drove them into their works,—on Long Island,—they tumbled over a gateway, littered it with straw and slept together within the eighth milestone from New York.

They fought and beat the French at the Vigie in the West Indies, as you may still read in military annals, and together in the East Indies, they stormed Bangalore and Seringapatam.

Fanny was the wife of Medows, and Harris rejoiced in his Nancy, and when wounded and unable to stretch a hand or move a limb, "It's lucky that Fanny does not know this," or "I wish I were with Nancy," were the only words that escaped from their lips. And here they are at Parell, on this Christmas day of 1788, as John Best hath it, "like two brothers," the Secretary in the seat of honour at the head of the table and the Governor at the side more honourable than ever. The dinner is good. "Yes, but it's all Harris," says the President, and so the joke goes round, and as the night advances, mirth loud enough to shake the walls of the old convent—you might hear it at Belvidere. I do not wonder that Medows exercised a great dominion over Harris.

Kaye may tell me that Medows was not the accomplished General, another that he was careless

of his affairs, and a third that he was idle and incompetent, but he must have had a soul of goodness in him, and I cease to marvel, that Harris yielded up his heart—surrendered at discretion, would have gone between him and a cannon ball, as he said himself, if he only knew it was coming. Good man Medows, when you were Commander-in-Chief in Ireland if all stories are true, you visited the sick soldier, and saw that his food and bedding were as they ought to be. And so, reader, it came to pass that the man whose name is not to be found in the dictionary of biography was never forgotten by the Lord Harris of Belmont and the Mysore in the Peerage of England, nay even after his praises had been sounded by the Duke of Wellington, for at the age of three score years and ten, in a document intended for the eyes of posterity, Harris wrote down, "I owe all my fame and fortune to Medows." No sketch of the one can be written without reference to the other; if you wish Medows you must go to Harris, for they were linked together in the bonds of an indissoluble friendship that moulded the framework of their lives. Brethren in arms! In arms did we say? Yea in everything comprehended in the holy name of brotherhood, compared with which the proud-

est honours in the roll of fame, or the diamonds in his coronet were as the small dust in the balance. Their love was like that of David and Jonathan, and the words of Burns on his early patron express the affection which Harris bore to this now forgotten Governor of Bombay :—

> "But I'll remember thee, Glencairn,
> And a' that thou hast done for me."

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* For several details in this sketch we are indebted to Colonel Norman, C.B., now at Mean Meer, whose familiarity with every detail of Bombay History is beyond all praise and all the more creditable, as his long service has been in the North or North-West of India. Now General Norman, in command of the Bengal Contingent to Burmah.

OUR COINS.

CHAPTER XVI.

OUR COINS.

INDIA does not owe everything to England. She had bills of exchange before the Saxon set foot in Britain, and coined money, both gold and silver, when the Scot was content to barter his wares for the flint arrowheads with which he knocked down the dun deer. The earliest issue of currency notes recorded in India is that by Mahomed bin Tughlak (1321-52), him of Doulat-Abad notoriety.

It is indubitable that China had bank-notes before the banks of Venice or Amsterdam were established, and India may have had them also, just as their copper cash circulated in Madras and Bombay long after the date of our arrival.

The rupee is not an ancient coin. We read with childish simplicity in the sacred books of the Hindoos quoted by Vans Kennedy that the gods settled their accounts a great many thousands of years ago by the payment of hard rupees.

But this is a mere figure of speech. The rupee

and the gold-mohur* are both Muslim coins and were first coined by Shere Shah (1542), the conqueror of Delhi. It is a fact that in Bombay in 1697 the rupee did not exist. Then coins were pagodas, shahis, and xeraphins, of the value of 9, 4, and 1-8d. respectively in English money. The pagoda is the Portuguese name of a Hindoo gold coin, so called from a pyramidal temple sometimes depicted on one side of it. Hence the story of the extinct pagoda tree. The coin is the size of an ordinary shirt-stud, and is sometimes called a *hun*, which is the old Carnatic word for gold, and may also be the root of the word "hoondie," *i.e.* an Indian inland bill of exchange. The pagoda is of greater antiquity than the rupee or the gold-mohur, but the copper coin now current (1884)—the quarter-anna piece, *alias* the *paisa*—has established its claims to primogeniture and hereditary descent as far back as the Laws of Manu, where it appears as the *kirsha*, which the philologists tell us is the same word as the "cash" of China,

* For the benefit of the sentimental reader we give John Leyden's lines on the Indian gold-mohur taken from "Remains of J. L.", 1819:—

For thee, for thee, vile yellow slave,
I left a heart that loved me true,
I crossed the tedious ocean wave,
To roam in climes unkind and new,
The cold wind of the stranger blew
Chill on my withered heart; the grave
Dark and untimely met my view,
And all for thee, vile yellow slave.

a word introduced by us into England from that country. "Rupeya" means silver, and "mohur" a seal, and no doubt it was often put to this use. The rupee is not so venerable as the English shilling, but the gold-mohur carries us centuries beyond that day in 1816 when for the first time the English sovereign came forth resplendent with St. George and the Dragon.

When the British came to India they did not attempt to impose their currency on the natives. They found the rupee, and the rupee is still the current coin of the realm. There were rupees of every State or of every sovereign who had gone before us, of various weights, sweated, clipped, and debased. The reorganization of the coinage was the work of Lord Cornwallis and John Shore. The degraded coins were called in, and the intrinsic value paid to the owners for them; and in 1795 it was decreed that no contract should be valid unless the payment was made in Sicca rupees. This lasted until 1835, when the East India Company rupee was ordered to take its place, and it is now the current coin.

The Sicca rupee was about eight per cent. heavier than the Company's, and hereby hangs a tale, not without precedent as we shall see. Shah Alum, Mogul Emperor (1759-86), had

coined at Moorshedabad, in the nineteenth year of his reign, rupees which were great favourites with the money-changers. The British Government copied them and coined their Sicca rupees in Calcutta, though they bore the inscription in Persian, "coined at Moorshedabad in the nineteenth year of Shah Alum his fortunate reign." Tughlak had done the same, abolished the use of his own name on the pieces and coined them in the name of the Fatemite Caliphs of Egypt—just as we see now-a-days millions of dollars thrown off on the Continent of Europe with the image and superscription of Maria Theresa—a coin which delighteth all dwellers between the Nile and Zanzibar, and the coasts north and south of that region, now so full of interest. You will find it more difficult than you imagine to find a Sicca rupee, as they have been out of circulation in British territory during the last fifty years. Here and there a solitary specimen might have been met with in the floating mass a few years ago, sorely the worse of the wear, the edges clipped off to bring it to the weight of the rupee now current; so that this fact, and the other we have mentioned, to wit, the white-lie engraven on its surface, made of it a hard nut for the coin collector to crack. His Excellency the

Governor is paid Sicca rupees, that is, he gets the full weight of them in silver.

We do not touch bi-metallism, and we note what Mr. Fawcett says below, who being dead yet speaketh on the double standard.* On the introduction of a gold currency into India—a vexed question—on which we have found those who know most speak the least, we shall follow their wise example, and adopt *sub silentio* as our motto, even though no credit redoundeth to us for the same. When Sir Richard Temple visited the Mint, in the absence of the Mint Master, one of the staff showed him over the institution. "How is it," said Sir Richard, "so little silver is imported just now?" "I belong to the mechanical department, your Excellency," was the reply. Yes, in a sense, we all, except great political economists, belong to the mechanical department. Though the weight of the rupee which we

* For instance, let it be supposed that the value of silver is reduced five per cent. in consequence of the discovery of some rich silver mines. Let it also be assumed that nothing has occurred to affect the value of gold; consequently the value of silver estimated in gold will be depreciated five per cent, or, in other words, an ounce of gold will exchange for five per cent. more silver than it did previously. Now a double standard implies that any person who has a payment to make can use his own discretion as to whether he shall make the payment in gold or silver. If, therefore, the case we have supposed should arise, and the value of silver should be depreciated five per cent., it is manifest that every person who has a debt to discharge would take advantage of this depreciation, and all payments would be made in silver instead of in gold. The result would manifestly be that the amount to be paid would be reduced five per cent. and the amount to be received would consequently in every case be diminished by a similar amount. It is evident that this unfortunate and mischievous disturbance in the terms of monetary contracts would be avoided if gold was the only standard of value.—*(Fawcett's Political Economy.)*

are daily handling may not vary, its purchasing power varies from day to day. This rupee has a very different purchasing power from that which it had when you and I came to India. Nine rupees and a half would then have purchased an English sovereign. It now takes twelve and a half to do the same. In other words, *quoad* the purchasing power of gold, one thousand rupees were equal in 1864 to several hundreds more in 1884. Its purchasing power of labour, or of the fruits of labour, or of the manufactures which are made by labour out of the earth's raw products, we have all found out to our cost, and these products of labour, by their increase and diminution, measure the value of your rupee more than your rupee measures the value of them.

An exception was formerly taken to the rupee coin as a work of art. It was said by those who ought to know that the surface of the field is wavy, as if the die on descending had oscillated on the matrix, giving a twisted appearance to the reverse. Any one may satisfy himself as to this inequality, by an inspection of the coinage of 1862. But we are glad to see that this defect has been removed since the coinage of 1880.

Since the year 1835, when the Company's or present rupee was first coined, rupees to the value

of two hundred millions sterling have been coined in India. What has become of them ? Nay, what has become of all the bullion imports, not only since 1835, but as far back as our era extends, when the soul of Pliny was vexed at the drain of silver made by India on the Roman Empire. The burden of this financial refrain runs through the whole recorded history of India. Barygaza gives place to Kallyan, Kallyan to Tanna, Tanna to Surat, and Surat to Bombay; and still the weighty stream comes on—"without o'erflowing full"—and very little of it seems to leave the country. "It is the gold and silver of the world," says Bernier in 1655, "conveyed to Hindoostan which is there swallowed up as in an abyss;" and a few years later Fryer says that it is "hoarded" by king and people, and "hidden for eternity." One would have thought that, after 1865, India would have said, "Hold enough!" Ploughshares, cart-wheel tires, bedsteads, state carriages were then seen of solid silver, and steamer after steamer brought a continuous influx of the precious metal to our shores. But no, the drain continues, and may go on to the end of time, and for this reason. The theory is McCulloch's, and deserves more than a passing consideration. He assumes that the stock of gold and silver, coined

and uncoined, in India is £400,000,000. Is this an out-of-the-way estimate? No, we think not, and he says this being the case we require an annual import of four millions sterling in value of the precious metals to keep the stock of bullion where it is. His calculation is founded on the supposition that there is a loss of one per cent. annually on the stock which we hold of the precious metals, by reason of tear and wear, or what is lost or dropped in rivers beyond recovery, destroyed by fires or inundations, or buried, in others words, "hidden for eternity." Tear and wear mean a good deal in India over and above what obtains in other countries, when we think of the millions of bangles, ear and nose-rings, that are worn night and day by the natives of this country. What is deposited in banks in other countries is put on the person in this country.

One word on the gold mines of India, and we dismiss once and for all Ophir and its traditions, with the assertions of Pliny and Strabo, as having no manner of bearing on the India that now is. No item of revenue derived from a single gold mine in India, as far as we know, exists in the accounts of any of the Mogul Emperors. Dr. Fryer, who was among our first arrivals here in 1668, and was a man of science, expressly tells

us that gold is not a product of this country. Gold was no doubt worked in India, as gold and silver were worked in Scotland before the Union, and gave subsistence to a number of poor people. So also in Sutherland the other day: mere dilletantism sometimes also, as when an Earl of Hopetoun on his marriage put a ring on the finger of his bride, made out of gold found on the Hopetoun estate. Baber, not the Emperor, but Baber the Civil Servant, is satisfactory enough when he tells us of the diggings for gold fifty years ago in the Wynaad. Nobody believed in the gold mines of Australia before they were discovered. But herein, as a friend remarks, lies the difference. Australia was new when India was old. Her earth was well walked over and riddled by countless generations before we came to it.

Why did you not tell us this before says the reader? We did so in a kind of way, but the sovereignty of man lies hid in knowledge, and we still know of very little of what may be in the bowels of the earth. For some reasons it is to be regretted that a great gold mine was not discovered in India. It would have quickened the dry bones of exchange and been a god-send to remitters. But gold and silver mines do not necessarily add to the real wealth of a country. They

have made some nations and unmade others. Adam Smith has some imperishable words on the condition of two of them in his day. "Spain and Portugal," he says, "which possess the mines, are after Poland the two most beggarly nations in Europe."

The coins of the extinct dynasties of India have no attraction for us, not even of Bijapur or Persepolis, nor even those of the Mint of Raighur since we have come to know Sivaji so well; and a sequin taken from the hair of Chand Bibi, the Noble Queen herself, even though we were assured it was made from gold brought from Africa by the caravans of Darfour and Kordofan, could not tempt us for more than its intrinsic value. The coins that are best to have are most difficult to keep. Even Lord Lawrence, who "held the gorgeous East in fee," on his death did not leave a single ring or jewel that could be given away to a friend as a parting memorial. Your life would scarcely be worth a year's purchase in some quarters if it were known you were the possessor of a 200 gold-mohur piece of Shah Jehan. The Spanish proverb was "my money rolls and is not Moorish," but, round or square, it would soon roll away from you; and the cry of fire and thieves would be perpetually in your ear. So would it be with that

great gold piece, the Bactrian Eukratydes, 2,593 grains in weight, another bulky exponent of empire in the East. It is this that makes the possession and retention of coins in the East a matter of extreme difficulty. Men are so tossed about with their household gods that it is a marvel if any relic sticks by them till the finish. Our museums have found out this dearly to their cost, and this was Dr. Burgess's strongest argument when he wanted the Supara relics transferred to England. The wretches who get hold of such valuables lose little time in consigning them to the melting pot. Still with the chance of all these dire contingencies, there are some coins for which we have a sneaking regard, and we are not above temptation. A gold-mohur of Noormahal coined at Ahmedabad, on that one day when the fortunes of Occidental India were placed at her disposal with this bright inscription—"By order of king Jehangir gold has acquired a hundred degrees of excellence on receiving the name of Noorjehan." Or a set of her Zodiac rupees in silver coined at Ahmedabad, or, still better, the gold ones coined at Agra, would not find our eyes closed against the Light of the World, or a tetradrachm of Alexander the Great picked up on the banks of the Indus, the Macedonian heroic

head rounded with lion skin or tusk of elephant. But mind these coins must all be genuine, nay like Cæsar's wife above suspicion. The story goes that Sir Bartle Frere, when Commissioner in Sind, picked up a big gold coin of Alexander which was considered almost unique. He sent it to a friend in England, and great was the joy thereat. Could he get another? He sent for Bar Abbas. This sapient son of the soil stroked his beard, and with shoeless feet salaamed down to the ground. Could he get another? "Perhaps, O lord and master, but it will take some time." The arrant scoundrel had manufactured it, and was about to move off to make another.

The forgery of an antique is a greater crime than the forgery of a current coin. For an antique you may secure a hundred times its intrinsic value. The man who forges an antique is a liar of the first magnitude, for he not only swindles dead men out of their just rights, and usurps the prerogative of Governments which have passed away time out of mind and are without the power to prosecute, but after deceiving his own generation he passes on his impudent fabrications to the next, and perpetuates his imposture to generations yet unborn.

Carlyle says that every lie has sentence of death passed on it at its birth, and yet this must

be an exception, or it is "gey lang coming," as he would have said himself. For how is it that the forger tracks our steps to the bazaars of Multan, to Coptic monasteries on the Nile, to remote villages on the shores of the Persian Gulf, yea even stands guard, ready to pounce upon us with his lying wares covered with verdigris at the door of the Holy Sepulchre?

From all we can learn Birmingham is the fountainhead of this corruption, but dozens of *quasi* antique gold-mohurs are the work of the Indian sonawalla, and are manufactured at our own doors, some of them Akbars which would have made his hair turn grey in a single night, and others of presentment so exact that they would, if possible, deceive the very elect of the British Museum. The value of the rupee chops about wonderfully, but it is the same with the shilling, the franc, nay even the almighty dollar, and when people began to project the results of the discoveries in Australia, King Gold himself grew pale, though he has well-nigh recovered his countenance again. And if our rupee is attenuated and sickly when converted into English money, Silver can conscientiously say, "It wasn't I that did it." Demonetized in Germany, melted down in France, and made dirt cheap in

California, persecuted in one nation, and made to fly to another, silver has had a hard time of it. It is only by looking back some decades that one can see the transformation scenes in the financial kaleidoscope, in all of which the rupee has borne a most conspicuous part. The logic of events is inexorable and makes minced meat of all our opinions, even the wisest of them; so that the wisdom of yesterday becomes the foolishness of to-day, and what we utter to-day may become a foolishness to-morrow. It will be admitted, for example, that the wisest of our economists a dozen years ago held that the average price of silver was 60⅞ pence, and would revolve round this as a pivot. To-day (22nd November 1884) it is 49⅞, so we must now make a new point of departure. Then as to our cotton trade, who would have dreamed that our annual export in 1846 of 100,000 should have grown into a million bales? Take also the wheat trade, a new thing in the world's history. In 1850 John Connon, representing the wisest opinions of his day in this city, in addressing the Viceroy stated that the cereals of India could never become an extensive or profitable article of export.* Lord Dalhousie had just uttered a prophecy that

* Chamber of Commerce Report.

with a net-work of railways India could supply all the wants of England at twenty shillings a sack.* The Suez Canal has come to his aid and the prophecy is fulfilled. But no prophet could tell us in 1861, when the name of Council drafts was unknown as a factor in exchange, that they should crop up to an annual sum of fifteen millions sterling, and when at an important meeting in 1865 we were told by a high authority that banking was in its infancy, we were not prepared for the fact that sixteen banks with a paid-up capital of fifteen millions sterling should be in liquidation in this city in 1867.

These are some of the chaotic elements through which the rupee has been ploughing it way during the last fifty years, and this without taking into account periods of war and famine. It is in such times that money creeps into secret hiding places, securities become less sure, and the pillars of the earth seem to tremble. In Pitt's time the three per cents. went down to 48, and before Waterloo to 54½; and during the Mutiny our Indian four per cents. fell to 69.

In 1848 the Irish famine and the Corn Laws together raised the price of wheat to 100s. per quarter; and we all remember in 1876, during our East Indian famine, how the most ancient heirlooms in gold and silver were sent to the

* Fawcett's Political Economy.

Bombay Mint to be converted into rupees. All that a man hath will he give for his life. Thrice in this century has the Indian coinage been the subject of debate, and great changes were suggested for its reconstruction—in 1812, in 1827, and again in 1869, when decimal coinage was the rage. But battered and decayed by time and Council drafts, it still holds on its career, and will no doubt continue to do so until the end of time, or such time as the Colossus of the north may please to appoint for the reception of the kopecs and roubles of that dread sovereign. Meantime we may take heart of grace and rejoice. The end of all things is not at hand, and the world is not yet Cossack or Republican. The rupee is still the medium of exchange, and constitutes the legal money in which all payments are made in this realm. Every rupee loan which the Government of India contracts, and every currency note which it issues, are all promises to pay the owner thereof in silver rupees. The Viceroy down to the lowest menial are paid in rupees, the revenues of India are received in the same coin, and again disbursed broadcast over the land in the same bright and shining pieces after being weighed like the shekels of Abraham in current money of the merchant.

HOW THE MUTINY WAS AVERTED IN BOMBAY.

CHAPTER XVII.

HOW THE MUTINY WAS AVERTED IN BOMBAY.

In the autumn of 1857, in the house of one Gunga Pursad, in Sonapore, was discovered a plot of the sepoys to murder and pillage everybody they came across in Bombay, and march to Poona and proclaim Nana Sahib Peishwa of the Deccan. The first authentic information of this conspiracy was given by a Wahabi (strange to say) to Mr. Forjett, Commissioner of Police, who had previously believed in its existence. The military authorities in the island saw no cause for alarm, but for some time among the non-official classes the ground had an earthquaky feeling, as if all was not going on well beneath the surface, and once there had been a sudden exodus of

Europeans, in a wild helter-skelter of men, women, and children, from Breach Candy and Malabar Hill to ships in the harbour. Even a Judge in these parts was said to have hastily stowed away his Criminal and Penal Code.

The Marine Battalion was then where it is at present, and the Sepoy Lines to the north of the Bori Bunder Station, and suspiciously near lay the Jumma Musjid or mosque of the Mussulmans, of which sect there were supposed to be 150,000 in Bombay. The European force in the island consisted of 400 infantry and 50 mounted police to quell any outbreak. It was intended that the rising should take place on the night of the Mohurrum, but the vigilance of Forjett's fifty mounted police frustrated the design, in spite of the fact that the military had broken up the small force at their disposal to guard the entrances to Malabar Hill and Mazagon. Forjett's idea was to nip the insurrection in the bud before it had time to gather strength and numbers in its passage through the bazaars, where the cry of "Deen, Deen," would have been certain to make its numbers overwhelming. With much to contend against in the then state of

military opinion Forjett stood his ground well, not in a fatuous condition, but with an intelligent appreciation of the times, and a clear perception of the event which time was only needed to justify, and he rose to the occasion, the right man in the right place, believing as he did in the existence of a plot among the Marine Battalion and Native Infantry to murder every person they came across during the Mohurrum. That plot, however, was merely postponed to the Dewali, one of the great feasts of the Hindus. On one of these nights the Hindus bring out all their money and jewels to worship them, and the *loot* was considered to be well worth the waiting for, when in the interim the discovery of Gunga Pursad and the rendezvous of sepoys at his house put an end for ever to the intended Mohurrum revolt.

The reason why Pursad's house had become the rendezvous of the sepoys and why he was made the trusted depositary of their secrets is not far to find. He was a priest, a physician, and a devotee. The man was unmanageable where he lived, and Forjett adopted the bold measure of forcibly, yet quietly, abducting him

at night to the Police-office, and by "intimidation" made him reveal all. I have heard it said that he told him firmly that unless he did so he would be a dead man in a few minutes, no doubt suiting the action to the word.

Of Forjett's previous career I know nothing, but, as he was the principal character in this episode, I shall endeavour from his own mouth and those of others to give what presentment of him is possible. A Madrasee of the Madrasees, or, in other words, "as black as your hat," he had married a Scotchwoman. He was great in languages, customs, and disguises, and knowing all about the natives, could simulate any character—a fakeer, for instance—so as to, if it were possible, deceive the very elect.

He had asked Lord Elphinstone, the then Governor, if he was not frightened at Parell during the night;

> "He either fears his fate too much,
> Or his deserts are small,
> Who dares not put it to the touch
> To win or loose it all."

Lord Elphinstone replied that he had such a strong bodyguard and others round Parell that he had no fear. "Make your cordon as strong

as you like," said Forjett, "and I will engage to stand at your bedside to-morrow morning at 6 o'clock."

He kept his word, having passed unchallenged by a single sentry or servant, disguised as—tell it not at the Calico Ball—a knight of the broom and a Prince of the Albert Chapeau!

Had Lord Elphinstone seen the vision of Don Quixote or the Brownie of Blednoch he could not have been more astonished.

"I trow the laird he stood a back
Wi' a gape and a glower till his lugs did crack.
As the shapeless phantom mumbling spak
Hae ye wark for Aiken Drum."

You may depend upon it a man like this did not mince matters or trouble himself like a late Governor about what his powers were. He, in fact, told a large meeting of Mahomedans that he was undeterred by the trammels of law, that he would shoot or cut down the first man who committed himself, or hang every guilty man before his own door; and to show that he was in earnest he erected a gallows in the police yard, all which the loyal and other citizens of Bombay no doubt heard and saw. But his crowning feat was the discovery and

arrest of the guilty sepoys at the house of Pursad. In this he was bold as a lion and wise as a serpent. Before commencing his investigations which had to be made with the greatest secrecy, he foresaw that unless an officer of the suspected regiments accompanied him, and verified what was to be seen and heard, his work was as good as worthless, for so strong was the conviction among the officers that their sepoys were thoroughly trustworthy that nobody would have believed him. Accordingly Major Barrow accompanied him. Pursad's ante-room, where the meetings were held, was 30 feet by 15, and separated from it by a plastered division of wicker work was a small back-room: into this room came singly, and in different disguises to avoid suspecion, Major Barrow, Forjett, and Edginton.* Pursad also, we presume, as I have heard it said Forjett threatened him with instant death, if by word or sign he played him false. Through holes made in the plaster they saw what was going on in the ante-room and they met in this way three or four times.

During these memorable moments the greatest care was necessary..

* Abridged from Forjett's book on the Mutiny, published in London, 1878.

A whisper, heavy breathing, a lurch against the wall, any false move would have been fatal to the whole business. When Major Barrow descried through a hole in the wall his own havildar dealing out treason and murder to the sepoys, he could barely refrain from the half smothered whisper rising to his lips.

"MY GOD! MY OWN MEN! IS IT POSSIBLE?"

The end of the story is soon told. The traitorous soldiers were arrested, tried by court-martial, and two of them blown from the guns on the Esplanade. It is believed that thirty of them deserved the same fate, but Lord Elphinstone was a merciful man.*

Thus was Bombay saved from "battle, murder, and sudden death," and all honour be to the men who under the Providence of God assisted in the work, be they black or white, brown or yellow, heathen or Chinee.

> "Their names will nerve the patriot's hand
> Upraised to save a sinking land,
> And piety will learn to burn
> With holier transports o'er their urn."

Forjett did his work well and he was well

* Here is a judgment on Lord Elphinstone by one who knew what he was writing about "July 22nd, 1860. Lord Elphinstone is dead. He returned very ill from India, having had the Bombay fever. He acted with great courage and ability during the mutiny. I was at Eton with him, and he afterwards entered the Life Guards."—*Lord Malmesbury's Memoirs of an ex-Minister*, 1885.

rewarded for it. He has his pension, and received from Bombay merchants and others in testimony of his services £18,930, and resides on his property near Hughenden which he has called "Cowasjee Jehangier Hall," a name that splits the ears of many of the lieges from Lord Beaconsfield downwards.

RAMLEH RECOLLECTIONS.

CHAPTER XVIII.

RAMLEH RECOLLECTIONS.

If any one should object to this essay in the present compilation, we may by way of apology retort that Egypt means India, and was not the renowned Mr. Briggs of *Punch* notoriety, the guest of Bombay in 1817, having come from Egypt, with a sword from Mohamed Ali—a gift to the Viceroy, Lord Hastings?

RAMLEH has now come to the front, and the eyes of the civilised world are upon it. It was my home for a good deal of 1850 and 1851. A quiet place then, compared with what it has since become, for there was only one house then, built of wood, on a slight elevation. It was called "Green's," the name of its owner, and its walls consisted of double rows of beams, between which were layers of sawdust, a method which was then considered good for keeping out the heat of the sun. It was generally in those years uninhabited. We lived—there were three of us—in tents and a mat house, which we had

pitched under a picturesque clump of palms. We rode our donkeys into Alexandria in the morning to business, and out in the evening. I have glorious recollections of this place. A couple of green figs, and a cup of coffee *á l' Arabe* in the shade of our tents ere the sun smote his spearlike rays over the eastern sand hills, made our early breakfast. Then came a dip in the Mediterranean, not innocent here of jelly fish, which sometimes stung unmercifully. They left their mark, for I recollect, after coming home, and toiling one warm day through the Pass of Glencoe, feeling a pricking sensation in my arm, which, on inspection, showed the jagged and thin red line, which had come out to smart and remind me of Egypt. The beach was here strewn with pumice stone, wafted across the sea from volcanic lands, the *terra del fuoco* of the Italians; and occasionally a nautilus, redolent of memories of Tyrian purple, with its tiny sail filled with wind, would skim past on the surface of the blue waters. Bayle St. John, the author of "Adventures in the Libyan Desert," was often with us, and his sparkling wit was the delight of my soul. He it was who rode on a donkey all the way to the oasis of Siwah, where stands the Temple of Jupiter Ammon, and to

which Alexander the Great made pilgrimage. The tents were guarded during our absence by an old Bedouin, Ali by name, who had been in some mortal conflicts in his early days, but now, more peacefully employed, kept watch and ward with his old matchlock by day and night. One evening, on entering my tent in the dark, I stumbled over the dead body of a sheep with its throat cut, and a pool of blood on the threshold. It was Bairam, the end of the forty days' fast of Ramadan, the Mohurrum of India (of which Mrs. Ballard gave some years ago such a graphic description) that night, when, after a series of circuits round the Hill of Taif, the Muslim pilgrims to Mecca sacrifice sheep in thousands. Being a big day, I gave Ali a medjideh. "Too much," said some incredulous Saxons, "for a Scotsman." "By God, it was he, and only he, who gave me the medjideh!" was the strong Biblical-like affirmation of Ali. The Bedouins came sometimes to us on a friendly visit from the desert. One morning we hailed a group carrying quails and other birds which they had trapped or shot.

They were very shy at first, but at length were persuaded to come within our precincts. They looked curiously at our various implements of

civilised life. It was a strange and a suggestive picture, these bronzed and half-naked figures, deep in wonder at so ordinary an article as a chair. We beckoned them to sit down. But the Bedouins are not a sitting people, and know no other seat than mother earth. We are to lie in it some day, and why should we not familiarise ourselves with it. "Don't I look very like a monkey?" said one to his fellows, as he sat down grinning. "No, no," said he, throwing it from him, "none of your sticks and chairs; when I was born I came out of the earth, and when I am dead I shall go into it." Ramleh means sand. There is another Ramleh on the road to Jerusalem, of crusading memories, where a man may find good lodging.

The date palm throve vigorously round about our tents, its roots travelling underground, and sometimes overground, a hundred feet from the parent stem, so far does it travel in search of moisture in this thirsty land. "Like the palm tree flourishing shall be the righteous one" in this as in many other respects. The place was dull and silent, and at night not a sound except the bark of the pariah dog, the bray of the camel, or the flapping of our canvas walls in the wind. But there was a fascination about it. Cæsar had

been here, Alexander also, so had Napoleon. The Necropolis was not far off. The millions of ancient Alexandria lie buried here. Sometimes we made researches, and a funeral lamp or an old coin would repay our exertions, or occasionally a marble wrist or ankle worthy of Phidias, shattered, no doubt, by Amrou and his invading hosts of Muslim iconoclasts.

Everything was ground to powder, except brick and glazed pottery, which defy time and the elements, the violence of man or the heat of conflagration. Brick seems eternal, witness the Colosseum, and as for glazed pottery such as the ancients made, it seems indestructible. Once we cleared away the rubbish, and came upon a cavity or recess, too narrow for a full grown man to push his body through. A comical incident followed. A young Arab crept in head foremost, we holding on by the legs, in case he should disappear altogether. On a signal we drew him out. He had made "a find," and emerged holding in his right hand—a human skull. He had thrust his hand right into the middle of it. In one place the sea had washed into the Necropolis, and dashed its waves against a novel sea wall, honeycombed with the *cubiculi* of the dead. It stood sheer up from the rippling waters of the Mediterranean,

its shingle and sand mingled with seaweed and the bones of men, which,

> Ever drifting, drifting, drifting
> On the shifting
> Currents of the ceaseless main
> Till in sheltered reaches,
> Of sandy beaches
> All have found repose again.

The banks of the Mahmoudeyeh Canal were almost in sight—a very lively scene, always some native craft passing or repassing. Cotton, flax, cereals, lentils (to the Egyptian what oatmeal is to the Scotsman) coming in from the near Behera, and gums and slaves from the far off Soudan. And the only time I can recollect, after a residence of nearly twenty years among Mohammedans, I once saw a woman praying on the banks of this canal—a remarkable incident, for they say Mohammedan women have no souls. One day a huge crocodile, stuffed with straw, was observed by us lying athwart a native boat. It was bought and presented to me, and being of gigantic proportions, I had it packed and sent to an Edinburgh museum. It arrived in Glasgow, and Professor Fleming, the distinguished naturalist, went there to hold a consultation on the beast. The fates were against it, for it was found that its head was so bruised and battered as to make it not worth the having. The captain of the vessel it came home in had one day called

out, "More slack!" and a block and tackle descending knocked the crocodile's teeth out, otherwise disfiguring its head, so the most valuable part of the brute was lost; for who would ever care anything for a toothless crocodile, dead or alive? Its end was ignominious. He was six months after this eating his head off, or what remained of it, in store charges, so I recommended him to be consigned to the deep. He came out of a river, and to a river he returned again. At dead of night, in his basket of wickerwork, like an ancient Briton in his coracle, and weighed down with an iron bullet, he was slid into the Clyde. There he lies embedded in the silt. The exact place is unknown, but he may yet appear out of his casements to confound the geologist and demolish the landmarks of his science. How and when did crocodiles subsist on the banks of the Clyde? "That would not be the question," said Sheriff Logan at a dinner party; "but how did crocodiles live in its waters without viscera or vertebræ?"

Our daily route lay past the English cemetery. There were very few graves in it, but churchyards soon fill up; or as Burns hath it "Kirk-yards will soon be till'd eneugh," so I was not much struck the other

day to see it so much crowded. The last Englishman who died of plague was buried here. Eothen has well described this visit of the plague to Egypt in language that rivals Defoe's narrative of the Great Plague in London. The victim's name was Hawkridge. He had, coming out of the theatre, stumbled against the bier of a plague-stricken native. There was a joke about this circumstance as his companions parted from him for the night? We shall see. Before daybreak these friends were aroused by a thundering noise at the gates. The messengers of death had come to request them to carry him away. I have a great respect for the Alexandria cemetery, and touched my hat on leaving it. So does Tommy Atkins, mentally if not visibly, as his regiment passes out of some moribund cantonment in India, when he bids adieu to the place of tombs, the band playing a quick march.

Saint Mark was buried in the Coptic Convent not far off, and the story of the capture and transportation of the body is delineated on those magnificent frescoes on the façade of the Basilica of San Marco in Venice. I accompanied a Scots missionary, Nisbet, of Bombay, to his cenotaph on a Sunday morning. On coming away he observed that of all the millions who had been

reading St. Mark's Gospel that morning we alone had visited his tomb. Several English officers who fell in Abercrombie's expedition are buried here, and the inscriptions at the time we write of were legible. The English church is also named Saint Mark. Happy omen that the bombardment and conflagration have spared this religious edifice. It is built of stone from Malta, the same as that of Saint John's Cathedral there, easily cut and sliced in the quarry, but which hardens wonderfully by exposure to the sun and air. The words of David, being also the last words of Athanasius, who suffered martyrdom here, are engraven in big letters, so that who so runs may read, all round the summit of the walls, "The Lord our God is merciful and gracious, and his truth endureth from generation to generation." Near this is the Bourse, where Norman Macleod gave his witty reply to his old friend Dr. ——. As they passed along one Sunday, Dr. —— pointed out that a number of men were playing dice and dominoes on the steps of the aforesaid building. You see what your Sabbath views lead to, eh? The joke was not misunderstood. "I told them to worship *Dominus*, not dominoes," was the ready reply.

I asked Dr. Macleod in India if he was pleas-

ed with his journey through Egypt, and the Transit Administration. "No," said he; "it is still the *sick* transit, and there is no glory about it, not even the glory of Monday;" adding quietly, "We came through on a Tuesday." We spent a very happy day at Aboukir. At the time I write of there was but one old dismantled fort here, its locum tenens being an old Greek. It was a big day, and thirty English ladies and gentlemen put in an appearance on horses and donkeys. The donkey boys were on the alert, and, hearing the English words Aboukir Bay were at a loss to comprehend them. It was not their kind of Bey. No Bey of this name was known to them. Who was he? The occasion was to celebrate the arrival of an English gentleman which had taken place fifty years before. Mr. Briggs, familiar to the early readers of *Punch*, had landed in Egypt with Abercrombie's expedition in the end of March 1801. By no means a rotund figure, but a fine looking white haired gentleman all of the olden time. He took us over the ground where the landing had taken place, told us how the Highlanders, as they approached the shore in boats, had jumped into the shallow water, and at the double ran up the sandy hillocks on the crest of which the French had planted their

batteries. He was an eye-witness of their capture, followed up a few days after by the battle of Alexandria, which, we are told by the father of him who now commands our forces in Egypt, "delivered the Delta from the Republican yoke, and decided the fate of the civilised world." When the tent was filled and his health had been drunk, the Greek came forward, and courteously presented Mr. Briggs with a bullet and a fragrant sprig which he had picked up on the battlefield. Mr. Briggs, replying in glowing terms, told us what was the position of the English in the Levant before 1801, that our ships were then always ordered round to the New Harbour of Alexandria, which was disdainfully called by the Muslim "the Harbour of the infidels," that the English were held very cheap up to this time, but that it was upon these sand hills—and here he pointed to them—the tide of victory had been turned. The shore here was strewn for leagues with bits of cordage, charred or iron-encrusted wood, and even great guns imbedded in the sand, the relics of that mighty sea-fight in 1798, known in history as the Battle of the Nile.

"When Nelson o'er his country's foes,
Like the destroying angel rose."

Not far from Aboukir is the site of Canopus at

the ancient and now dried up mouth of the Nile. You know the constellation of Canopus, and we occasionally hear of the "Canopic cup" of pleasure. It was the Brighton of Alexandria. Athenæus tells us much about it, a kind of Pompeii without God and without hope in the world. Only a few blocks of marble remain of this old city, but something may still reward the digger. Egypt is the land of the mirage. Once, on the banks of the Mahmoudeyeh Canal, I was awoke from a siesta by shouts of "A mirage, a mirage." I hurried to the verandah, and there, sure enough, in the middle of Lake Mareotis, was an island city, complete with dome and minaret, and fringed with palm. It was seen by all of us, but was too good to last. In a minute the phantom island disappeared. Suez and Sind are famous for mirage, and water is often seen where there is none, in the midst of the desert, with long wooded promontories, the waves dashing on the beach, waves and beach having no existence whatever. Occasionally in the Bitter Lakes an inverted ship is seen in the sky, and we have seen a P. & O. steamer at daybreak suddenly stopped in the Red Sea with the cry of "Land." The phantom island disappeared in a moment.

Lake Mareotis is the gift (!) of General

Hutchison. Before 1801 there were 100 square miles of good land and many villages, where there is now only a brackish marsh. The sea was then let in from Lake Madieh, by cutting the embankment which "divided" them. The Mareotic wine is mentioned by both Virgil and Horace, and in 1850 (ere Monsieur Lesseps had led his canals of fresh water to Port Said and Ismailia, for our readers will remember that he presented a bottle of Egyptian wine to the Empress Eugenie, at the opening of the Suez Canal) the only vines grown in Egypt were upon a narrow neck of land which jutted into the Lake.

The Mahmoudeyeh Canal, as everybody knows was constructed by Mahomed Ali, but there was a canal here from Alexandria to Atfeh or Fouah, for centuries before his day, and in the fifteenth century Fouah was second only to Cairo. The distance from Alexandria to Atfeh as the crow flies is not more than twenty miles, but the Mahmoudeyeh Canal by its serpentine windings takes many more. Mahomed Ali was, however, very proud of it. One day he asked a European engineer if he had seen it. Yes, he had done so, and incautiously volunteered the remark that if he had been at the making of it, he could have

made it more direct and of course much shorter, whereat His Highness the Pasha stroked his beard. After a long and painful pause, he said, "Have you been in Europe?" "Yes." "Are there any rivers there?" "Yes." "Are they straight or crooked?" "Crooked, your Highness." We now come to the gist of the conversation. "Do you believe that God made the rivers?" "O yes," said the engineer, smiling. "Mashallah! Then know, O unbeliever, that we do not improve on God in this country," which contains the pith and philosophy of Turkish misrule and immobility. It was an interesting picture to see the overland mail proceeding to the Canal on the backs of camels, twenty-five or more in number, a spectacle grander than that of any Greek or Roman triumph. In these days everybody was honest. Mahomed Ali had frightened them into it, and I have known a box of sovereigns which had fallen from a camel in the Grand Square lie there until the unsuspecting driver on his return stumbled on it and picked it up again. One more story. A young cadet on his way out to India was amissing at Atfeh. The canal was dredged for several days, and his body found. He had fallen from the bulwarks of the steamer

in a reverie, no doubt. His friends sent out a tombstone, on which was written that Lieutenant Pestal was "saved from the trials and the dangers of a soldier's life."

Once on donkey back we made a Bohemian expedition to the Delta. There was neither road nor inn. The first night we slept in a deserted hut, among some straw. We were roughing it, and I never saw so many rats. They rode steeple-chases over our bodies, or nibbled our toe nails during the night, so after a miserable time of it we decamped at an early hour. We came out and sat down on the edge of a beanfield. It was a great plain, without limit or enclosure of any kind, and bounded only by the horizon. It was March, and the bean was in blossom. The perfume was delicate and exquisite, and something to be remembered, for whoever has sniffed the fragrance of a field of beans in flower will never forget it. The next night we slept at Damanhour. There was not a single European in the town, until we entered, and we had great difficulty in getting a meal or a night's lodging. But we did not despair. By diplomacy we succeeded in bribing the keeper of the public baths to allow us to lay down on the Persian carpets in the dressing-room of that institution.

An awkward arrangement for both him and us. Long before daylight, the sound of battering at the door awoke us from our slumbers, for the Muslimeen came in crowds to perform the daily ablutions enjoined by the Koran, and it was a wonderful picture to see them, while it was yet dark, by the dim light of their oil lamps, kneeling to the one God and the one Prophet, with their faces towards Mecca, and performing the necessary functions of their toilet. They could not see us, though we could see them; but our position was ticklish, so, dressing hastily in the dark, we crept out unseen by anybody, except the one man who had dared to offend the religious susceptibilities of his countrymen.

Here we saw the first cutting of the Egyptian railway. On the bank of a section cut ten feet deep into the alluvial soil we took our stand, and amid our dream of the terrible awakening that Egypt was to receive by the advent of the iron rail, the contingency of its conveying English soldiers on an Egyptian campaign was not considered by us. We made a pilgrimage to Rosetta—Raschid of the Arabs. Hence Harpun al Raschid, who was born here, familiar to readers of history and the Arabian Nights Entertainments. We sailed down to the Bogaz or sand-bar at the

mouth of the Nile. The houses in Rosetta are high, and the rooms lofty, and adorned with painted walls and roofs, the remains of the taste and workmanship of the Venetians, for several thousands of them used to live here, and conducted the carrying overland traffic from India in the Middle Ages, before Vasco Da Gama rounded the Cape of Storms. Many men have considered the neighbourhood of Rosetta to abound with some of the most lovely scenes on earth. It was here the French traveller Savary, in 1777, exclaimed, "Is not this the picture of that Eden where the Creator placed the first of mortals?" Rather with the poet Moore we may say—

> Poor race of men, said the pitying Spirit,
> Dearly ye pay for your primal fall;
> Some flowers of Eden ye still inherit,
> But the trail of the serpent is over them all.

Alexandria but lately contained a population of 200,000. In Savary's time it was a white heap of ruins, with 6,000 people in it. There was much to be seen in his time and that of Pococke in 1743 that could not be seen in our day. Pharaoh's packing needle was the name given to Cleopatra's needle, and the traveller was pointed out the ruins of Cleopatra's Palace and the private gate whereat she received Marc Antony after the Battle of Actium. Also the stone on

which Saint Mark was beheaded, the wooden chair from which the Apostle preached, and the place where Saint Katherine died, because she would not marry, with many other curios. If the so-called National party in Egypt wish a return of the times of the Mamelukes or those which existed in Alexandria a hundred years ago, we advise them to read and ponder the words of Volney—"Nor shall I ever forget that when I was returning from Syria to France, in March 1785, I saw under the walls of ancient Alexandria two wretches sitting on the dead carcase of a camel, and disputing its putrid fragments with the dogs."

NOTE TO "BOMBAY CIRCA 1839."

SOME BOMBAY REMINISCENCES.

THE "In Memoriam" notice of the late Mr. Watt, of Poona, which appeared in our columns a few days ago, has induced a correspondent of the *Statesman* to contribute some reminiscences which the editor of that paper thinks will revive some interesting memories to Bombay people. The notice in question concluded:—"One observation more. Mr. Watt, I conclude, is laid in the Poona cemetery, where sleeps the sister of Geraldine Jewsbury, who watched over the declining days of the late Jane Welsh Carlyle." The writer in the *Statesman*, commenting on this, says:—The mention of the lady sleeping in the Poona cemetery sufficiently indicates the person whom the writer of the extract had in his mind; but no doubt, without intending it, he scarce does her justice by alluding to her as "the sister of Geraldine Jewsbury." For not only was she the elder sister, not only was she the first to make the family name known, but as an authoress she was in no respect inferior to her sister Geraldine. Her literary merit has been spoken to by Wordsworth and Professor John Wilson (Christopher North). It was not by her family names that *Maria Jane* Jewsbury was known in India. Before leaving

England she had laid that name aside "for another and for a ring." As the attached friend of Mrs. Hemans, "one so gifted and so affectionately loving" as Mrs. H. wrote, there is the following sketch of her in the Memoir of Mrs. Hemans by her sister:—"The news which arrived from India in the summer of this year (1834) of the death of her friend, Mrs. Fletcher (the late Miss Jewsbury) affected Mrs. Hemans very deeply. The removal of this gifted and high-minded woman was indeed an event to excite the most sorrowful and startling reflections. On the 1st of August, 1832, she was married in a little quiet church among the Welsh mountains [at Penegoes in Montgomeryshire, then the home of Mrs. Hemans' sister] to the Rev. W. K. Fletcher, one of the chaplains of the H. E. I. C. Fourteen months afterwards she was laid in her last resting place in the 'far East,' having fallen a victim to cholera, whilst travelling with her husband back to Bombay from Sholapore, their first station, which they had been obliged to quit in consequence of its extreme unhealthiness." In this memoir there is given an extract from a letter of Mrs. Fletcher's written only six weeks before her death, some remarks in which had a striking corroboration in that saddening and untimely event. For in it she speaks of living in a land "where death is such a swift and cunning hunter, that before you know you are *ill*, you may be ready to become his prey—where death, the grave, and forgetfulness may be the work of two days." In Chorley's "Memorials of Mrs. Hemans" are four letters, one after the other, from Mrs. Hemans to different persons, in all which she bemoans Mrs. Fletcher's death. One letter may be thought worth quoting from, as it contains further

testimony to her goodness of heart than that borne [*i.e.*, to her tending "the declining years of the said Jane Welsh Carlyle"] in the extract, by reference to which I began this letter. Mrs. Hemans writes: "Will you tell Mr. Wordsworth (the poet) this anecdote of poor Mrs. Fletcher's? I am sure it will interest him. During the time that famine in the Deccan was raging, she heard that a poor Hindoo woman had been found lying dead in one of the temples at the foot of an idol, with a female child still living in her arms. She and her husband immediately repaired to the spot, took the poor little orphan away with them, and conveyed it to their own home. She tended it assiduously, and one of her latest cares was to have it placed at a female missionary school to be brought up as a Christian." It was at Mrs. Fletcher's recommendation that Mrs. Hemans began the perusal, or as she calls it, the "study" of Wordsworth's writings, and was thereby induced to make that poet's acquaintance. Mrs. Fletcher was also the friend of Wordsworth, and with reference to, or rather in support of what I have already said about her writings, must quote his opinion of them, and his testimony to her life and character. "Her enthusiasm," he wrote, "was ardent, her piety stedfast, and her great talents would have enabled her to be eminently useful in the path to which she had been called. The opinion she entertained of her own performances, given to the world under her maiden name, was modest and humble—indeed, far below her merits, as is often the case with those who are making trial of their powers to discover what they are fit for. In one quality—quickness in the motions of her mind, she was, in the author's estimation, unrivalled." The essays, sketches, and poems in Mrs. Fletcher's

"Phantasmagoria" are said in "Chambers' Cyclopœdia of English Literature" to have been characterised by Professor Wilson, "as always acute and never coarse." Another English lady writer who sleeps with Mrs. Fletcher in the Poona cemetery is Miss Emma Roberts, who died at that place in 1840.

This song by our great English humourist, Thomas Hood, before Steam Navigation, falls naturally under "Bombay Circa, 1839."

I'M GOING TO BOMBAY.

"Nothing venture, nothing have."—OLD PROVERB.
"Every Indiaman has at least two mates."
FALCONER'S MARINE GUIDE.

I.

My hair is brown, my eyes are blue,
And reckon'd rather bright;
I'm shapely, if they tell me true,
And just the proper height;
My skin has been admired in verse,
And called as fair as day—
If I *am* fair, so much the worse,
I'm going to Bombay!

II.

At school I passed with some éclât;
I learn'd my French in France;
De Wint gave lessons how to draw,
And D'Egville how to dance;—
Crevelli taught me how to sing,
And Cramer how to play—
It really is the strangest thing—
I'm going to Bombay!

III.

I've been to Bath and Cheltenham Wells,
But not their springs to sip—
To Ramsgate—not to pick up shells,—
To Brighton—not to dip.
I've tour'd the Lakes, and scour'd the coast
From Scarboro's to Torquay—
But tho' of time I've made the most,
I'm going to Bombay !

IV.

By Pa and Ma I'm daily told
To marry now's my time,
For though I'm very far from old,
I'm rather in my prime.
They say while we have any sun,
We ought to make our hay—
And India has so hot an one,
I'm going to Bombay !

V.

My cousin writes from Hyderapot
My only chance to snatch,
And says the climate is so hot,
It's sure to light a match.
She's married to a son of Mars,
With very handsome pay,
And swears I ought to thank my stars
I'am going to Bombay !

VI.

She says that I shall much delight
To taste their Indian treats,
But what she likes may turn me quite,
Their strange outlandish meats.—
If I can eat rupees, who knows?
Or dine, the Indian way,
On doolies and on bungalows—
I'm going to Bombay!

VII.

She says that I shall much enjoy,—
I don't know what she means,—
To take the air and buy some toy,
In my own palankeens,—
I like to drive my pony-chair,
Or ride our dapple grey—
But elephants are horses there—
I'm going to Bombay!

VIII.

Farewell, farewell, my parents dear,
My friends, farewell to them!
And oh, what casts a sadder tear
Good bye, to Mr. M.!—
If I should find an Indian vault,
Or fall a tiger's prey,
Or steep in salt, it's all *his* fault,
I'm going to Bombay!

IX.

That fine new teak-built ship, the Fox,
A. I.—Commander Bird,
Now lying in the London Docks,
Will sail on May the Third ;
Apply for passage or for freight,
To Nichol, Scott, and Gray—
Pa has applied and seal'd my fate—
I'm going to Bombay !

X.

My heart is full—my trunks as well ;
My mind and caps made up,
My corsets shap'd by Mrs. Bell,
Are promised ere I sup ;
With boots and shoes, Rivarta's best,
And dresses by Ducé,
And a special license in my chest—
I'm going to Bombay !

(*Accompaniment to Bombay Government letter No. 3307, dated 20th November, 1877.*)

GOVERNORS OF BOMBAY.

No.	Name.	Landed in Bombay.	Assumed charge of Office.	Made over charge.	Embarked for England.	Remarks.
1	The Honourable Sir Abraham Shipman.	Appointed 'General and Governor' on the 19th March 1662, was prevented from landing in Bombay by the Portuguese, and died on the island of Anjediva (N. Lat. 14° 45'; E. Long. 74° 10') in October 1664.				The first four Governors held Bombay for the Crown. The island was handed over to the Company on the 23rd September 1668. For the next nineteen years (1668-1687), except for occasional visits and during three years (1672-1675) of Governor Aungier's rule, the Governors of Bombay spent almost the whole of their time in Surat, of whose factory they were Presidents. During this time Bombay was administered by an officer styled Deputy Governor. The transfer, in 1687, of the head-quarters of the Company's power to Bombay to a great extent did away with the need of a Deputy Governor. But, in spite of the change, the title continued for many years to be borne by the second Member of Council. It would seem to have fallen into disuse some time between 1720 and 1738.
2	Mr. Humfrey Cooke* ..	Secretary to Sir Abraham Shipman, succeeded him in command, came to Bombay as Governor in February 1665. He remained in power till the 5th November 1666.				
3	The Honourable Sir Gervase Lucas.	5th Nov. 1666.	5th Nov. 1666.	Died 21st May 1667.	...	
4	Captain Henry Garey.*	...	22nd May 1667.	23rd Sept. 1668.	...	Deputy Governor; officiated as Governor.
5	The Honourable Sir George Oxenden.*	...	23rd Sept. 1668.	...	...	Except during January 1669, Sir George Oxenden spent all his time in Surat, where he died on the 14th July 1669.

* Appointed Governor while in India.

No.	Name.	Landed in Bombay.	Assumed charge of Office.	Made over charge.	Embarked for England.	Remarks.
6	The Honourable Gerald Aungier.	...	14th July 1669.	...	...	Mr. Aungier spent the greater part of 1673, 1674, and 1675 in Bombay. He died in Surat on the 30th June 1677.
7	The Honourable Thomas Rolte.	...	30th June 1677.	27th Oct. 1681.	...	
8	The Honourable Sir John Child, Bart.	...	27th Oct. 1681.	...	...	Child was Governor General with his head-quarters in Bombay, where he moved from Surat on the 2nd May 1687, and where he died on the 4th February 1690. In the year 1683, Bombay was the scene of a revolt against the Company's authority. The head of the rebellion was Captain Richard Keigwin, the third Member of Council. Placing the Deputy Governor under arrest, Keigwin ruled Bombay in the King's name from the 27th December 1683 to the 19th November 1684, when on promise of pardon he handed over the Island to Admiral Sir Thomas Grantham.
9	The Honourable Bartholemew Harris.	...	4th Feb. 1690.	...	...	Died in Surat on the 10th May 1694.
10	The Honourable Daniel Annesley.	...	10th May 1694.	17th May 1694.	...	Deputy Governor; officiated as Governor.
11	The Honourable Sir John Gayer.	17th May 1694.	17th May 1694.	Nov. 1704 ..	...	Under Gayer, Waite and Aislabie—that is from 1694 to 1715—Bombay Governors held the title of General. During the last three years (1701-1701) of his nominal command, Gayer was in confinement in Surat.
12	The Honourable Sir Nicholas Waite.	...	Nov. 1704.	Sept. 1708..	...	
13	The Honourable William Aislabie.	...	Sept. 1708.	1715	...	

14	The Honourable Stephen Strutt.*	...	1715	1716	...	Deputy Governor; officiated as Governor.
15	The Honourable Charles Boone.	...	1716	1720	...	
16	The Honourable William Phipps.	...	1720	1728	..	
17	The Honourable Robert Cowan.	...	1728	1734	...	Mr. Cowan was dismissed the service of Government.
18	The Honourable John Horne.*	...	22nd Sept. 1734.	7th April 1739.	..	
19	The Honourable Stephen Law.	...	7th April 1739.	15th Nov. 1742.	15th Nov. 1742.	
20	The Honourable John Geekie.*	...	15th Nov. 1742.	26th Nov. 1742.	...	Senior Member of Council; officiated as Governor.
21	The Honourable William Wake.	26th Nov. 1742.	26th Nov. 1742.	17th Nov. 1750.	17th Nov. 1750.	
22	The Honourable Richard Bourchier.*	..	17th Nov. 1750.	28th Feb. 1760.	28th Feb. 1760.	
23	The Honourable Charles Crommelin.*	..	28th Feb. 1760.	27th Jan. 1767.	27th Jan. 1767.	
24	The Honourable Thomas Hodges.*	..	27th Jan. 1767.	..	...	Died 23rd February 1771.
25	The Honourable William Hornby.*	..	26th Feb. 1771.	1st Jan. 1784.	1st Jan. 1784.	
26	The Honourable Rawson Hart Boddam.*	..	1st Jan. 1784.	9th Jan. 1788.	9th Jan. 1788.	

* Appointed Governor while in India.

No.	Name.	Landed in Bombay.	Assumed charge of Office.	Made over charge.	Embarked for England.	Remarks.
27	The Honourable Andrew Ramsay.*	..	9th Jan. 1788.	6th Sept. 1788.	...	Senior Member of Council: officiated as Governor.
28	The Honourable Major-General Sir William Medows, K.B.	6th Sept. 1788.	6th Sept. 1788.	21st Jan. 1790.	...	
29	The Honourable Major-General Sir Robert Abercromby, K.B.	..	21st Jan. 1790.	...	...	Proceeded to Madras on duty in August 1793, and thence joined the Council of the Governor General as Commander-in-Chief in India on the 28th October 1793.
30	The Honourable George Dick.*	..	1st Nov. 1793.	3rd Sept. 1795.	...	Senior Member of Council; officiated as Governor.
31	The Honourable John Griffith.*	..	3rd Sept. 1795.	27th Dec. 1795.	...	Do. do. do.
32	The Honourable Jonathan Duncan.*	27th Dec. 1795.	27th Dec. 1795.	..	...	Died in Bombay on the 11th August 1811.
33	The Honourable George Brown.*	..	11th Aug. 1811.	12th Aug. 1812.	...	Senior Member of Council; officiated as Governor.
34	The Right Honourable Sir Evan Nepean, Bart.	12th Aug. 1812.	12th Aug. 1812.	1st Nov. 1819.	...	
35	The Honourable Mountstuart Elphinstone.*	..	1st Nov. 1819.	1st Nov. 1827.	...	
36	Major-General the Honourable Sir John Malcolm, G.C.B., K.L.S.	..	1st Nov. 1827.	1st Dec. 1830.	...	

37	Lieutenant-General the Honourable Sir Thomas Sidney Beckwith, K.C.B.	...	1st Dec. 1830.	...	...	Died on the 15th January 1831.
38	The Honourable John Romer.*	...	17th Jan. 1831.	21st March 1831.	..	Senior Member of Council; officiated as Governor.
39	The Right Honourable John Earl of Clare.	20th March 1831.	21st March 1831.	17th March 1835.	17th March 1835.	
40	The Right Honourable Sir Robert Grant, G.C.H.	...	17th March 1835.	..	...	Died at Dapuri, near Poona, on the 9th July 1838.
41	The Honourable James Farish.*	..	11th July 1838.	31st May 1839.	..	Senior Member of Council; officiated as Governor.
42	The Hon'ble Sir James Rivett-Carnac, Bart.*	...	31st May 1839.	27th April 1841.	27th April 1841.	
43	Sir William Hay Macnaghton, Bart.	..	...	..	..	Was appointed Governor of Bombay by the Honourable the Court of Directors on the 4th August 1841. Was assassinated in Cabul on the 25th December 1841.
44	The Honourable George William Anderson.*	..	28th April 1841.	9th June 1842.	...	Senior Member of Council; officiated as Governor.
45	The Honourable Sir George Arthur, Bart., K.C.H.	8th June 1842.	9th June 1842.	5th August 1846.	5th August 1846.	
46	The Honourable Lestock Robert Reid.*	..	6th August 1846.	23rd Jan. 1847.	..	Do. do. do.
47	The Honourable Sir George Russell Clerk.	23rd Jan. 1847.	23rd Jan. 1847.	1st May 1848.	6th May 1848.	

* Appointed Governor while in India.

No.	Name.	Landed in Bombay.	Assumed charge of Office.	Made over charge.	Embarked for England.	Remarks.
48	The Right Honourable Lucius Bentinck, Viscount Falkland.	28th April 1848.	1st May 1848.	26th Dec. 1853.	29th Dec. 1853.	
49	The Right Honourable John Lord Elphinstone, G.C.B.	25th Dec. 1853.	26th Dec. 1853.	11th May 1860.	13th May 1860.	
50	The Honourable Sir George Russell Clerk, K.C.B.	11th May 1860.	11th May 1860.	24th April 1862.	24th April 1862.	
51	The Right Honourable Sir Henry Bartle Edward Frere, Bart., K.C.B., G.C.S.I.	20th April 1862.	24th April 1862.	6th March 1867.	6th March 1867.	
52	The Right Honourable Sir William Robert Seymour Vesey Fitz Gerald, G.C.S.I.	26th Feb. 1867.	6th March 1867.	6th May 1872.	6th May 1872.	
53	The Honourable Sir Philip Edmond Wodehouse, K.C.B., G.C.S.I.	1st May 1872.	6th May 1872.	30th April 1877.	30th April 1877.	
54	The Honourable Sir Richard Temple, Bart., K.C.S.I.*	26th April 1877.	30th April 1877.	13th March 1880.	13th March 1880.	
55	The Honourable Sir James Fergusson.	28th April 1880.	28th April 1880.	27th March 1885.	27th March 1885.	

* Appointed Governor while in India.

HISTORIC SITES IN BOMBAY.

To the MUNICIPAL COMMISSIONER, Bombay.

I beg most respectfully to lay before you the following suggestions, which I shall be much obliged by your bringing under the consideration of the Bombay Corporation at their early convenience :—

1. That there are various sites in Bombay distinguished in history as seats of Government, residences of celebrated men, or scenes of memorable events.

2. That in almost all civilised communities in England, in America, and on the Continent of Europe, such sites are marked down by pillar or tablet and brought before the public eye, useful and instructive alike for the citizen or the passing traveller.

3. That such tablets have been placed in almost all the public buildings which have been recently erected in Bombay.

4. That such localities in Bombay are not marked down, so that they can be easily distinguished, and that travellers from a distance, and even our own citizens, have a difficulty, even with the help of excellent guide-books, to find them out.

5. That Bombay, though it embraces only a history of two centuries in the possession of historical associations, may fairly take rank with many of the cities of Europe.

6. That although such sites are few in the island, it is our duty to make the most of them, and so make our city, of which we are justly proud, more attractive to all

the dwellers therein, and to those who come and sojourn among us for however short a time.

7. That these accessories, owing to our proverbially fluctuating population, are more necessary in Bombay than in any European city.

8. To facilitate the carrying out of such a measure, the writer appends a list which he respectfully submits to the Bombay Municipal Corporation. The cost can only be trifling. There may be others, but the following seem to fall legitimately within the scope of the above observations.

SEATS OF GOVERNMENT.

1. The old Government House of Bombay for the first hundred years of its history, situated within the Arsenal. —*Tablet.*

The wooden gates of the Citadel battered by the Sidi during his occupation of Mazagon in 1688.—*Small brass-plate.*

2. The Government House from about 1764 to 1820, being the old Secretariat in Apollo-street.—*Tablet* and *small brass plate* in the room where Jonathan Duncan died.

FORT.

3. The Dungaree Fort.—*Pillar.*

BASTION.

4. The old Royal Bastion of Bombay.—*Pillar.*

DOCK.

5. The oldest dry Dock in Bombay, constructed in 1734.—*Pillar.*

RESIDENCES OF DISTINGUISHED MEN.

6. The site of the house in which the Duke of Wellington lived, at the foot of the Siri-road.—*Pillar.*

NOTE.—Nos. 2 and 3 are under orders, we believe, for demolition (1885).

7. Tarala, the residence of Sir James Mackintosh at Mazagon.—*Plate.*

8. Site of Belvidere, the residence of Sterne's "Eliza." —*Pillar.*

9. Residence of Governor Hornby, being the old Court House.—*Plate.*

10. Residence of the first Sir Charles Forbes.—*Plate.*

11. The Cliff compound on Malabar Hill, the scene of Dr. Wilson's last labours and death.—*Pillar.*

BURYING GROUND.

12. Mendham's, 1660 to 1760, the only English burying ground; site easily identified. Underneath the banyan trees near the Young Men's Christian Institute might be placed, with a suitable inscription, an *Obelisk.*

13. Sonapore.
14. Colaba.
15. Scotch.

} Each of these a brass plate stating when it was opened and closed.

GATES.

16. Apollo.
17. Church.
18. Bazaar.

} *Pillars.*

19. The spot where His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales first set foot on the soil of India.—A *plate*, or better still, *a flat stone* deeply engraven, with the date thereof.

20. The Cathedral, an inscription stating foundation and opening as a Christian Church, date of belfry, and last alterations and additions.—*Plate.*

Other sites may be suggested, and some of the above may be left out, as this list merely embraces those that occur to the writer at present. The

inscriptions are merely matters of detail. They could be submitted to, say, the Vice-Chancellor of the University of Bombay, and be written out by such as are competent for the task.

No one surely will attribute this request to mistaken zeal or antiquarian fervour. The Bombay Corporation, in acceding to it, will merely do what almost every city in Europe has already done, and what has already been done by appropriate inscriptions on all the buildings which have been erected of late years in Bombay. They will manifest a just and appreciative intelligence of past events, and of the men who have contributed so much to the renown of that city of which we are so justly proud, by handing down to future generations such names and localities as are now known and can be easily identified. They are the proper guardians of what has gone before, for the instruction of the present age, and by transmitting the same unimpaired will benefit all future time. I most respectfully leave the proposition in the hands of yourself, for the consideration of the Bombay Corporation, and I am respectfully your most obedient humble servant,

JAMES DOUGLAS.

Bombay, March 31, 1882.

NOTES TO VOL. I.

BOMBAY MARRIAGE TREATY.

KEIGWIN.

Keigwin, we believe, was a truly courageous and honest, but misdirected man. On May 15, 1673, he landed with 200 men at a place still called "Keigwin's Rock" on St. Helena, which was then in possession of the Dutch, and by scaling ladders made a "most perilous ascent over a bluff, still called Holdfast Tom." Captain Munden advanced from the other side of the island and joined Keigwin. On seeing them the Dutch surrendered. Captain Munden left Keigwin as Governor of the island. He soon after, at his own wish, resigned.—*Mellis's St. Helena*, 1875.

The muntiny was in 1684 to 1685. Keigwin was in Bombay in 1674; went home and returned in 1681.

WESTERN INDIA IN 1583.

PRINCES OF ALIEN BLOOD.

Or indeed anywhere. In Russia it is German. "The fact is too common to excite remark, the first and most liberal countries in the world, as far as they have kings at all, being governed by princes of alien blood. In London the dynasty is Hanoverian; in Berlin it is

Swabian ; in Paris it is Corsican ; in Vienna it is Swiss ; in Florence it is Savoyard ; in Copenhagen it is Holstein ; in Stockholm it is French ; in Brussels it is Cobourg ; at the Hague it is Rhenish ; in Lisbon it is Kohary ; in Athens it is Danish ; in Rio it is Portuguese."—*Hepworth Dixon's Free Russia*, 1870.

SHOES WITHOUT STOCKINGS.

Spaniards, *ie.*, mestizoes, credes, &c., at Quito, capital of Ecuador, "Gloves are never worn, and stockings are unknown, shoes being slipped on the bare feet."—*Stanford Geo. Compendium, Central and South America*, 1882.

MAGELLAN IN INDIA.

Magellan (Magalhaeas) served five years in India under Alfonso d' Albuquerque and Tristan da Cunha, and there is every probability he was at Goa.—*See Prince Henry the Navigator, page* 422.

He joined the expedition of Francisco D' Almeida, the first Viceroy of the Indies, which left Portugal in 1505 and arrived at Quieloa. This seems certain.—*Prince Henry.*

MODY TOWER OF SILENCE.

The Mody Ghandy Tower of Silence on the Peddler Road: there seems to have been only about a dozen Parsees in Bombay when application was made by them to the Governor in 1669 for permission to erect a *dookhma* on Ghandy's piece of land which was granted.

MESTICI.

The development of European civilisation in Central, and South America has been hindered mainly by these

Mestizoes who have tended rather to degrade it to the Indian level.—*H. W. Bates, Stanford Geo. Comp., Central and South America*, 1882.

BOMBAY BEGINNINGS.

CLARET.

Firm and erect the Caledonian stood,
Old was his mutton and his claret good.
Let him drink port, the English statesman cried,
He drank the poison and his spirit died.

John Home, 1722-1808.

PALE ALE.

1792.—The Signor, with a priest and two Portuguese merchants, passed the afternoon with us at Damaun, and were highly delighted with some excellent pale ale, with which we regaled them.—*Price's Memorials*, 1839.

SEEVAJEE.

The great Seevajee.—*Macaulay.*

ONE TREE HILL.

One Tree Hill was ascended by Lester de Fonblanque on 29th October 1883, the first ascent made by any European that I know of. I saw him do this feat, and

climbing the tree, when he tied his white pocket handkerchief to a branch, where it remained long afterwards fluttering in the breeze. It is a very dangerous ascent, and ought to be avoided.

NADIR SHAH.

Nadir Shah was the son of a maker of sheepskin caps in Khorasan.

SEEVAJEE'S FILIAL AFFECTION.

It is recorded that on one occasion when he went out to meet his father, who was on horseback, Seevajee got out of his palanquin and walked ten miles by his side.

AURUNGZEBE'S DAUGHTER.

Buried at Begampur, 25 miles south-west of Sholapur on the left bank of the Bhima. She died while her father Aurungzebe was encamped at Brahamapuri on the opposite bank, 1695 to 1700. Her tomb is a plain solid structure in a courtyard, 180 feet square.—*Bombay Gazetteer*, Vol. XX.

Zebu-n Nisá Begam was the eldest of the daughters. She was born February 1639 ; owing to the King's teaching she became thoroughly proficient in knowledge of the Koran, and received as a reward the sum of 30,000 *ashrafis*. Her learning extended to Arabic, Persian, to the various modes of writing and to prose and poetry. Many learned men, poets and writers, were employed by her, and numerous compilations and works are dedicated to her. Her death occurred in the year 1113 (1701 A.D.) —*Saki Musta'idd Khan, Elliot's Historians of India*, 1877.

KANOJEE ANGRIA AND THE PIRATES OF WESTERN INDIA.

KOLABA.

Visited Kolaba Island and Fort on 30th December, 1883, sailed to it, and being low water, walked back over the sands.

COMMODORE JAMES.

He married a Miss Goddard (see Eliza, Vol. II.) but of his first wife; this is the record. "Soon after his arrival Mr. James married, and that an honourable testimony to the obscurity of his origin did not stand in the way of his achieving distinction, any more than it did in the case of Sir Cloudesley Shovel, and many other famous English Admirals, it may be mentioned that his wife kept a public house in the now classic region of Wapping known as the "Red Cow."—*Low's History of the Indian Navy*, 1877.

Her tomb is in Surat in the same mausoleum as the black marble slab erected to Brabazon Ellis. She died in 1755, which I think is the date recorded on her tombstone on the right as you go in.

James was the son of a miller near Havordfordwest in Pembrokeshire Vernacular a *cursed* boy. According to tradition he stole a gamecock from Johnstone Hall and had to fly the country. Mr. John Payin Phillips, of Havordfordwest, says his first wife was a widow. His children were by the second wife. His daughter Eliz. Anne married Thomas Boothby Parkins, 1st Baron Rancliffe. The youngest of Parkins' daughters married first in 1817 the Marquis de Choiseul, and second in 1824

Auguste Jules Armand Mari, Prince de Polignac, Minister of Charles X.—*Notes and Queries, September* 28, 1861.

CAPTAIN KID.

My name was Captain Kid } *bis.*
When I sailed, when I sailed.
My name was Captain Kid,
And so wickedly I did.
God's laws I did forbid } *bis.*
When I sailed, when I sailed.

Old Ballad, Captain Kid.

Born at Greenock, Scotland, executed May 12, 1701. —*Notes and Queries.*

There's a fine old song about him all to the tune of

My name is Captain Kid
As I sailed, as I sailed.

And then it tells how he gained the devil's good graces by burying the Bible—

I had the Bible in my hand,
As I sailed, as I sailed.
And I buried it in the sand,
As I sailed.

Washington Irving's Tales of a Traveller.

THE NABOB.

"Dukes, lords I have buried and squires of fame
And people of every degree,
But of all the fine jobs that came in my way
A fun'ral like this for me.
This is the job,
That fills the fob,
O! the burying a Nabob for me."

Old Song, Chambers' Book of Days, Vol. I., 331.

CAPTAIN GRANT.

This exploit was commemorated in a song sung by the Kathi women.

"Mr. Grant and Alam Mia were going to Amreli. Bavo looked out and said certain scribes are coming along the road. O Son of Raning.

He seized the hat wearer, he took him to the hills, he kept him imprisoned for four months, the news went to England Oh Bavo Valo preserver of the country. O Son of Raning.

You gave him food when he asked for it and treated him with honour. You could not find fans, so you gave him Khakhar leaves. O Son of Raning.

B. G., Vol. VIII., p. 126, 1884.

SAGURGHUR.

Ascended Sagurghur on 31st December, 1883, at sunrise, and was back at the bander boat at Alibagh at 10 a.m. It is well worth a visit. Huge boulders apparently brought from the shore make up the Fort. A strange natural peak or spire projects from the end. It is reported to move like the rocking stones; or the shaking minarets of Ahmedabad. Saw the steep cliffs three hundred feet down which the victims were thrown.

AN ENGLISHMAN HELD CAPTIVE FOR TEN YEARS BY ANGRIA, CIRCA 1720.

Having amassed a very large fortune, and being desirous of returning to his native land, Mr. Curgenven, an East Indian merchant, set about arranging his affairs. As the variety of his engagements rendered this an operation of greater length than he had anticipated, he sent his wife to England by herself and determined to follow with all his wealth as soon as possible. About a year or so later he succeeded in winding up his affairs and chartered two

vessels, one of which he loaded with the greater part of his rich effects, and with the residue of his property he himself embarked in the other. He had not, however, sailed many days when, by some accident, the accompanying ship took fire, and was consumed before his eyes with everything she contained. The loss of more than half his fortune, earned by a long life of toil and exile, was a severe blow, but he bore it with fortitude, resigning himself to the will of Heaven, and comforted by the reflection that much riches still remained to him. Brief and ill-founded was this consolation. The morrow's sun had hardly risen, when he found himself surrounded by the fleet of the famous Eastern pirate Angria, by whom, after a short resistance, he was taken prisoner. His property was carried to Gheriah, while he himself was chained to a bench in Angria's galley and obliged to row as a slave. A long time elapsed before he was able to send intelligence of his misfortune to England, and it was longer still before Angria who knew the value of his prize, could be brought to accept his ransom. Nearly ten years passed before he regained his liberty, and then only on payment of a large sum of money. At length he reached England and rejoiced the heart of his wife after such a long and bitter separation; but their troubles were not yet at an end. The iron ball by which he was fastened to the chain had so worked into the flesh of his thigh that within a week after his return to London, mortification set in, and it was judged expedient to amputate his leg as near as possible to the body. The operation was successfully performed, and for a week afterwards there was every reason to expect his recovery. One evening, however, as his wife was sitting

by his bedside, he uttered a sudden exclamation and threw off the bed clothes. The great artery had burst, and before any assistance could be procured he bled to death. His widow became Lady Somerville.—*Letters and Correspondence of Sir James Bland Burgess, Bart.*, 1885.

BOOK OF GOMBROON.

GENERAL CARNAC.

General Carnac married a Miss Rivett, a celebrated court beauty, whose picture was painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds, and is esteemed one of the finest of his works —it is now in the collection of Sir Richard Wallace. The General and Mrs. Carnac both died in Bombay, I believe. Memorial tablets were placed in the Cathedral by Rivett, who was then Senior Member of Council.

These tablets were taken down when the additions were made to the Cathedral. Mrs. Eastwick, when staying with Sir Richard Temple in 1878 when I was Military Secretary to the Governor, found the tablets in a godown both broken. Sir Richard and I replaced them, high up on the wall, on either side of the main entrance. When General Carnac died he left all his property, which was very considerable, to Mr. Rivett, who took the name of Carnac, hence the double name as you will find recorded on the tablets. Sir James Rivett Carnac, Governor of Bombay, was Mr. Rivett's eldest son. Sir Richard Temple's mother was Sir James' sister, and my father was Sir James' youngest brother.—*Major Rivett Carnac, Military Secretary to Commander-in-Chief, Poona, 13th July*, 1883.

April 9, 1840.—Went to the drawing-room. Amongst the company was Mrs. Lushington *veuve* Carnac, who last year married a man young enough to be her grandson. They are now separated, and she was presented this year in her former name of Mrs. Carnac. She was Indian and very rich.—*Lord Malmesbury's Memoirs of an ex-Minister*, 1885.

HORATIO NELSON: OR BOMBAY 1775.

HORATIO NELSON.

"Mr. Bentham's compliments to Mr. Kee, he understands he is agent to Mr. Surridge, the Master of the Sea Horse; should be obliged to him for a recommendation in favour of Horatio Nelson, a young lad (nephew to Captain Suckling), who is young in that ship. The master is a necessary man for a young lad to be introduced to. Therefore Mr. Bentham will be obliged to Mr. Kee for a letter. The ships wait only for the Commander's Despatches."—Navy Office, 28th October, 1772.—*Dr. Doran in Notes and Queries, 5th October*, 1872. (*Original still existing.*)

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE AT SUEZ, 1798.

THE EXODUS.

This idea is now (1884) revolutionised. The accepted version is that the Gulf of Suez at the time of the Exodus crept up to the Bitter Lakes. Discoveries made near Tel-

el-Kebir apparently of the site of Pithom confirm this view—a view which we heard many years ago from the lips of Captain Burton, at a time, as he said himself, when it would have been considered heterodox to utter it.

See *Helps to the Study of the Bible*, published at Oxford, in which there is a chart to illustrate the new theory.

WAGHORN AND THE SUEZ CANAL.

Confirmed by M. de Lesseps' reply to a deputation on the subject of the Waghorn monument in London in November 1883.

"It was to Waghorn alone that he was indebted for the original idea of forming the Suez Canal."—*Extract from his Speech in Overland Mail, 30th November*, 1883.

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON IN BOMBAY.

CLOSE SHAVERS.

Munro also as well as Sir Barry Close and General Lawrence of a former generation.—*Portraits in Historical Record, 1st Madras European Regiment*, 1843.

MUNRO ON MAHRATTA GOVERNMENT.

The Mahratta Government from its foundation has been one of the most destructive that ever existed in India. It never relinquished the predatory spirit of its founder Shivajee. That spirit grew with its power, and when its empire extended from the Ganges to the Kaveri, this nation was little better than a horde of imperial thieves. All other Hindu tribes took a pride in the improvement

of the country and in the construction of temples, ponds, canals, and other public works. The Mahrattas have done nothing of this kind; their work has been chiefly desolation. They did not seek their revenue in the improvement of the country, but in the exaction of an established tribute from their neighbours and in predatory excursions to levy more tribute. Though now fortunately obliged to relinquish their claims, the wish to revive them will never cease, but with the extinction of their power. A government so hostile in its principles to improvement and tranquillity ought, if possible, to be completely overthrown.—*Sir Thomas Munro to Governor General, 28th November*, 1817.

GREAT MARCHES.

I once marched in India seventy miles in what I may call one march, it was after Assaye to the borders of the Nizam's territory against a body of predatory natives, whom by this extraordinary march I surprised in their camp. I moved one morning about four o'clock and marched till noon, when I had a rest till about eight in the evening, when I set out and did not stop till about twelve mid-day, seventy miles from my first point. I had before Assaye made another forced march which saved Poona, but it was not so far, hardly sixty miles, and I took more time to do it, but it was a surprising march.—*H. W. Croker's Papers*, 1884, *Duke of Wellington loquitur.*

Russian march of about a month from Kinderly on the Caspian to the Sea of Aral, April-May 1873, "One of the most remarkable made by any army in any time. The distance was great; the road lay through a desolate de-

sert in which there was scarcely a well, and the means of transport were utterly disproportionate.—*M'Gahan Campaigning on the Oxus*, 1874.

Henry V.'s march to Agincourt, 6th to 24th October, 1415. 320 miles in eighteen days, a rate surpassing any *continuous* marching recorded of late years.—*The Art of War in the Middle Ages, by C. W. C. Oman*, 1885.

In 1809, the troops under General Robt. Crawford marched to Talavera, a distance of sixty-two English miles in twenty-six hours in the hottest season of the year, each man carrying from fifty to sixty pounds weight. "Had the historian Gibbon known of such an effort, he would have spared his sneer about the delicacy of modern soldiers."—*Battles and Sieges in the Peninsula, by Sir William Napier, K.C.B.*, 1855.

The Corps of Guides, "I am making said Henry Daly, then Commander, as he started with alacrity on hi honourable mission and I intend to make the best march that has been heard of in India." And he was as good as his word. In twenty-two days at the very hottest season of the year he made a forced march of 580 miles from Peshawur to Delhi, and his men came into Camp, as they were described by an eye-witness, "as firm and light of step as if they had marched only a mile."—*Bosworth Smith's Life of Lord Lawrence*, 1883.

HENRY DALY'S GUIDES' MARCH TO DELHI.

It was on the morning of June 9, 1857, that the Guides arrived before Delhi. They had accomplished a distance of five hundred and eighty miles in twenty-two days, and that too at the very hottest season of the year. There

had been but three halts during the whole march, and those only by special order. It was a march hitherto unequalled in India, and in point of speed—an average of twenty-seven miles a day—it is, I believe, unequalled still.—*Life of Lord Lawrence*, 1883.

SIR JOSEPH ARNOULD.

Sir Joseph Arnould, Judge of Bombay High Court, 1859 to 1869. Croker thus notices young Arnould's appearance at Oxford when the Duke of Wellington was installed Chancellor of the University; the date is June 11, 1834 :—"Then began imitations, Greek, Latin, and English. A Mr. Arnould (scholar of Wadham College) repeated some very good verses on the *Hospice of St. Bernard;* and after alluding to Buonaparte's passage of the Alps, and praising his genius, &c., and recounting all his triumphs, he suddenly apostrophised the Duke and said something equivalent to—invincible till he met *you*! At that word begun a scene of enthusiasm, such as I never saw; some people appeared to me to go out of their senses—literally to go mad. The whole assembly started up, and the ladies and the grave semicircle of doctors became as much excited as the boys in the gallery and the men in the pit. Such peals of shouts I never heard; such waving of hats, handkerchiefs, and caps I never saw; such extravagant stamping and clapping, so that at last the air became clouded with dust. During all this the Duke sat like a statue; at last he took some notice, took off his cap lightly, and pointed to the *reciter* to go on: but this only increased the enthusiasm, and at last it ended only from the mere exhaustion of our animal powers.—*Croker Papers, Vol. II., p.* 228.

MOUNTSTUART ELPHINSTONE.

MOUNTSTUART.

Called no doubt "Mountstuart" after the seat of the Marquis of Hastings in Bute, who about this time was rewarded by a Peerage for his services in the American war, and afterwards became Governor-General of India.

SIR ALEXANDER GRANT.

Vol. I., page 296.

Principal of the University of Edinburgh. He died 2nd December, 1884. Sir William Muir now holds the same office.

On 11th June, 1885, James Faed, portrait painter, had the honour of submitting to Her Majesty his portrait of Lord Elphinstone, late Governor of Bombay.—*Overland Mail, 19th June*, 1885.

CARLYLE AND MOUNTSTUART ELPHINSTONE.

On one occasion Carlyle dined with us to meet Mountstuart Elphinstone, and it was interesting to note how two men of such different antecedents fraternised on the spot, each recognising the noble qualities of the other. Carlyle spoke the broadest Annandale dialect and was very blunt in manner. His laugh was quite infectious, it was such a genial roar. Mr. Elphinstone told Carlyle the story of Mahmoud of Ghazni, paying the famous poet Ferdusi for the labour of thirty years in writing the Shah Nameh, with a sack full of coppers. Carlyle expressed vehement contempt, laughed heartily at his own wrath, and then asked—"Is this Ferdusi dead?"—*Storms and Sunshine of a Soldier's Life, Mrs. Colin Mackenzie*, 1884.

SIR JOHN MALCOLM.

WELLINGTON AND SERINGAPATAM.

Baird on the failure of Colonel Wellesley on the night attack on Seringapatam when offered the next day the command of the attack on the Tope agreed with Lord Harris, the Commander-in-Chief, that it would be but fair to give the Colonel another trial. He got it and succeeded.—*Alison, Vol.* 7, *cap.* 49.

LORD HASTINGS ON OUR RULE.

It is a proud phrase to use, but it is a true one, that we have bestowed blessings upon millions. The ploughman is again in every quarter, turning up a soil which for many seasons had never been stirred except by the hoofs of predatory cavalry.—*Lord Hastings, February*, 1819.

MALCOLM A POET.

In the Advocate's Library Edn. there is a book of poems by Sir John Malcolm, published or printed in 1828, 'Scenes of War and other Poems," by Sir John Malcolm. And on the title page is inscribed this suggestive verse :—

> "I gave my harp to sorrow's hand,
> And she hath ruled the chords so long,
> They will not speak at my command,
> They warble only to her song."

JOHN PETER GRANT.

On leaving Bombay his carriage was drawn by natives. Died on his way home from Calcutta and buried at sea, 17th May, 1848.

His portrait taken in Calcutta, and subscribed for in Bombay, now hangs in the High Court of Bombay. It

was refused a place by the Chief Justice of the day, and after lying in the hands of the family of the late Jeejeebhoy Dadabhoy has now been presented by his grandson, after fifty years.—*Bombay Gazette*, 27*th May*, 1885.

He looks quite the reverse of an irrascible man.

SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH; OR BOMBAY 1804 TO 1812.

MALCOLM.

There died, not many years since, a small sheep-farmer in Dumfriesshire, who lived to see his three sons, a general, an admiral, and an ambassador, and all knights, seated around his table.—*World*, *April* 8, 1885.

WRITERS TO THE PAPERS.

John Lawrence in 1845 wrote some excellent letters to the *Delhi Gazette*.—*Bosworth Smith's Life of Lord Lawrence*, 1883.

Sir Herbert Edwards also under the *nom de plume* of Brahaminy Bull.

MACKINTOSH IN BOMBAY.

Two incidents may be mentioned of his judicial administration in Bombay. He had a great abhorrence of perjury, and sentenced a woman to five years' imprisonment, during which period she had to stand once a year in the pillory, in front of the Court-house, with labels on her breast and back, explanatory of the crime of which she had been guilty.

Five prisoners, expecting to receive sentence of death

had provided themselves with knives to assassinate the judge, and then commit suicide on themselves. The project was discovered, but Sir James did not increase the sentence beyond what he had intended—twelve months' imprisonment. He said, "If that murderous project had been executed, I should have been the first British Magistrate who ever stained with his blood the bench on which he sat to administer justice. But I could never have died better than in the discharge of my duty. When I accepted the office of a minister of justice, I knew that I ought to despise unpopularity and slander, and even death itself. Thank God I do despise them."—*Lives of Englishmen*, 1837.

MACKINTOSH IN ENGLAND.

1831.—On Saturday saw Sir James Mackintosh (at Jeffrey's). A broadish, middle-sized, grey-headed man, well dressed, and with a plain courteous bearing; grey intelligent (unhealthy yellow whitey) eyes, in which plays a dash of cautious vivacity (uncertain whether fear or latent ire), triangular unmeaning nose, business mouth and chin, on the whole a sensible official air.—*Thomas Carlyle.*

POONA AND THE PESHWAS.

KAMPOLEE TANK.

Constructed by the father of Nana Furnavese about 1752.—*Price's Memorials*, 1839.

POONA.

Prince Muhiu-l Mulk, son of Prince Kam Baksh, died

here, so the name of Puna was changed to Muhiabad.—*Khafi Khan, Elliot's Historians of India, Vol. VII.*, 373.

SATI.

In 1792 Price saw a case of Sati from the windows of the British Residency at the Sungum, on the opposite bank of the Moota.—*Price's Memorials*, 1839.

SEEVAJEE'S FORTS—TORNA.

HOW WE TOOK TORNA.

An opening was made by a clasp knife, cutting away two half moon segments from the two leaved door, large enough for an arm to get through and push aside the iron bar which held it fast in the inside. Behold the decay of the Mahratta power: what was one of their strongest forts in 1680 opened by a pocket-knife in 1880!

RAIGHUR.

THE OXENDENS.

According to an extract from the Proceedings of the House of Lords, October 30, 1673, there appear to have been four baronets or knights, probably all brothers, Sir Christopher, Sir George, Sir Henry, and Sir James Oxenden.

A LOVE-LETTER OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

In the delightful correspondence of the Oxenden family, preserved among the MSS. of the British Museum,

the following epistle, in clear "print" handwriting, occurs :—

"Dear Heart, I am heartilie sorry, that some occasions have hindered mee, from coming to see you, all this while ; I desire you to impute my absence, not to want of loue, but leasure ; & I beseech you, to bee assured, that there lieues not a more constant, faithfull, and affectionate lover, upon the face of the whole earth, then I am, of your most worthie SELFE, whose VERTUE & BEAVTY is such, that I haue Uerie good cavse to beleiue there liues not a second, to bee paralell'd wth you. I haue here sent you a small token, w h I desire you to accept of ; I haue allsoe sent you a copie of uerses, made by him, who is, The admirer, & adorer of your diujne beautje ; HENRJE OXJNDEN. Barham : Feb. : 26 : 1641. *An° Ætat : tuæ.* 17."

The initial letter is beautified after the monkish manner, the globe with its sea and land, on which the *D* is placed, being probably the pictorial analogue to the protestation in the love-letter about "the face of the whole earth." Unfortunately there is no address to give a clue to this paragon of virtue and beauty, aged seventeen, by whose years the date is so quaintly fixed.

T. S.

MAHABLESHWUR IN 1792.

November 2nd, 1792.—The village of Mahablesh-wur, at the source of the Krishna, lay on the eastern slope of the mountain ; and was barely visible when pointed out by one acquainted with the spot, and one large pagoda was clearly distinguished through a telescope.—*Price's Memorials*, 1839.

BEEJAPOOR.

PIGEONS.

And in the celebrated convents of the west also, and as far north as Solovetsk in the White Sea, "Pigeons have a good place in the convent," says the Father at my side. "You see we never touch them; doves being sacred in our eyes on account of that scene on the Jordan, when the Holy Ghost came down to our Lord in the form of a dove."—*Hepworth Dixon's Free Russia*, 1870.

BIG TREES.

One of the Adansonia trees measures 52 feet in circumference 3 feet from the ground.—*Bombay Gazetteer, Vol.* 23.

THE MARTYRS OF TANNA.

BAWAMALANG.

On 27th May, 1792, I turned off the direct road, passed under Bawamalang, that inexpugnable mountain fort, in sight of Bombay, which set at defiance, and repulsed with loss, the British force which attempted to carry it by assault against a storm of granite hurled down the rocky stairs in 1779.—*Price's Memorials*, 1839.

CHERSONESUS.

This is the name given by Ptolemy to a locality in his map, south of Barygaza (Broach), and so far as we are able to judge it comprehends Tanna Creek and the adjacent islands.

JAMES FORBES.

BODEN.

On Tuesday, 3rd February, 1789, Lieutenant, afterwards Colonel, Joseph Boden (of Sanscrit Foundation fame) and myself embarked at Tillicherry for Bombay.—*Price's Memorials.*

JOSEPH WALL.

Is anything known of Joseph Wall in Bombay? He became a Cadet in the army about the year 1760, obtained a command in the service of the East India Company and proceeded to Bombay. On his return he led a life of gallantry and was appointed Governor of Goree, west coast of Africa. On his arrival in England in 1802 he was tried at the Old Bailey for the wilful murder of Benjamin Armstrong, and executed on the 28th January 1802 before 60,000 spectators. He gave, by means of three blacks, Armstrong, 800 lashes, from which he died.—*Notes and Queries, November* 25, 1865.

WIFE OF SIR ALEX. MALET

in 1834 said to be the authoress of *Violet, or the Danseuse,* published about 1830.—*Notes and Queries, 16th October,* 1869.

BOMBAY HARBOUR.

La seule force de Bombaye contre des Européens est dans son port.—*Anquetil de Perron,* 1761, *Preliminary Discourse on Zendavesta.*

ELIZA DRAPER.

Tellicherry 1812.—In this citadel there is still a capital house long inhabited by Eliza Draper.—*Colonel Welsh's Military Reminiscences,* 1830.

Angengo 1819.—I found myself mechanically led to

seek some relique, and actually robbed a broken window of two or three pieces of oyster shell or mother-o'-pearl in memento of my visit to the birth-place of Eliza Draper.—*Do. Vol.* 2, 149.

ELIZA DRAPER'S ELOPEMENT.

It is, however, time to turn to the engraving. The house in the foreground is a handsome old fashioned building, overlooking the harbour, and was formerly part of a Portuguese convent. Here lived Eliza. During a short stay in England for the benefit of her health, she became acquainted with Sterne, and their correspondence took place previous to her departure for India in 1767. On her return to Bombay she was weak enough to listen to the seductive arts of an officer in the navy, to whom, although closely watched, she contrived to escape by means of a rope ladder, from one of the upper apartments of this house; she, however, soon repented the sacrifice, and died the victim of his baseness. What wretchedness is told in these few lines. If the reader feel not thus, let him refer to the letter of "the excellent Abbé Raynal," which we reprinted in our last volume. The Abbé, we know, was a man of brilliant imagination, but allowing for his enthusiasm, the loveliness with which he invests Eliza can scarcely be transcended. Sterne did not live to hear of her lamentable exit; Raynal on this account says, "Fortunate Sterne, thou art no more, and I am left behind, I wept over thee with Eliza, thou wouldst weep over her with me; and had it been the will of heaven that you had both survived me, your tears would have fallen together on my grave." Again his solemn and concluding vow: "Eliza from the highest heaven, thy first and

last country, receive my oath : I swear not to write one line in which thy friend may not be recognised." Sterne for his friendship with this accomplished woman became the object of ridicule and slander ; and in this vile spirit, one of his traducers published, anonymously, " Letters supposed to have been written by Yorick to Eliza."—*The Mirror, Vol.* 18, *pp.* 18-19.

THE WILD BOAR IN SALSETTE.

The Governor and most of the gentlemen of Bombay go annually to hunt the wild boar and the royal tiger in the jungles of Salsette.—*Hector Macneil, Bombay*, 1783, *Archæologia, Vol.* 7.

CULTIVATION OF THE MANGO IN ENGLAND.

I regret much that I cannot hold out any hope of its successful cultivation in this country. Like many other tropical fruits it thrives and ripens to perfection within a rather limited area in tropical countries, and all attempts to cultivate it in our hot-houses can only be said to have been complete failures. It is grown in all our Botanic Gardens and for many years at Sion House, Middlesex, it was specially cultivated with a view to secure a crop of fruit. I am not certain of the exact number of years it was thus cultivated at Sion House, but certainly over twenty years, and may be thirty, however it only ripened fruit twice in that long time, five fruits one season and three another, with some fifteen to twenty years between, so as there were half a dozen plants or trees and a large house devoted to them, *that* could not be called a success. It was also "fruited at Leigh Park Hawant, Hants, about thirty years ago and fruit has occasionally been seen on plants in several

other gardens, but never ripened properly." Through a friend stationed at Poona I got home plants ("worked") of the best six varieties grown in India and for years tried all I could to fruit them in pots and tubs. I several times saw young fruit but never ripened any.—*Mr. Dunn, Head Gardener to the Duke of Buccleugh, Dalkeith Palace Gardens, 15th July*, 1884.

DR. WILSON.

SIR SEYMOUR FITZGERALD died 29th June, 1885.

BOMBAY DIRECTORY—1792.

MR. TATE.

Pullietate or Paliport 1817. Literally Garden Mosque is the residence of Mr. Tate, an opulent English merchant, and formerly an inhabitant of Bombay. This gentleman, then very old and infirm, died a few years afterwards.—*Colonel James Welsh's Military Reminiscences*, 1830.

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BOMBAY YACHTING.

First Day of the Annual Regatta.

The annual Regatta as far as existing records show was first instituted in February 1830, eighty nine years ago. Possibly there were earlier sailing matches in Bombay harbour. We can at least vouch for the fact that in the year 1698, the Governor of Bombay, Sir John Gayer owned a yacht called the Benjamin. Whether he used to race round Tucker Beacon in solitary state or whether he was accompanied by lesser fry, we are unable to say. In all probability, he did not sail alone. Unfortunately no details of the tonnage of this yacht Benjamin exist, and we are, therefore, unable to say whether she excelled in "light," "moderate" or "fresh" or what her handicap was on a 12 mile course. In Saturday's races the 6 metre boats sailed over practically the same course as did their predecessors the Red Rover, Flying Fish, and Lady Castlereagh, in the Regatta of 1830. Probably in those far away days the Red Rover luffed the Flying Fish and the Lady Castlereagh's tindal did something cute-ish in setting her balloon canvas in the same old way, which left her first place. On Saturday Corrie, Cingalee, and Maya started in the race for the Challenge Cup presented by Lord Curzon. Cynthia and Nelia the other metre boats who used to race for this cup in the years before the war are unfortunately laid up. The course was Sunk Rock (port) Mark Buoy port, Committee Vessel: Tucker Beacon port, Committee Vessel, length 11.32 miles. In the early part of the race these yachts kept well together. There was some brisk luffing between Maya and Corrie which might have

Corrie ... W Deacon ... 14 ... 16 ... 18 ... 20
... A C Bowden, Esq ... 20 ... 21 ... 23 ... 25

... Starting mark boat to ... Light ship Port, S Karanja Dark, Committee Vessel, Length 15-8 miles. Warning Flag 1-45 p.m., Warning Gun 1-50 p.m., and Starting Gun 1-55 p.m.

1st RACE FOR LAYSTRATA CUP.—METRE CLASS RACE.

Yacht.	Entered by
Maya	H Comber, Esq
Chingaree	L F Tucker, Esq
Corrie	N B Macbeth, Esq

Course:—N Karanja Starboard, Mark Buoy Starboard, Committee Vessel, Mark Buoy Port, N Karanja Port, Committee Vessel. Length 12½ miles.

Warning Flag 2-45 p.m., Warning Gun 2-50 p.m., and Starting Gun 2-55 p.m.

CUP PRESENTED BY MR. C. N. RICH.—"C" CLASS HANDICAP RACE.

Yacht.	Entered by	Handicap M S
Wendy ...	R MacGregor, Esq. ...	Scr
Flosie Cne ...	T N Begbie, Esq ...	4 42
Clothe ...	V A Grantham, Esq ...	10 58
Blue Bird ...	J G Rideand, Esq ...	6 16
Curlew ...	Messrs E Y Watson and E Simmons ...	3 55
Jenny Wren ...	Capt H Morgan, R A ...	9 24
Swallow ...	A ... Punt, Esq ...	8 07
Lady Bird II ...	C N Rich, Esq ...	4 22
Wing ...	J E J Taylor, Esq ...	13 33
Bounty ...	A W Baker, Esq ...	10 53

Course:—N Karanja Starboard, S Karanja Starboard, Committee Vessel. Length 3-45 miles. Warning Flag 2-30 p.m., Warning Gun 2-35 p.m., and Starting Gun 2-40 p.m.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS!—Are you broken in your rest by a sick child suffering with the pain of cutting teeth? Go at once to a chemist and get a bottle of Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. It will relieve the poor sufferer immediately. It is perfectly harmless and pleasant to taste; it produces natural, quiet sleep, by relieving the child from pain, and the little cherub awakes "as bright as button." It soothes the child, it softens the gums, allays all pain, relieves wind, regulates the bowels, and is the best known remedy for dysentery and diarrhœa whether arising from teething or other causes. Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup is sold by Medicine-dealers every-where.—Advt.

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